This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06729447 4

TALES & SECRETS

BY

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

VOL. III

[illegible] STREET [illegible]
[illegible] CHAMBERS [illegible] LONDON.

TALES AND SKETCHES,

BY

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

INCLUDING

THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK, WINTER EVENING TALES, SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, &c., &c.

AND SEVERAL PIECES NOT BEFORE PRINTED,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS,

CHIEFLY FROM REAL SCENES.

BY D. O. HILL, Esq., S. A.

VOL. III.

BLACKIE & SON, QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW;
SOUTH COLLEGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXVII.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY D. CAMERON AND CO., BUCHANAN COURT.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

	Page
; Hunt of Eildon	1
; Adventures of Basil Lee	49
am Bell	131
ncan Campbell	136
Old Soldier's Tale	160
tie Cheyne	711
e Long Pack	183
Country Funeral	196
E SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR:—	
Chap. I.—Rob Dodds	203
II.—Mr Adamson of Laverhope	224
III.—The Prodigal Son	248
IV.—The School of Misfortune	276
V.—George Dobson's Expedition to Hell	288
VI.—The Souters of Selkirk	299
VII.—The Laird of Cassway	318
VIII.—The Brownie of the Black Haggs	342

THE

HUNT OF EILDON;

BEING SOME FRAGMENTS OF AN ANCIENT ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

"I HOPE the king will not hunt to-day," said Gale, as he sat down on the top of the South Eildon, and stretched out his lazy limbs in the sun. "If he keep within doors to-day with his yelping beagles, I shall have one day's peace and ease; and my lambs shall have one day's peace and ease; and poor Trimmy shall have one day's peace and ease too. Come hither to me, Trimmy, and tell me what is the reason that you will not hunt with the king's two snow-white beagles?"

Trimmy came near, laid her paw on her master's knee, and looked him in the face, but she could not tell him what was the reason that she would not hunt with the king's two beagles, Mooly and Scratch.

"I say, tell me my good Trimmy, what you ail at these beautiful hounds? You wont to be the best follower of a track in all the Merse and Leader; but now, whenever you hear the sound of the horn, and the opening swell of the hounds, you take your tail between your legs and set off for home, as there were something on the hill that were neither good nor cannie. You are a very sensible beast, Trimmy, but you have some strange fancies and prejudices that I cannot comprehend."

Trimmy cocked her ears, and looked towards the Abbey, then at her master, and then at the Abbey again.

"*Ah! I fear you hear them coming that you are cocking your ears at that rate. Then if that be the case, good morning to you,* Trimmy."

It was neither the king nor his snow-white beagles that Trimmy winded, but poor Croudy, Gale's neighbour shepherd, who was coming sauntering up the brae, with his black lumpish dog at his foot, that was fully as stupid as himself, and withal as good-natured. Croudy was never lifting his eyes from the ground, but moving on as if he had been enumerating all the little yellow flowers that grew on the hill. Yet it was not for want of thought that Croudy was walking in that singular position, with his body bent forward, and the one ear turned down towards the ground, and the other up. No, no! for Croudy was trying to think all that he could; and all that he could do he could make nothing of it. Croudy had seen and heard wonderful things! "Bless me and my horn!" said he, as he sat down on a stone to rest himself, and try if he could bring his thoughts to any rallying point. It was impossible—they were like a hive of bees when the queen is taken from their head.

He took out the little crooked ewe-horn that he kept as a charm; he had got it from his mother, and it had descended to him from many generations; he turned it round in the one hand, and then round in the other hand—he put it upon his finger and twirled it. "Bless me an' my horn!" said he again. Then leaning forward upon his staff, he looked aslant at the ground, and began to moralize. "It is a growing world—ay—the gerse grows; the lambs eat it—they grow—ay—we eat them—we grow—there it goes!—men, women, dogs, bairns, a' eat—a' grow; the yird eats up a'—it grows—what comes o' it?—Hoh! I'm fixed now!—I'm at the end o' my tether. I might gang up the hill to Gale, an' tell him what I hae seen an' what I hae heard; but I hae four great fauts to that chiel. In the first place, he's a foo'—good that! In the second place, he's a scholar, a' speaks English—bad! In the third place, he likes th women—warst ava!—and fourthly and lastly, he misca a' the words, and ca's the streamers the Roara Boriaw—ha! ha! ha!—Wha wad converse wi' a man, or w can converse wi' a man, that ca's the streamers the Ro

Boriawlis? Fools hae aye something about them no like ither fock! Now, gin I war to gang to sic a man as that, an' tell him that I heard a dog speakin', and another dog answering it, what wad he say? He wad speak English; sae ane wad get nae sense out o' him. If I war to gang to the Master o' Seaton, and tak my aith, what wad he say? Clap me up i' the prison for a daft man an' a warlock. I couldna bide that. Then again, if we lose our king—an' him the last o' the race—Let me see if I can calculate what wad be the consequence? The English—Tut! the English! wha cares for them? But let me see now—should the truth be tauld or no tauld?—That's the question. What's truth? Ay, there comes the crank! Nae man can tell that—for what's truth to ane is a lee to another—Mumps, ye're very hard on thae fleas the day—Truth?—For instance; gin my master war to come up the brae to me an' say, 'Croudy, that dog's useless,' that wadna be truth to me—But gin I war to say to him, 'Master, I heard a dog speak, an' it said sae an' sae; an' there was another dog answered it, an' it said sae an' sae,' that wad be truth to me; but then it wadna be truth to him—Truth's just as it is ta'en—Now, if a thing may be outher truth or no truth, then a' things are just the same—No—that disna haud neither—Mumps, ye're no gaun to leave a sample o' thae fleas the day, man—Look up, like a farrant beast—have ye nae pity on your master, nor ony thought about him ava, an' him in sic a plisky?—I wadna be just sae like a stump an' I war you, man——Bless me an' my horn! here's the Boriawlis comin' on me—here's the northern light."

"Good-morrow to you, Croudy."

"Humph!"

"You seem to be very thoughtful and heavy-hearted to-day, honest Croudy. I fear pretty Pery has given you a bad reception last night."

"Humph!—women!—women!"

"*I hope she did not* mention the kilnlogie, Croudy? *That was a sad business!* some men are ill to know!"

"*See, whaten white* scares are yon, Gale, aboon the

Cowdyknowes an' Gladswood linn? Look ye, they spread an' tail away a' the gate to the Lammer-Law—What ca' ye yon, Gale?"

"Some exhalation of the morning."

"What?—Bless me an' my horn! that's warst ava!—I thought it wad be some Boriawlis, Gale—some day Boriawlis; but I didna think o' aught sae high as this—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Croudy went his way laughing along the side of the hill, speaking to Mumps one while, moralizing about truth and the language of dogs and fairies another, and always between taking a hearty laugh at Gale. "Come away, Mumps," said he; "I can crack some wi' you, though ye're rather slow i' the uptake; but I can crack nane wi' a man that ca's the streamers a Roara Boriawlis, an' a white clud, an Exaltation o' the morning—Na, na, that will never do."

Croudy sauntered away down into the Bourgeon to be out of sight, and Gale went lightsomely away to the top of the North-east Eildon; and there, on one of the angles of the old Roman Camp, laid him down to enjoy the glorious prospect; and, sure, of all the lovely prospects in our isle, this is the most lovely. What must it have been in those days when all the ruins of monastery, tower, and citadel, which still make the traveller to stand in wonder and admiration, were then in their full splendour. Traveller! would you see Scotland in all its wild and majestic grandeur? sail along its western firths from south to north—Would you see that grandeur mellowed by degrees into softness? look from the top of Ben-Lomond—But would you see an amphitheatre of *perfect beauty*, where nothing is wanting to enrich the scene? seat yourself on the spot where Gale now lay, at the angle of the Roman Camp, on the top of the North-east Eildon.

Short time did he enjoy the prospect and the quiet in which he delighted. First the heads of two noblemen appeared on the hill beneath him, then came a roe by him at full speed. Trimmy would fain have hunted her, but as the shepherd deemed that the business was some way

connected with the royal sport, he restrained her. The two noblemen some time thereafter sounded a bugle, and then in a moment the king and his attendants left the Abbey at full speed; and how beautiful was their winding ascent up the hill? The king had betted with the Earl of Hume and Lord Belhaven, seven steers, seven palfreys, seven deer-greyhounds, and seven gold rings, that his two snow-white hounds, Mooly and Scratch, would kill a roe-deer started on any part of the Eildon hills, and leave the Abbey walk with him after she was started. After the bet was fairly taken, the king said to the two noblemen, "You are welcome to your loss, my lords. Do you know that I could bet the half of my realm on the heads of these two hounds?"

The two lords held their peace, but they were determined to win if they could, and they did not blow the horn, as agreed on, immediately when the roe started, but sauntered about, to put off time, and suffer the trail to cool. The two hounds were brought up, and loosed at the spot; they scarcely showed any symptoms of having discovered the scent. The king shook his head; and Hume, who loved the joke dearly, jeered the king about his wager, which his majesty only answered by speaking to one of the hounds that stood next to him. "Ah! Mooly, Mooly, if you deceive me, it is the first time; but I have another matter to think on than you this morning, Mooly." Mooly fawned on her royal master; jumped up at the stirrup, and took his foot playfully in her mouth, while Keryl, the king's steed, laid back his ears, and snapped at her, in a half-angry, half-playful mood. This done, Mooly turned her long nose to the wind; scented this way and that way, and then scampering carelessly over the brow of the hill, she opened in a tone so loud and so sprightly that it made all the Eildons sound in chorus to the music. Scratch joined with her elegant treble, and away they went like two wild swans, sounding over the hill.

"*Trimmy! Trimmy!* my poor Trimmy!" cried Gale, *vexed and astonished*; "Trimmy, halloo! hie, hunt the *deer, Trimmy! Here, here, here!*"

No; Trimmy would never look over her shoulder, but away she ran with all her might home to Eildon-Hall, and hid herself in its darkest nook. "The plague be in the beast," said Gale to himself, "if ever I saw any thing like that! There is surely something about these two hounds that is scarcely right."

Round and round the hills they went side by side, and still the riders kept close up with them. The trail seemed to be warm, and the hounds keen, but yet no deer was to be discovered. They stretched their course to the westward, round Cauldshields Hill, back over Bothendean Moor, and again betook them to the Eildons; still no deer was to be seen! The two hounds made a rapid stretch down towards Melrose; the riders spurred in the same direction. The dogs in a moment turning short, went out between the two eastern hills, distancing all the riders, whom they left straggling up the steep after them as they could, and when these came over the height there was a fine roe-deer lying newly slain, scarce two bow-shots from the Eildon tree, and the two snow-white hounds panting and rolling themselves on the grass beside her. The king claimed his wager, but Hume objected, unless his majesty could prove that it was the same deer that they had started at the same place in the morning. The king had the greatest number of voices in his favour, but the earl stood to his point. "Is it true, my liege lord," said an ancient knight to the king, "that these two beautiful hounds have never yet been unleashed without killing their prey?"

"Never," returned the king.

"And is it equally true," continued the old knight, "that to this day they have never been seen kill either roe, deer, or any other creature?"

"That is a most extraordinary circumstance," said the king; "pause until I recollect—No; I do not know that *any eye* hath ever yet seen them take their prey."

"I heard it averred last night," said the old man, "that *if they* are kept sight of for a whole day the deer is never *seen*, nor do they ever catch any thing; and that th

moment they get out of sight, there the deer is found slain, nobody knows how. I took note of it, and I have seen it this day verified. Pray, is this a fact, my liege?"

"I never before thought of it, or noted it," said the king; "but as far as my memory serves me, I confess that it has uniformly been as you say."

"Will your majesty suffer me to examine these two hounds?" said the old man. "Methinks there is something very odd about them—Sure there was never any animal on earth had eyes or feet such as they have."

The two beagles kept aloof, and pretended to be winding some game round the top of the hill.

"They will not come now," said the king; "you shall see them by and by."

"If consistent with your majesty's pleasure," continued the aged knight, "where—how—or when did you get these two hounds?"

"I got them in a most extraordinary way, to be sure!" replied the king, in a thoughtful and hesitating mood.

"Your majesty does not then choose to say how, or where, or from whom it was that you had them?" said the old knight.

The king shook his head.

"I will only simply ask this," continued he; "and I hope there is no offence.—Is it true that you got these hounds at the very same time that the beautiful Ellen and Clara of Rosline, were carried off by the fairies?"

The king started—fixed his eyes upon the ground—raised his hands, and seemed gasping for breath. All the lords were momentarily in the same posture; the query acted on them all like an electrical shock. The old man seemed to enjoy mightily the effect produced by his insinuations—He drew still nearer to the king.

"What is it that troubles your majesty?" said he. "What reflections have my simple questions raised in your mind?—Your majesty, I am sure, can have no unpleasant reflections on that score?"

"Would to the Virgin Mary that it were even so!" said the king.

"How is it possible," continued the officious old man "that any thing relating to two dogs can give your majest trouble? Pray tell us all about them—Who was it yo got them from?"

"I do not know, and if I did——"

"Would you know him again if you saw him?"

The king looked at the old man, and held his peace.

"Did you buy them or borrow them?" continued he.

"Neither!" was the answer.

"What then did you give in exchange for them?"

"Only a small token."

"And pray, if your majesty pleases, what might tha token be?"

"Who dares to ask that?" said the king, with apparent trouble of mind.

"Would you know your pledge again if you saw it?" said the old man, sarcastically.

"Who are you, sir?" said the king, proudly, "that dares to question your sovereign in such a manner?"

"Who am I?" said the old man. "That is a good jest! That is such a question to ask at one who has scarcely ever been from your side, since you were first laid in your cradle!"

"I know the face," said the king, "but all this time I cannot remember who you are.—My Lord of Hume, do you know who the reverend old gentleman is?" And in saying this, his majesty turned a little aside with the earl.

"Do I know who he is?" said Hume. "Yes, by Saint Lawrence I do—I know him as well as I do your majesty. Let me see—It is very singular that I cannot recollect his name—I have seen the face a thousand times—Is he not some abbot, or confessor, or——No—Curse me, but I believe he is the devil!"

The earl said this in perfect jocularity, because he co *not remember* the old man's name; but when he loo *at the king*, he perceived that his eyes were fixed on *in astonishment*. The earl's, as by sympathy, like *settled by* degrees into as much seriousness as they

masters of, and there the two stood for a considerable time, gazing at one another, like two statues.

"I was only saying so in jest, my liege," said Hume; "I did not once think that the old gentleman was the devil. Why are you thoughtful?"

"Because, now when I think of it, he hinted at some things which I am certain no being on earth knew of, save myself, and another, who cannot possibly divulge them."

They both turned slowly about at the same instant, curious to take another look of this mysterious old man; but when fairly turned round they did not see him.

"What has become of the old man," said the king, "that spoke to me just now?"

"Here, sire!" said one.

"Here!" said another.

"Here!" said a third; all turning at the same time to the spot where the old man and his horse stood, but neither of them were there.

"How is this?" said the king, "that you have let him go from among you without noting it?"

"He must have melted into air, he and his horse both," said they; "else he could not otherwise have left us without being observed."

The king blessed himself in the name of the Holy Virgin, and all the chief saints in the calendar. The Earl of Hume swore by the greater part of them, and cursed himself that he had not taken a better look at the devil when he was so near him, as no one could tell if ever he would have such a chance again. Douglas said he hoped there was little doubt of that.

CHAP. II.

The hunt was now over, and Gale's lambs were all scattered abroad; he threw off his coat and tried to gather

them, but he soon found that, without the assistance of Trimmy it was impossible ; so he was obliged to go home and endeavour to persuade her again out to the hill, by telling her that Mooly and Scratch had both left it. Trimmy then came joyfully, and performed in half an hour what her master could not have effected before night.

When he had gotten them all collected, and settled at their food, he went away in the evening to seek for his friend Croudy, to have some amusement with him. He found him lying in a little hollow, conversing with himself, and occasionally with Mumps, who paid very little attention to what he said. He now and then testified his sense of the honour intended to him, by giving two or three soft indolent strokes with his tail upon the ground, but withal neither lifted his head nor opened his eyes. Gale addressed his friend Croudy in a jocular and rallying manner, who took no notice of it, but continued to converse with Mumps.

"Ye're nae great gallaunt, after a' now, Mumps. Gin I had been you, man, an' had seen sic twa fine beasts as Mooly an' Scratch come to our hills, I wad hae run away to them, an' fiddled about them, an' smelt their noses, an' kissed them, an' cockit up my tail on my rigging wi' the best o' them ; but instead o' that, to tak the pet an' run away far outbye, an' there sit turnin up your nose an' bow-wowing as ye war a burial-boding !—hoo, man, it is very bairnly like o' ye! Humph! fools do aye as they are bidden! Ye're nae fool, Mumps, for ye seldom do as ye're bidden."

"Tell me, Croudy," said Gale, "does Mumps really run away in a panic when he perceives the king's hounds?"

"*Panic when he perceives the king's hounds!* Are ye gaun to keep on at bletherin' English? Tell me, ye see —for if ye be, I'm gaun to clatter nane to ye."

"Dear Croudy, I have often told you that there is no *such* a thing as English and Scotch languages; the one *merely* a modification of the other, a refinement as *were*"——

"Ay, an *exaltation* like—ation! ation! I'm sure nae Scot that isna a fool wad ever let that sound, *ation*, come out o' his mouth. Mumps, what say ye tilt?"

"But, Croudy, I have news to tell you that will delight you very much; only, ere I begin, tell me seriously, Does your dog really run off when he sees or hears the king's two white hounds?"

"Really he does—Is that ony wonder? D'ye think Mumps sic a fool as no to ken a witch by a brute beast?" A changed creature frae a real creature? A spirit frae a substance?"

"What do you mean to insinuate, Croudy?"

"*Sinuate*—What's that?"

"I mean, What would you infer when you talk of witches and changed creatures? I have some strange doubts about these dogs myself."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, if it is worth keeping."

"At ony rate, swear that if ever you do tell it, it is not to be told in English. Nane o' your *awlis's* an' *ositys* an' *ations* in it. Gale, I hae the maist wonderfu' story to tell ye that ever happened sin' Nimrod first gaed out to the hunting wi' a bull-dog an' a pouchfu' of stanes. Ye see, yesterday at morn, when the hunt began, I clamb up into the Eildon tree, an' haid mysel' amang the very thickes't o' its leaves, where I could see every thing, but naething could see me. I saw the twa white hounds a' the gate, but nae appearance of a deer; an' aye they came nearer an' nearer to me, till at last I saw a bonny, braw, young lady, a' clad i' white, about a hunder paces frae me, an' she was aye looking back an' rinning as gin she wantit to be at the Eildon tree. When she saw the hounds comin on hard behind her, she cried out; but they soon o'ertook her threw her down, an' tore her, an' worried her; an' I heard her makin' a noise as gin she had been laughing' ae *while an' singin'* another, an' O I thought *her sang was sweet. Weel*, this scene, sae contrair to a' *ture, didna end here, for* I heard the tae dog sayin' to *e tither, in plain language*,—' Wha's this has been the

deer to-day?' And it answered again an' said, 'Lady Marrion of Coomsley, ye may see by her goud rings; she is the twenty-third, and our task will soon be dune.'

'Can ye tell me, sister, if the wicked deed will be done?—Will the king die to-night?'

> 'The poison's distill'd, and the monk is won,
> And to-night I fear it will be done.
> Hush!—hush!—we are heard an' seen;
> Wae to the ears, and wae to the een!'

"An wi' that, they rowed themsels on the bonny corpse; and when I lookit again, there was a fine, plump, bausined roe-deer lying, an' the blude streamin' frae her side."

"Now, Croudy, of all the tales I ever heard that is the most improbable and unnatural? But it is too singular and out of the common course of nature for you to have framed it; and besides, I never knew you to tell a manifest lie—Are you certain that you did not dream it?"

"How could I dream on the top of a tree? Ye may either believe it or no as you like—it's a' true."

"I was sure there was something more than ordinary about these dogs; but what to make of your story I know not. There is something in the whole business so revolting to human nature, a man cannot think of it! It seems, too, that there is a plot against the life of the king—What shall we do in this?—The fairies have again been seen at the Eildon Tree, that is certain; and it is said some more young people are missing."

"They'll soon hae us a' thegither—I like that way o turnin' fock into deers an' raes, and worrying them, wars ava—Mumps, lad, how wad ye like to be turned into a deer, an' worried?—Aigh, man! ye *wad* like it ill! I think I see how ye wad lay yoursel out for fear—Ha, ha! wad like to see ye get a bit hunt, man, if I thought ye *wad* win away wi' the life—I wad like to see ye str yoursel for aince."

"I wonder, Croudy, after seeing such a sig have just now described, that you can descend to speak such nonsense."

"Tongues maun wag—an' when they gang it's no for nathing—It's a queer thing speaking!—Mumps, ye can speak nane, man—It's no for want of a tongue, I'm sure."

"Let us consider what's to be done—The king should be warned."

"I dinna see what's to hinder you to speak, Mumps, as weel as ony white beagle i' the country."

"I have it—I will go home directly and tell pretty Pery—she will apprize the abbot, and we shall have the two hounds, Mooly and Scratch, burnt at the stake to-morrow."

"You tell Pery? No; that will never do; for you will speak English—That tale winna tell in English; for the twa witches, or fairies, or changed fock, or whatever they may be, didna speak that language themselves—sin' the thing is to be tauld, I'll rather tell Pery myself, if it is the same thing to you."

This Pery was a young volatile maiden at Eildon Hall, who was over head and ears in love with Gale. She would have given the whole world for him; and in order to tease him somewhat, she had taken a whim of pretending to be in love with Croudy. Croudy hated all the women, and more particularly Pery, who had been the plague of his life; but of late he had heard some exaggerated accounts of the kind sentiments of her heart respecting him, which had wonderfully altered Croudy, although he still kept up as well as he could the pretence of disliking the sex. He went to Pery that evening as she was gathering in some clothes from the bushes, and desired her, with a most important face, to meet him at the Moss Thorn in half an hour, for he had something to tell her that would surprise her.

"Indeed and that I will with all my heart, Croudy," said she; "how glad I am that I have got you this length! I can guess what your secret will be."

"Ye can do *nae sic* thing," said Croudy, "nor nae woman that ever was born."

"*I'll wager three kisses* with you, Croudy, at the Old Moss Thorn, that I do," returned she.

Croudy hung his head to one side, and chuckled, crowed, and laid on the ground with his staff; and alw now and then cast a sly look-out at the wick of his eye Pery.

"It's a queer creature a woman," said Croudy—"v bonny creature though!"

"Well, Croudy, I'll meet you at the Moss Tho said Pery, "and pay you your wager too, provided have either spirit to ask, or accept of it when offered."

Croudy went away laughing till his eyes blinded w tears, and laying on the ground with his stick.—"I wa what I'll do now," said he to himself, "little impud thing that she is!—She's eneugh to pit a body mad Mumps—O, man, ye're an unfarrant beast!—Three kis at the Moss Thorn!—I wish I had this meeting by Mumps, I never saw sic an unfeasible creature as y man, when ane thinks about a bonny woman—A wom —What is a woman?—Let me see!—'Tis no easy ken!—But I ken this—that a ewe lamb is a far nic bonnier, sweeter, innocenter, little creature than a t lamb. Oh! I wish it war night, for I'm no weel ava Mumps, ye're a perfect blockhead, man!"

Precisely while this was going on at Eildon Hall, th were two ladies met hurriedly on the Abbey Walk. one knew who they were, or whence they came, but th were lovely beyond expression, although their eyes ma fested a kind of wild instability. Their robes were wh as snow, and they had that light, elegant, sylph-like pearance, that when they leaned forward to the eveni air, one could hardly help suspecting that they would sk away in it like twin doves.

"Sister," said the one, "haste and tell me what are to do?"

"There is much to do to-night," said the other. "Th clown who saw us, and heard us speak, will blab t news; and then think what the consequences may b He must be silenced, and that instantly."

"And tell me," said the first, "is the plot against king's life to be put in execution to-night?"

"I fear it is," answered the other; "and the abbot, his own kinsman, is in it."

"Alas, sister, what shall we do? Give me Philany's rod, and trust the clown to me. But do you make all possible haste, and find your way into the banquet hall, and be sure to remain there in spite of all opposition."

The two sisters parted; and she that got the wand from the other repaired straight to the Moss Thorn, where honest Croudy, and his dog Mumps, were lying at a little distance from each other; the one very busy biting for fleas, that he supposed had made a lodgment among his rough matted hair, and the other conversing with himself about the properties of women, fairies, and witches. All of a sudden he beheld this beautiful angelic creature coming towards him, which made his heart thrill within him.

"Saint Mary be my guide!" exclaimed Croudy to himself; "saw ever ony body the like o' yon? I declare Pery has dressed hersel' like a princess to come an' speak to me!—An' to think o' me kissing a creature like yon! I maun do it, too, or else I'll never hear the end o't.—Och! what will I do?—I'll lie down an' pretend to be sleeping."

Croudy drew his plaid up over his face, stretched out his limbs, and snored as in a profound sleep. The fair lady came up, gave him three strokes with her wand, and uttered certain words at every stroke; and, lo! the whole mortal frame of Croudy was in five seconds changed into that of a huge bristly boar! The transformation was brought about so suddenly, and Mumps was so much engaged, that he never once noticed, in the slightest degree, till all was over, and the lady had withdrawn. Let any man judge of the honest colley's astonishment, when, instead of his master, he beheld the boar standing hanging his ears, and shaking his head at him. He betook himself to immediate flight, and ran towards the house faster than ever he ran in his life, yelping all the way for perfect fright. Croudy was very little better himself. At first he supposed that he was in a dream, and stood along

time considering of it, in hopes the fantasy would go off; but on seeing the consternation of Mumps, he looked first to the one side, and then to the other, and perceiving his great bristly sides and limbs, he was seized with indescribable terror, and fled at full speed. It is well known what a ridiculous figure a hog makes at any time when frightened, and exerting itself to escape from the supposed danger—there is not any thing so much calculated to make one laugh—his stupid apprehension of some approaching mischief—the way that he fixes his head and listens—gives a grunt like the crack of a musket, and breaks away again. Every one who has witnessed such a scene, will acknowledge, that it is a masterpiece of the ludicrous. Consider, then, what it would be to see one in such a fright as this poor beast was, and trying to escape from himself; running grunting over hill and dale, hanging out his tongue with fatigue, and always carrying the object of his terror along with him. It was an ineffectual exertion of mind to escape from matter; for, though Croudy's form and nature were changed, he still retained the small and crude particles of the reasoning principle which he had before. All feelings else were, however, for the present swallowed up in utter dismay, and he ran on without any definitive aim, farther than a kind of propensity to run to the end of the world. He did not run a great way for all that; for he lost his breath in a very short time; but even in that short time, he run himself into a most imminent danger.

Squire Fisher of Dernaway Tower had a large herd of cows—they were all standing in the loan, as the milking green is called in that country, and the maidens were engaged in milking them, singing the while in full chorus, (and a sweet and enlivening chorus it was, for the evening was mild and serene,) when down comes this unearthl boar into the loan, all fatigued as he was, gaping r running on, without stop or stay. The kine soon p ceived that there was something superhuman about creature, for even the most dull of animals have quicker perceptions than mankind in these matte

in one moment they broke all to the gate as they had been mad, overturning the milk, maidens, and altogether. The boar ran on; so did the kine, cocking their heads and roaring in terror, as if every one of them had been bewitched, or possessed by some evil spirit. It was a most dismal scene!—The girls went home with the rueful tidings, that a mad boar had come into the loan, and bitten the whole herd, which was all run off mad, along with the furious and dreadful animal. The dogs were instantly closed in for fear of further danger to the country; and all the men of the village armed themselves, and sallied out to surround and destroy this outrageous monster.

It chanced, however, that the boar in his progress ran into a large field of strong standing corn, which so impeded his course that he fell down breathless, and quite exhausted; and thus he lay stretched at full length, panting in a furrow, while all the men of the country were running round and round him, every one with a sword, spear, or fork, ready to run into his body.

Croudy, or the Boar, as it is now more proper to designate him, got here some time to reflect. He found that he was transformed by witchcraft or enchantment, and as he had never looked up from under his plaid during the moments of his transformation, he conceived it to have been the beautiful and wicked Pery that had wrought this woful change upon him; therefore he had no hopes of regaining his former shape, save in her returning pity and compassion; and he had strong hopes that she would ere long relent, as he had never wilfully done her any ill. Pery knew nothing about the matter; but actually went up with a heart as light as a feather to have some sport with Croudy at the Old Thorn; and when she found that he was not there, she laughed and went home again, saying to herself, that she knew he durst not stand such an encounter.

The poor boar arose from his furrow in the midst of the field of corn, as soon as it was daylight next morning, and with a heavy and forlorn heart went away back to the Old Moss Thorn, in hopes that the cruel Pery

would seek him there, and undo the enchantment. Wh
he came, he discovered honest Mumps lying on the ve
spot where he had last seen his master in his natur
shape. He had sought it again over night, notwithstandi
the horrible fright that he had got, for he knew not whe
else to find his master; and stupid as he was, yet, li
all the rest of his species, he lived only in his maste
eye. He was somewhat alarmed when he saw the bo
coming slowly toward him, and began first to look ov
the one shoulder, and then over the other, as if med
tating an escape; but, seeing that it came grunting
such a peaceable and friendly manner, Mumps ventur
to await the issue, and by the time the monster approache
within twenty paces of him, this faithful animal we
cowring away to meet him, prostrated himself at t
boar's feet, and showed every symptom of obedience a
affection. The boar, in return, patted him with his clove
hoof, and stroked him with his bristly cheek. Matte
were soon made up—thenceforward they were inseparabl

The boar lay all that day about the Moss Thorn, a
Mumps lay in his bosom, but no pitying damsel, witc
or fairy, came near him. He grew extremely hungry i
the evening, and was deeply distressed what to do f
food, for he pitied Mumps more than himself. At lengt
he tried to plough up the earth with his nose, as he remem
bered of having seen swine do before, but at that he mad
small progress, doing it very awkwardly, and with gre
pain to his face. Moreover, for all his exertion, he foun
nothing to eat, save one or two moss-corns, and a groun
walnut, with which he was obliged to content himself
and for his canine friend, there was nothing at all.

Next morning he saw his neighbour servants seekin
for him, and calling his name, but he could make the
no answer, save by long and mournful sounds between
grunt and groan. He drew near to several of them, bu
they regarded him in no other light than as a boar belong
ing to some one in the neighbourhood, straying in t
fields. His case was most deplorable; but as he
conceived there was one who knew his situation well

determined to seek her. He went down to Eildon-Hall, with the faithful Mumps walking close by his side—tried to work his way into the laundry, but being repulsed, he waited with patience about the doors for an opportunity to present himself before Pery. She came out at length, and went away singing to the well. The boar followed, uttering the most melancholy sounds that ever issued from the chest of distressed animal. Pery could not help noticing him a little. "What strange animal can this be?" said she to herself; but perceiving that Mumps too was following her, her attention was soon directed solely to him.

"Alas, poor Mumps," said she, "you are famishing. What can be become of your master?"

The boar laid his ungraceful foot softly on that of Pery, looked ruefully in her face, and uttered a most melancholy sound; as much as to say, "You know well what is become of him! Have you no pity nor remorse in your heart?"

It was impossible Pery could comprehend this. She judged, like others, that the animal had strayed from home, and was complaining to her for food. She looked at him, and thought him a very docile and valuable swine, and one that would soon be ready for the knife. He was astonished at her apparent indifference, as well as moved with grief and vengeance, seeing the abject state to which she had reduced him; and in his heart he cursed the whole sex, deeming them all imps of Satan, witches, and enchantresses, each one. He followed her back to the house.

"Come in, Mumps," said she, "and you shall have your breakfast for the sake of him you belonged to, whatever is become of him, poor fellow!"

The boar ran forward, and kneeled at her feet moaning, on which she kicked him, and drove him away, saying, "What does the vile beast want with me? Mumps, come you in and get some meat, honest brute."

Mumps would not come in, but when the boar was expelled, turned back with him, looking very sullen. She brought him out a bicker of cold parritch mixed with milk.

but he would not taste them until the boar had first his share; after which they went and lay down yard together, the dog in the boar's bosom. Th they continue for many days. At length the ma Eildon had the boar cried at the church-door, and cross of Melrose, and as no one appeared to clai he put him up for slaughter.

CHAP. III.

But to return from this necessary digression. king and his nobles had a banquet in the Abbey tha on which Croudy was changed. The king ap thoughtful and absent during the whole of the ev and at mass, it was observed that he was more fer his devotions than he was wont to be. The wo the old mysterious stranger—his sudden disappe —the rumour of fairies and witchcrafts that were a together with another vision which he had seen, l yet disclosed, preyed upon his mind, as it was wonder they should, and made him apprehend that step he took was on enchanted ground. The l Mooly, had slipt into the banquet-hall at the t vespers, and neither soothing, threatening, nor th would drive her hence. She clung to the king's fo he took pity on her, and said, "Cease, and let th animal stay, since she insists on it. I will not ha maltreated for the fault of those who have the ch her, and should have put her better up." So Mo leave to remain, and kept her station the whole without moving.

The glass circulated until a late hour. At leng king said, "My lords, I crave a cup full to the brim, I mean to dedicate to the health of a lady, whom I saw yesterday morning; the mentioning of wh will a little astonish you."

"My royal son and sire," said the abbot, "for your majesty is both, in the general acceptation of the terms, shall it not be of your far-famed Malmsey that you will drink this beloved toast?"

"If you so please," said his majesty.

"Ralpho," said the abbot, "here is the key. You alone know where the portion of old Malmsey is to be found among his majesty's stores here deposited; bring one bottle only to his majesty, and pour it carefully yourself."

Ralpho obeyed; poured out the wine till the cup was full, and turned the remainder into a sewer. The king then arose, and lifting his cup on high—"My lords," said he, "I give you the fairest, the loveliest, and the most angelic maid that ever Scotland bred—I give you Elen of Rosline."

Every one started at the name till the wine was spilled all around the table. Astonishment was in every look, for the king had said he saw her yesterday at morn. "To the bottom," cried the king.

Every one drank off his cup with avidity, anxious to hear the explanation. The king kept the position in which he stood until he saw every cup drained, and then brought his slowly and gracefully to his lips, with the intention of emptying it at one draught. But the moment that it reached them, Mooly sprung up, snatched the cup and wine out of his hand, and threw them on the floor.

"Strike the animal dead," cried one.

"Kick her out of the hall," said another.

"Take her out and let her be hung up," cried a third.

Mooly cowered at her royal master's feet, as if begging pardon, or begging to remain.

"Let her alone," said the king; "let us see what the beast means, and if she persists in the outrage."

He filled his cup of the wine before him, and brought it slowly to his head in the same manner as he did before. He even took it away and brought it back several times, in order to see if she would be provoked to do the like in. But no!—Mooly appeared perfectly satisfied,

and suffered her master to drink it off piece-meal. A certain consternation reigned in the royal apartment for some time; sharp arguments followed; and, in the mean time, Angus and the abbot were heard whispering apart, and the one said, "It must be accomplished this night, or abandoned for ever."

The nobles again took their seats, and the king appeared as formerly to be growing thoughtful and dejected.

"Pray cheer up your heart and be merry, my liege," said Douglas, "and let not the casual frolic of a pampered animal tend to cast down your majesty's spirits. Your majesty has not yet drank the extraordinary toast you proposed."

"But that I shall do presently," said the king.

"Ay," said the abbot, "and your majesty shall do it too in the wine of which I have heard your majesty so much approve. Fetch another bottle, Ralpho."

Ralpho brought it.—"I will pour for myself," said the king; and taking the bottle, he poured about one-half of it into his cup; again named the name of Elen of Rosline with rapturous enthusiasm, and again as he put the cup to his lips, Mooly sprung up, snatched the cup from his hand, and dashed it on the floor more furiously than before, and then cowered at her master's feet as if begging not to be struck.

"There is something more than ordinary in this," said the king, "and I will have it investigated instantly."

"There is nothing in it at all," said the abbot. "Pardon me, sire; but it is a fault in your majesty, for which I have grieved, and often done penance myself. You are, and have always been a visionary, and nothing will ever wean you from it. You make idols of these two animals; they have sometime been taught a number of pranks, and for one of these would you augur aught against the monastery, your nobles, or your majesty's own peace of mind?"

"*Are you* certain that is the genuine old Malmsey wine, *Ralpho?*" said the king.

"*I am* certain, sire, it is the wine that was shown to *me as such.*"

e king poured out the remainder that was in the
. "Drink thou that, Ralpho," said he, "and tell
it be really and truly the genuine Malmsey."
pho thanked his majesty, bowed, and drank off the
ithout hesitation.
s it genuine, Ralpho?"
don't know, your majesty; I think it tastes a little
earth."
e circle laughed at Ralpho's remark; and the con-
ion began again to grow general, when, some time
after, Ralpho, who was bustling about, sat down in a
id and sickly posture on one of the window seats.
looked at him, and saw that his face was becom-
ack.
What is the matter, Ralpho?" said one.
do not know what is the matter with me," returned
I think I feel as if that wine were not like to agree
ny stomach."
fell into immediate convulsions, and in ten minutes
s lying a swollen and disfigured corpse.
uglas was the first to cry out *treason.* He bolted
oor, and stood inside with his sword drawn, vowing
ie would search the soul of every traitor in the
Angus's great power made the other lords to
in awe of him; although it was obvious to them
iat he was at least as likely to have a hand in
any other. Hume charged him boldly to his face
t, and made proffer to abide by the proof; but he
ided to receive the charge only with scorn and
on, as one which no reasonable man could sup-
The king was greatly affected, and, upon the
, showed rather more apprehension on account of
rsonal safety, than was, perhaps becoming in a sover-
He cried out that "they were all of them traitors!
iat he would rather be at the head of a band of moss-
ers, than be thus condemned to have such a set about
whom he could not trust."
r some expostulation he acquitted the Earl of Angus,
it was thought, through fear, than conviction of his

innocence; but from an inference, the most natural the world, he fixed the blame on the abbot.

"My liege," said the reverend father, "I know more how this has happened than the child that is unbor There can be no doubt but that, instigated by some your majesty's enemies, the wretch, Ralpho, has mix the poison himself, and has met with the fate he just deserved."

"No!" replied the king. "If that had been the cas he would not have been so ready in participating of t draught. I will not believe, but that there is a coml nation among you to take my life."

Every one protested his innocence more strenuous than another.

The abbot was seized; and said, in his justificatio "That he would show his majesty the set of wine fro which he had ordered Ralpho to bring it, and he was wi ing to drink a share of any bottle of it that they chose which he did.

But this did not convince the king. He sent off p vately a messenger to assemble the Border Chiefs, a bring them to his rescue—took his two favourite houn with him into his chamber, placed a strong guard, count his beads, and retired to rest.

Every means were tried next day by the nobles dispel his majesty's fears, and regain his confidence; a as nothing decisive could be produced against any on they succeeded in some degree. New perplexities, ho ever, continued to waylay him, for he was througho his whole life the prey of witches and evil spirits; a though he wreaked due vengeance on many, they st continued to harass him the more.

After high mass he had retired to his chamber meditate, when the nobleman in waiting came in, a said, that a stranger wanted to speak with him on so *urgent* business. He was introduced, and any one m *judge of the* king's astonishment, when he saw that it w *the identical* old man who had spoken to him on *mountain*, and vanished, the day before. The king

w pale, and quivered as the stranger made his
isance.

'Thou herald of danger, treason, and confusion, what
kest thou again with me?" said the king.

"I come, my liege," said he, "to seek redress for the
ured, and justice on the offenders. Your two favourite
unds came last night to the houses of two widows in
wstead, and have carried off their two children from
ir bosoms, which they have doubtlessly devoured, as
traces of them can be found."

"Thou art a liar!" said the king, "and an inventor of
s, if not the father of them; for these two dogs were
ked up with me in my chamber last night, and a guard
aced on the door, so that what you aver is impossible."

"I declare to your majesty," said the stranger, "by
e truth of that right hand, that I myself saw the two
unds at liberty this morning at daylight. I saw them
me along the Monk's Meadow, carrying something
ross on their necks."

"It is easy to prove the falsehood of all that thou hast
d," replied the king; "and thy malicious intent shall
t go unpunished."

He then called in the guards, and bade them declare
fore that audacious stranger, if his two white hounds,
oly and Scratch, were not in his chamber all the night.
e guards were mute, and looked one to another.

"Why are you ashamed to declare the truth?" said the
g to them. "Say, were the two hounds in my cham-
all night, or were they not?"

The men answered, "that the hounds were certainly
t. How it came they knew not, but that they were
in in the morning."

"There is a conspiracy among you again," said the
g; "if not to deprive your king of life, to deprive that
e of every kind of quiet and social comfort."

"I demand justice," said the stranger, "in the names
two *weeping and distracted* mothers! In the name of
that is right, and held dear among men! I demand
these two obnoxious and devouring animals be hung

upon a tree, or burnt alive before the sun go down. T shall the men of Scotland see that their sovereign resp their feelings and privileges, even though they run cou to his own pleasures."

"One of these dogs saved my life last night," said king; "and it is very hard indeed that I should be c pelled to do this. I will have better testimony; an I find that these children have actually been devou (as most unlikely it is,) the depredators shall be punish

The old man bowed, and was preparing to reply, w the knight in waiting entered hastily, and told the k that there was a woman in the outer court, crying bitt for justice, and who was very urgent to speak with h The king ordered that she should be admitted, and i moment she stood before him, pale, shrivelled, hagg and wild, and altogether such a figure as one scarcely see, or could see, without the impression that she scarce earthly. Her appearance was that of a lady quality, of great age; she had large ear-rings, a trem dous ruff, a head-dress of a thousand intricate flutin projecting before and tapering upward behind, cork-hee shoes, a low hoop, and a waist of length and stiffn not to be described.

"Revenge! Revenge! my lord, O king!" cried s "I crave justice of your majesty—justice, and noth more. You have two hounds, that came into my ho early this morning, and have devoured, or taken away only daughter, my sole stay and hope in this world, a nothing is left but a part of her garments. These d have some power deputed to them that is not of thy g ing, therefore grant me that I may see vengeance d upon them, and their bodies burnt at a stake before going down of the sun."

"That is a true and worthy gentlewoman, my li said the old stranger; "and you may take her wor whatever she advances."

The ancient dame turned about—stared on the stra with wild astonishment—dropped a low courtesy, then said, "I crave your pardon, my lord and mast

ɜd not that you were so nigh. I hope your errand ɜ coincides with mine."

'It does," said he; "there are more sufferers than ; and by the head that bows to thee!—I swear by e greater—we shall have justice if it be in the l!"

'This is a combination," said the king; "I pay no ard to it. Bring witnesses to establish your charges, you shall have justice done."

They went forth to bring their proof, and behold they them all in the outer court. In the mean time the ɡ sent for some men of the place to come, and made uiry of them who the old dame was, and what was character that she bore. They informed him that she a noted witch, and kept the whole country in terror turmoil, and that she had indeed an only daughter, was an impious and malevolent minx, devoted to every ies of wickedness.

The wrinkled beldame shall be burnt at the stake," the king. "It is proper that the land should be nsed of these disturbers of its peace; as for that old nger, I have my own surmises concerning him, and shall find a way to deal with his subtilty."

He then sent for a reverend old friar of the name of ely, who was well versed in all the minutiæ of diablery exorcism, whose skill had often been beneficial to the in the trying and intricate parts of his duty that re- l to these matters, and with him he conferred on this ortant subject. Father Rubely desired the king to r the further examination of these people for a very ɜ while; and, in the mean time, he brought in a basin oly water, consecrated seven times, and set apart for ed uses, after which the examination went on, and a ous one it was. The old witch lady deposed, "That he was lying pondering on her bed, and wide awake, at the dawn of the morning, she heard a curious and ommon *noise* somewhere about the house: That, g, *she went out silently* to discover what it could be, *to her utter astonishment*, beheld the king's two

hounds, Mooly and Scratch, spring from her daughter's casement, and in a short space a beautiful roe-deer followed them and bounded away to the Eildons: That she hasted to her daughter's apartment, and found that her darling was gone." The stories of the other two were exactly similar to one another, only that the one blamed one hound, and the other the other. It was as follows: "I was lying awake in the morning very early, with my son in my arms, when one of the king's hounds came into my house. I saw it, and wist not how it had got there. A short time after I heard it making a strange scraping and noise in the other end of the house, on which I arose to turn it out; but on going to the place from whence the sound seemed to come, I found nothing. I searched all the house, and called the hound by her name, but still could find nothing; and at last I lighted a candle and sought all the house over again, without being able to discover any traces of her. I went back to return to my bed, wondering greatly what had become of the animal; but having opened the door before to let her make her escape, I conceived that she had stolen off without my having perceived it. At that very instant, however, I beheld her coming softly out of the bed where I had left my child, and in a moment she was out at the door and away. I ran to the bed with the light in my hand, but my dear child was gone, and no part, not even a palm of his hand, remaining!"

Ques. "Was there any blood in the bed, or any symptoms of the child having been devoured?"

A. "No; I could discover none."

Q. "Did the hound appear to have any thing carrying in her mouth, or otherwise, when she escaped from the house?"

A. "No; I did not notice that she had any thing."

Q. "Was there any thing else in the house at the time; any other appearance that you could not account for?"

A. "Yes; there was something like a leveret followed her out at the door, but I paid no regard to it."

Q. "Was the child baptized in a Christian church?" (No answer.)

A. "Were you yourself ever baptized in a Christian church?" (No answer.)

Q. "Why do you not answer to these things?"

A. "Because I see no connexion that they have with the matter in question."

"None in the least," said the old stranger, who still kept by their side.

When the king heard that the answers of the two women were so exactly similar, though the one was examined before the other was brought in, he said,—"This is some infernal combination; they are all of them witches, and their friend there is some warlock or wizard and they shall all be burnt at the stake together before the going down of the sun."

"It is a judgment worthy of such a monarch," said the stranger.

"Father Rubely," said the king, "you who know all the men in this part of my dominions, Do you know any thing of this old man, who refuseth to give account of himself?"

"I have often seen the face," said Rubely, "but I cannot tell at present from whence he is; but have patience, my lord, O king, and let us not destroy the reclaimable with those of whom there is no hope." Then going near to the first woman who had lost her son, he said to her, —"It is better to do well late than never—are you content to be baptized even now?"

The woman bowed consent. He put the same question to the other, who bowed likewise. The old man stood close by their side, and appeared to be in great trouble and wrath. Rubely brought his goblet of consecrated water, and, as he passed, he threw a portion of it on the wrinkled face of the old man, pronouncing, at the same time, the sacred words of baptism. The whole form and visage of the creature was changed in a moment to that of a furious fiend: He uttered a yell that made all the Abbey shake to its foundations, and forthwith darted

away into the air, wrapt in flame; and, as he ascende he heaved his right hand, and shook his fiery locks at l inquisitors. The old withered beldame yelped forth hy teric gigglings, something between laughing and shrie —the king fell on his knees, clasped the rood and kiss it—the two women trembled—and even old Rube counted his beads, and stood for a short space in mu astonishment. He next proposed trying the same exp riment with the old witch lady, but she resisted it so fu ously, with cursing and blasphemy, that they abandone her to her fate, and had her burnt at St Miles's Cro before the going down of the sun. It was said by son that the old stranger appeared among the crowd to wi ness her latter end; and that she stretched out her han towards him, with loud supplications, but he only flout and mocked at her, and seemed to enjoy the sport wit great zest. When Father Rubely heard of this, he sa that it would happen so to every one who sold themselv to be slaves of sin in the hour of their extremity.

The other two women confessed their sins, and r ceived absolution. They acknowledged that they ha been acquainted with the stranger for a long season; th he had often pressed them to sign and seal, which the had always declined, but that nevertheless he had suc an influence over them, that he in a manner led them he pleased; that at first they took him for a venerabl apostle, but at length discovered that he was a powerf sorcerer, and could turn people into the shapes of suc beasts as he pleased, but that they never knew he was th devil till then.

Friar Rubely assured them, that it was only such slighted church-ordinances over whom he was permitte to exert that power, and in this the king passionatel acquiesced. They confessed farther, that they were sti greatly afraid of him, for that he could turn himself int any shape or form that he pleased; that he had ofte tempted them in the form of a beautiful young man; an there was nothing more common with him than to tem men in the form of a lovely and bewitching woman

which means he had of late got many of them into his clutches. When the king heard that, he counted his beads with redoubled fervency, and again kissed the rood, for it reminded him of a lovely vision he had seen of late, as well as some things of a former day. The women added, that the stranger had of late complained grievously of two mongrel spirits, who had opposed and counteracted him in every movement; and that they had done it so effectually, that, for every weak Christian that he had overcome and devoured, they had found means to destroy one of his servants, or emissaries, so that his power in the land remained much upon a par as in former times, although his means and exertions had both been increased sevenfold.*

A consultation of holy men was next called, and measures adopted for the recovery of the two children. There it was resolved, that prayers should be offered up for them in seven times seven holy chapels and cells at the same instant of time, and the like number of masses said, with all due solemnity; and that then it would be out of the power of all the spirits of the infernal regions —all of them that were permitted to roam the earth, or any of their agents, to detain the children longer, into whatever shape or form they might change them. But for these solemnities some delay was necessary.

CHAPTER IV.

Great was the consumpt of victuals at the Abbey during the stay of the royal visitor!—the parsimonious brethren were confounded, and judged that the country would to a certainty be eaten up, and a dearth of all the necessaries of life ensue on the Border. When they beheld the immense droves of bullocks—the loads of wild

* *From several parts of this traditionary tale it would appear, that it is a floating fragment of some ancient allegorical romance, the drift of which is not easy to comprehend.*

hogs and fallow-deer that arrived daily from the roy
forests of Ettrick and the mountains of the Lowl
together with the flocks of fat black-headed wedders,-
they pressed their hands upon their lank sides, looked
their spare forms, and at one another; but not daring
make any verbal remarks, they only shook their heac
and looked up to heaven!

Victuals were again wearing short. Gudgel, the
caterer for that immense establishment, was out ridi
from morn till even in search of fat things; he delight
in the very sight of a well-fed sleek animal; it was hea
to his stomach, and marrow to his bones. It was
served, that, whenever he came in sight of one, he stroak
down his immense protuberance of paunch with b
hands, and smacked his lips. He had been out the wh
day, and was very hungry; and when hungry, he enjoy
the sight of a fat animal most. Gudgel certainly fed
the eye as well as the mouth; for it was noted, that wh
he was very hungry, he would have given the yeon
any price for a well-fed beast.

He had been out the whole day—had procured
little stuff, and that not of the first metal—but, on
way home, he heard of a fine well-fed boar at Eild
Hall; so he rode off the road, and alighted to take a l
of him. In a little triangular enclosure, at one corne
the yard, there he beheld the notable boar lying at
ease, with Mumps in his bosom. Of the dog he took
notice, but the sight of the boar exhilarated him; he d
in a great mouthful of breath, closed his lips, puffed
his cheeks, and made his two hands descend with a se
circular sweep slowly down over the buttons of his doub
It is impossible to tell how much the sight of such a
cass delighted Gudgel!—Immoderately fat himself,
eye feasted on every thing that was so; he could
even pass by a corpulent man, nor a pampered overgr
matron, without fixing a keen glance upon them, a
calculating exactly, or to a nearness, how much they wo
weigh, sinking offal.

"*Oh*, gracious Heaven! what a fine hog! Go

Fletcher, could you think of putting such a delicious morsel as that by your masters? For shame, goodman. not to let me know before this time of such a prize as this!—The very thing!—No words: the hog is mine. Name your price—Good security, Goodman Fletcher—a king and a priest—I am so glad I have found him—I'll have him slaughtered, and cut neatly up, as I shall direct, before I leave the house."

A piece of sad news this for the poor boar! (Croudy the shepherd, that once was.) When Gudgel pronounced the last sentence, the animal sprung to his feet, gave a great snuff, and grunted out a moan that would have pierced any heart but Gudgel's. "St Elijah!" said he. "what a fine animal!" and gave him a lash with his whip as he rose. Mumps snarled, and tried to bite the voluptuary in return for the unprovoked attack on his master.

Precisely about the same time that Gudgel alighted at Eildon-Hall, the two lovely and mysterious sisters met at their accustomed place in the Abbey Walk, for it chanced to be the few minutes of their appearance in mortal frame. Their eyes had still the wild unearthly dash of sublimity in them; and human eye could not scan to which state of existence they pertained, but their miens were more beautiful and serene than when they last met.

"I give you joy, dear sister," said the one, "of our happy release! Our adversary is baffled and driven from his usurped habitation—Our woful work of annihilation will henceforth cease, for the evil principle shall not, as we dreaded, prevail in this little world of man, in which we have received for a time a willing charge. Say what more is to be done before we leave these green hills and the Eildon Tree."

"Much is yet to be done, my beloved Ellen," answered the other. "As I was this day traversing the air in the form of a wild swan, I saw the Borderers coming down in full array, with a *Chieftain* of most undaunted might at their head. *We must find* means to warn the haughty *Douglas, else they will* cut his whole retinue to pieces;

and the protector of the faithful must not fall into th hands of such men as these."

The two lovely sisters, as she spoke this, held eac other by the hand; their angelic forms were bent gent forward, and their faces toward the ground; but as the lifted these with a soft movement towards heaven, a te was glistening in each eye. Whether these had the source from the fountain of human feelings, or from o more sublimed and pure, no man to this day can dete mine.

"And then what is to become of the two little chang lings?" said the last speaker. "All the spells of pries and friars will avail nought without our aid.—And t wild roe-deer?—And the boar of Eildon? He, I suppos may take his fate—he is not worthy our care farther.— A selfish grovelling thing, that had much more of t brute than the man (as he should be) at first—witho one principle of the heart that is worthy of preservation.

"You are ever inclined to be severe," said t other. "If you but saw the gu'se in which he is lyin with his faithful dog, I think your heart would be mov to pity."

"If I thought there was one spark of the heaven principle of gratitude in his heart, even to his dog," sai she, "I would again renovate his frame to that imag which he degraded; but I do not believe it.—Mere selfish ness, because he cannot live without his dog."

"Here is Philany's rod," answered the other, "go, an reconnoitre for yourself, and as you feel so act."

She took the golden wand, and went away toward Ei don Hall; but her motion over the fields was like a thin sailing on the wind. The other glided away into th beechen grove, for there were voices heard approaching.

"Let us proceed to business, Goodman Fletcher," sai Gudgel. "I insist on seeing that fine animal proper slaughtered, blooded, and cut up, before I go away. *have a man* who will do it in the nicest style you eve *beheld.*" The boar looked pitifully to Gudgel, *moaned* so loud that Mumps fell a howling. "And

tell you what we'll do," continued Gudgel; "we'll have his kidneys roasted on a brander laid on the coals, and a steak cut from the inside of the shoulder.—How delicious they will be!—Pooh! I wish they were ready just now —But we'll not be long—And we'll have a bottle of your March beer to accompany them.—Eh? Your charge may well afford that goodman—Eh?"

The boar made a most determined resistance; and it was not till after he was quite spent, and more hands had been procured, that he was dragged at last forcibly to the slaughter-house, and laid upon the killing-stool, with ropes tied round his legs; these they were afraid were scarcely strong enough, and at the request of the butcher, Pery lent her garters to strengthen the tie. Never was there a poor beast in such circumstances! He screamed so incessantly that he even made matters worse. His very heart was like to break when he saw Pery lend her garters to assist in binding him. Mumps was very sorry too; he whined and whimpered, and kissed his braying friend.

The noise became so rending to the ears, that all who were present retired for a little, until the monster should be silenced. The butcher came up with his bleeding-knife, in shape like an Andro Ferrara, and fully half as long—felt for the boar's jugular vein, and then tried the edge and point of his knife against his nail—"He has a hide like the sole of a shoe," said the butcher; "I must take care and sort him neatly." And so saying he went round the corner of the house to give his knife a whet on the grinding-stone.

At that very instant the beautiful angelic nymph with the golden rod came into the court-yard at Eildon-Hall, and hearing the outrageous cries in the slaughter-house, she looked in as she was passing, that being the outermost house in the square. There she beheld the woful plight of the poor boar, and could not help smiling; but when she saw honest Mumps standing wagging his tail, with his cheek pressed to that of the struggling, panting victim, and always now and then gently kissing him, her heart was melted with pity. The dog cast the

most beseeching look at her as she approached, w when she saw, her resolution was fixed. She gave monster three strokes with her wand, at each of whic uttered a loud squeak; but when these were done, some mystic words of powerful charm uttered, in h quarter of a minute there lay—no bristly boar—but identical Croudy the shepherd! in the same garb as transformed at the Moss Thorn; only that his h and feet were bound with straw ropes, strengthened secured by the cruel Pery's red garters.

"Bless me an' my horn!" said Croudy, as he r up his head from the spokes of the killing-stool; " lieve I'm turned mysel' again!—I wad like to ken the bonny queen is that has done this; but I'm sair ta'en gin I didna see the queen o' the fairies jink b corner. I wonder gin the bloody hash will persis killing me now. I'm feared Gudgel winna can pi wantin' his pork steaks. May Saint Anthony be shield, gin I didna think I fand my ears birstling brander!"

The butcher came back, singing to himself the fol ing verse, to the tune of *Tibby Fowler,* which aug not well for Croudy.

> "Beef steaks and bacon hams
> I can eat as lang's I'm able;
> Cutlets, chops, or mutton pies,
> Pork's the king of a' the table."

As he sung this he was still examining the edge o knife, so that he came close to his intended victim, out once observing the change that had taken place.

"Gude e'en t'ye, neighbour," said Croudy.

The butcher made an involuntary convulsive sprin if a thunderbolt had struck him and knocked him about six yards at one stroke. There he stood and st at what he now saw lying bound with the ropes and ters, and the dog still standing by. The knife fell o his hand—his jaws fell down on his breast, and hi rolled in their sockets.—"L—d G—d!" cried the b

as loud as he could roar, and ran through the yard, never letting one bellow abide another.

The servants met him, asking what was the matter—"Was he cut? Had he sticked or wounded himself?"

He regarded none of their questions; but dashing them aside, ran on, uttering the same passionate ejaculation with all the power that the extreme of horror could give to such a voice. Gudgel beheld him from a window, and meeting him in the entry to the house, he knocked him down. "I'll make you stop, you scoundrel," said he, "and tell me what all this affray means."

"O L—d, sir! the boar—the boar!" exclaimed the butcher as he raised himself with one arm from the ground, and defended his head with the other.

"The boar, you blockhead!" said Gudgel,—"what of the boar? Is he not like to turn well out?"

"He turns out to be the devil, sir—gang an' see, gang an' see," said the butcher.

Gudgel gave him another rap with his stick, swearing that they would not get their brandered kidneys, and pork steak from the inside of the shoulder, in any reasonable time, by the madness and absurdity of that fellow, and waddled away to the slaughter-house as fast as his posts of legs would carry him. When he came there, and found a booby of a clown lying bound on the killing-stool, instead of his highly esteemed hog, he was utterly confounded, and wist not what to say, or how to express himself. He was in a monstrous rage, but he knew not on whom to vend it, his greasy wits being so completely bemired, that they were incapable of moving, turning, or comprehending any thing farther than a grievous sensation of a want not likely to be supplied by the delicious roasted kidneys, and pork steak from the inside of the shoulder. He turned twice round, puffing and gasping or breath, and always apparently looking for something he supposed he had lost, but as yet never uttering a distinct word.

The rest of the people were soon all around him—the Goodman, Pery, Gale, and the whole household of Eildon.

don-Hall were there, all standing gaping with dismay, only detained from precipitate flight by the presenc one another. The defrauded Gudgel first found exp sion—" Where is my hog, you scoundrel?" cried he, tone of rage and despair.

" Ye see a' that's to the fore o' him," said Croudy.

" I say, where is my hog, you abominable caitiff You miserable wretch!—you ugly whelp of a beast tell me what you have made of my precious hog?"

" Me made o' him!" said Croudy, " I made naeth o' him; but some ane, ye see, has made a man o' hi It was nae swine, but me.—I tell ye, that ye see he that's to the fore o' him."

" Oh! oh!" groaned Gudgel, and he stroaked d his immense flanks three or four times, every one harder than the last. " Pooh! so then I am che and betrayed, and deceived; and I shall have not to eat!—nothing to eat!—nothing to eat!—Good Fletcher, you shall answer for this; and you, fri beast, or swine, or warlock, or whatever you may shall not 'scape for nought;" and so saying, he be to belabour Croudy with his staff, who cried out lus and it was remarked somewhat in the same style tenor, too, as he exhibited lately in a different capaci

The rest of the people restrained the disappointed g ton from putting an end to the poor clown; and notw standing that appearances were strangely against h yet, so well were they accustomed to Croudy's inno and stupid face, that they loosed him with tremb hands, Pery being as active in the work as untying her red garters. " I know the very knots," she,—" No one can tie them but myself."

" By the Rood, my woman! gin I were but up, *knot* you weel eneuch," said Croudy; and if he had been withheld by main force, he would have torn out hair and her eyes. He, however, accused her of b *a witch, and took* witnesses on it; and said, he w *make oath that* she had changed him into a boar on *an evening* at the Moss Thorn.

only laughed at the accusation, but all the rest
n a different light. They all saw plainly that
had been metamorphosed for a time by some
f witchcraft or enchantment—they remembered
mps had still continued to recognise and acknow-
m in that degraded state; and hearing, as they
bold and intrepid accusal of Pery, they all judged
ould stand very hard with her.

ı Gudgel had heard all this, he seized the first
nity of taking Pery aside, and proposed to her,
ake of her own preservation, instantly to change
m again; "And, as it is all one to you," said he,
se you make him a little fatter—if you do so, I
ep your secret—if you do not, you may stand by
sequences."

bade him, "Look to himself,—keep the secret.
keep it, as he chose;—there were some others,
ould be nameless, that were as well worth chang-
Croudy."

gel's peril appeared to him now so obvious, and the
ences so horrible, that his whole frame became
ed from head to foot. In proportion with his de-
killing and eating the fat things of the earth, did
d revolt at being killed and eaten himself; and
e thought of what he had just witnessed, he little
w soon it might be his fate. He rode away from
Hall a great deal more hungry and more miserable
e came. The tale, however, soon spread, with
ggravations; and the ill-starred Pery was taken
ı witch, examined, and committed to prison in order
l her trial; and in the mean time the evidences
her were collected.

CHAPTER V.

e beautiful fairy-dame, or guardian spirit, or what-
was, had predicted, so it came to pass. The

Borderers, alarmed at the danger of the king, came do
a thousand strong, thinking to surprise Douglas, and ta
their monarch out of his hands by force; and they wou
have effected it with ease, had not the earl received so
secret intelligence of their design. No one ever kn
whence he had this intelligence, nor could he comprehe
or explain it himself, but it had the effect of defeating t
bold and heroic attempt. They found him fully prepar
—a desperate battle ensued—120 men were left dead
the field—and then things remained precisely in the sa
state as they had been before.

The court left Melrose shortly after. The king felt
if he stood on uncertain ground—a sort of myste
always hung around him, which he never could develop
but ere he went, he presided at the trial of the maid
Pery, who stood indicted, as the *Choronikkle of Mailr*
bears, for being "Ane ranke wytche and enchaunteress
and leigged hand and kneife with the devil."

A secret examination of the parties first took place, a
the proof was so strong against the hapless Pery, that
hopes of escape vanished. There was Croudy ready
make oath to the truth of all that he had advanced wi
regard to his transmutation, and there were others w
had seen her coming down from the Moss Thorn at t
very time that Croudy appeared to have been change
just before he made his dashing entry into the lone amo
the cows; and even old Father Rubely had, after minu
investigation, discovered the witch-mark, both on her ne
and thumb-nail. The king would gladly have saved h
when he beheld her youth and beauty, but he had swo
to rid the country of witches, and no excuse could
found. All the people of the country were sorry
account of Pery, but all believed her guilty, and avoid
her, except Gale, who, having had the courage to vi
her, tried her with the repetition of prayers and creed
and found that she not only said them without hesitatio
but with great devotional warmth; therefore he beca
convinced that she was not a witch. She told him
tale with that simplicity, that he could not disbelie

and withal confessed, that her inquisitors had very nearly convinced her that she was a witch; and that she was on the point of making a confession that had not the slightest foundation in truth. The shepherd was more enlightened than the worthy clergyman, as shepherds generally are, and accounted for this phenomenon in a truly philosophical way. Pery assented; for whatever Gale said sounded to her heart as the sweetest and most sensible thing that ever was said. She loved him to distraction, and adversity had subtilized, not abated the flame. Gale found his heart interested—he pitied her, and pity is allied to love. How to account for the transformation of Croudy, both were completely at a loss; but they agreed that it was the age of witchery, and no one could say what might happen! Gale was never from the poor culprit's side: He condoled with her—wept over her—and even took her in his arms, and impressed a tender kiss on her pale lips. It was the happiest moment of Pery's existence! She declared that since she was pure in his eyes, she would not only suffer without repining, but with delight.

As a last resource, Gale sought out Croudy, and tried to work upon him to give a different evidence at the last and final trial: but all that he could say, Croudy remained obstinately bent on her destruction.

"It's needless for ye to waste your wind clatterin' English, man," said Croudy, "for foul fa' my gab gin I say ony sic word. She didna only change me intil an ill-faurd he-sow, but guidit me shamefully ill a' the time I was a goossy—kickit me wi' her fit, an' yerkit me wi' a rung till I squeeled, and then leuch at me—An' warst ava, gae the butcher her gairtens to bind me, that he might get me bled, an' plottit, an' made into beef-steaks—de'il be on her gin I be nae about wi' her now!"

Gale, hoping that he would relent if he saw her woful plight, besought of him to go and see her; but this he absolutely refused, for fear lest she should "turn him into some daft-like beast," as he expressed it. "Let her tak it," said he, "she weel deserves a' that she's gaun to get—the sooner she gets a fry the better—Odd, there's nae

body sure o' himsel a minute that's near her—I ne
gang ower the door but I think I'll come in a goossy o
cuddy-ass—How wad ye like to gang plowin up the g
tars for worms and dockan-roots wi' your nose, as I did

It was in vain that Gale assured him of her innocen
and told him how religious she was, and how well s
loved him. Croudy remained obstinate.

"I wadna gie a boddle," said he, "for a woman's religi
nor for her love neither—mere traps for moudiwor
They may gar a fool like you trow that ae thing's twa,
his lug half a bannock—Gin I wad rue an' save her li
it wadna be lang till I saw her carrying you out like
taed in the erntings, an' thrawing ye ower the ass-m
den."

Gale asked if he would save her, if she would pled
herself to marry him, and love him for ever?

"Me marry a witch!" said Croudy—"A bonny hand s
would make o' me, sooth! Whenever I displeased h
turn me into a beast—But ilka woman has that powe
added he with a grin,—"an' I fancy few o' them mislip
it. The first kind thought I ever had toward a wom
made a beast o' me—an' it will do the same wi' every m
as weel as me, gin he wist it. As she has made her be
she may lie down. I shall fling a sprot to the lowe."

Gale was obliged to give him up, but in the deepest b
terness of soul he gave him his malison, which, he assur
him, would not fall to the ground. Pery was tried, a
condemned to be choked and burnt at the stake on t
following day; and Croudy, instead of relenting, was
much afraid of himself, that he was all impatience un
the cruel scene should be acted. His behaviour ha
however, been witnessed and detested by some of who
he was not aware; for that very evening, as he was
his way home, he beheld a nymph coming to meet hi
whom he took for Pery, dressed in her Sunday clothe
for one of the mysterious maids had taken her form. I
was terrified out of his wits when he beheld her at libert
and falling flat on his face, he besought her, with a l
voice, to have mercy on him.

"Such as you have bestowed," said she; and giving him three strokes with her wand, he was changed into a strong brindled cat, in which form he remains to this day; and the place of his abode is no secret to the relater of this tale. He hath power one certain night in the year to resume his natural shape, and all the functions of humanity; and that night he dedicates to the relation of the adventures of each preceding year. Many a secret and unsuspected amour, and many a strange domestic scene, hath he witnessed, in his capacity of mouser, through so many generations; and a part of these are now in the hands of a gentleman of this country, who intends making a good use of them.

Poor Pery, having thus fallen a victim to the superstition of the times, she wist not how, was pitied and shunned by all except Gale, whom nothing could tear from her side; and all the last day and night that were destined for her to live, they lay clasped in each other's arms. While they were thus conversing in the most tender and affectionate way, Pery told her lover a dream that she had seen the night before. She dreamed, she said, that they were changed into two beautiful birds, and had escaped away into a wild and delightful mountain, where they lived in undecaying happiness and felicity, and fed on the purple blooms of the heath.

"O that some pitying power—some guardan angel over the just and the good, would but do this for us!" said Gale, "and release my dearest Pery from this ignominious death!" and as he said this, he clasped his beloved maiden closer and closer in his arms. They both wept, and, in this position, they sobbed themselves sound asleep.

Next morning, before the rising of the sun, two young ladies, beautiful as cherubs, came to the jailor, and asked admittance to the prisoner, by order of the king. The jailor took off his bonnet, bowed his grey head, and opened to them. The two lovers were still fast asleep, locked in each other's arms, in a way so endearing, and at the same time so modest, that the two sisters stood for a considerable time bending over them in delightful amazement.

"There is a delicacy and a pathos in this love," the one, "into which the joys of sense have shed n gredient. As their innocence of life hath been, so it remain;" and kneeling down, she gave three g strokes with her small golden rod, touching both w at a time. The two lovers trembled, and seemed in slight convulsions; and in a short time they flut round the floor two beautiful moorfowl, light of h and elated with joy. The two lovely and myste visitors then took them up, wrapt them in their snowy and departed, each of them carrying one; and comi Saint Michael's Cross, they there dismissed them from palms, after addressing them severally as follows:

"Hie thee away, my bonny moor-hen!
Keep to the south of the Skelf-hill Pen;
Blithe be thy heart, and soft thy bed,
Amang the blooms of the heather so red.
When the weird is sped that I must dree,
I'll come and dwell in the wild with thee.
Keep thee afar from the fowler's ken—
Hie thee away, my bonny moor-hen."

"Cock of the mountain, and king of the moor,
A maiden's bennison be thy dower;
For gentle and kind hath been thy life,
Free from malice, and free from strife.
Light be thy heart on the mountain grey,
And loud thy note at the break of day.
When five times fifty years are gone,
I'll seek thee again 'mong the heath alone.
And change thy form, if that age shall prove
An age that virtue and truth can love.
True be thy love, and far thy reign,
On the Border dale, till I see thee again."

When the jailor related what had happened, it well be conceived what consternation prevailed over whole country. The two moor-fowl were soon discov on a wild hill in Teviotdale, where they have rema ever since, until the other year, that Wauchope shot *hen.* He suspected what he had done, and was extre *sorry, but* kept the secret to himself. On vie *beauty of the* bird, however, he said to himself,

lieve I have liked women as well as any man, but not so well as to eat them; however, I'll play a trick upon some, and see its effect. Accordingly he sent the moor-hen to a friend of his in Edinburgh, at whose table she was divided among a circle of friends and eaten, on the 20th of October 1817, and that was the final end of poor Pery, the Maid of Eildon. The effect on these gentlemen has been prodigious—the whole structure of their minds and feelings has undergone a complete change, and that grievously to the worse; and even their outward forms, on a near inspection, appear to be altered considerably. This change is so notorious as to have become proverbial all over the New Town of Edinburgh. When any one is in a querulous or peevish humour, they say,—" He has got a wing of Wauchope's moor-hen."

The cock is still alive, and well known to all the sportsmen on the Border, his habitation being on the side of Caret Rigg, which no moor-fowl dares to approach. As the five times fifty years are very nearly expired, it is hoped no gentleman will be so thoughtless as wantonly to destroy this wonderful and mysterious bird, and we may then live to have the history of the hunting, the fowling, fishing, and pastoral employments of that district, with all the changes that have taken place for the last two hundred and fifty years, by an eye-witness of them.

The king returned towards Edinburgh on the 14th of September, and on his way had twelve witches, condemned and burnt at the Cross of Leader, after which act of duty his conscience became a good deal lightened, and his heart cheered in the ways of goodness; he hoped, likewise, to be rid of the spells of those emissaries of Satan that had beleaguered him all his life.

After they had passed the Esk, his two favourite white hounds were missing; the huntsmen judged them to be following some track and waited till night, calling them always now and then aloud by their names. They were however lost, and did not return, nor could they ever be found, although called at every Cross in the kingdom, and high rewards offered.

On that very eve Elen and Clara of Rosline ret
to their native halls, after having been lost for seven
They came to the verge of the tall cliff towards th
from whence they had a view of the stately tow
Rosline, then in their pride of baronial strength.
sun had shed his last ray from the summit of the
Ochils; the Esk murmured in obscurity far below
feet; its peaceful bendings here and there ap
through the profusion of woodland foliage, uniti
brightness of crystal with the hues of the raven.
linns and woody banks of the river re-echoed the n
the feathered choir. To have looked on such a
one might have conceived that he dwelt in a world
there was neither sin nor sorrow; but, alas! the
fections of our nature cling to us; they wind then
round the fibres of the conscious heart, so that no d
of pure and untainted delight can ever allay its in
yearnings. How different would such a scene ap
perfect and sinless creatures, whose destiny did no
ject them to the terrors of death, and the hideou
mouldy recesses of the grave! Were it possible
to conceive that two such beings indeed looked on
might form some idea of their feelings, and even
faint ideas would lend a triple grandeur and bea
such an evening, and indeed to every varied sc
nature, on which our eyes chanced to rest.

"Sister," said Clara, "we are again in sight
native home, and the walks of our days of innocence
are our earthly forms and affections to be resumed,
our bonds with humanity to be broken for ever?
have now witnessed the king of Scotland's private
all his moods, passions, and affections—are you c
to be his queen, and sovereign of the realm?"

"Sooner would I be a worm that crawls among
weeds, than subject myself to the embraces, humou
caprices of such a thing—A king is a block, and his
a puppet—happiness, truth, and purity of heart a
unknown—Mention some other tie to nature,
bid it adieu for ever without a sigh."

We have a widowed mother, beautiful, affectionate, kind."

That is the only bond with mortality which I find it cult to break, for it is a wicked and licentious world—es were laid for us on every side—our innocence was shield—and, sister, do not you yet tremble to think ne whirlpool of conflicting passions and follies from ch we were so timeously borne away?

The lovely Clara bowed assent; and away they went d in hand once more to visit and embrace their earthly nt. They found her in the arms of a rude and im-ous pirate, to whom she had subjected herself and wide domains. They found themselves step-daughters he halls that of right belonged to them, and instead of l love and affection, regarded with jealousy and hate. rt and sorrowful was their stay; they embraced their her once again; bade her farewell with looks of sor-, and walking out to the fairy ring in the verge of the od, vanished from the world for ever. It is said, that e in every seven years their forms are still to be seen ering nigh to the ruins of Rosline. Many are the wild incomprehensible traditions that remain of them over country, and there are likewise some romantic scraps song, besides the verses that are preserved in the fore-ng chapter, which are supposed to relate to them. ny have heard the following verses chanted to a tune embling a dirge:

"Lang may our king look,
An' sair mot he rue;
For the twin flowers o' Rosline
His hand shall never pu'.
Lie thy lane, step-dame;
An' liefu' be thy lair;
For the bonny flowers o' Rosline
Are gane for evermair."

* * * * * * *

"*O tell nae the* news in the kitchen,
An' tell nae the news in the ha',

An' tell nae the news in the hee hee tower
  Amang our fair ladies a'.
How damp were the dews o' the gloamin',
  How wet were her hose and her shoon;
Or wha met wi' fair Lady Rosline
  By the ee light o' the moon!"

* * * * *

"Douglas has lost his bassonet,
  The king his hawk, and milk-white hound;
And merry Maxwell has taen the bent,
  And it's hey! and it's ho! for the English ground!"

* * * * *

"When seven lang years were come an' gane,
  By yon auld castle wa':
There she beheld twa bonny maids
  A playing at the ba';
But wha shall speak to these fair maids
  Aneath the waning moon;
O they maun dree a waesome weird,
  That never will be doone!"

* * * * *

THE

ADVENTURES OF BASIL LEE.

I HAVE for these twenty years been convinced of the truth of the proverb, that a fool can best teach a wise man wit; and that it is, in fact, on the egregious misconduct of the thoughtless and foolish part of mankind that the wise and prudent calculate for their success, and from these that they take their lessons of perseverance and good management. On this principle the following sheets are indited; and that others may be warned from the rock on which I have split, I shall conceal nothing, but relate uniformly the simple truth, though manifestly to my disadvantage.—I have not written my life as a model to be copied, but as one to be avoided, and may those who laugh at my inconsistencies learn from them to steer a different course.

There is one great evil under the sun, from which, if youth is not warned, their success in life will be frustrated, and their old age be without comfort and without respect. From it my misfortunes are all to be traced, and from it I am suffering at this day. I look back on the days that are past, and am grieved. I can now see all my incongruities, and wonder at my negligence in not being able to correct them.

The evil that I complain of, by which all my views in life have been frustrated, and by which thousands as well as myself have suffered, without attributing their disappointments to it, is neither more nor less than *instability of mind*—that youthful impatience, so notorious in every young and aspiring breast, which impels the possessor to fly from one study to another, and from one calling to another, without the chance of succeeding in any. This propensity to change, so inherent in young and volatile

minds, I have often seen encouraged by parents, who would as frequently apply the sage remark, that "when one trade failed, they could, when they pleased, take up another." It is the worst principle on which any man can act, and I will prove it to all the world, first from reason, and afterwards from experience.

The mind of man, survey it from what point of view you please, bears a strong resemblance to a stream of water. I hate similes in general, but the fitness of this pleases me so much at first sight, that I must follow it out. The river, when it first issues from its parent spring, is a trifling insignificant rill, and easily dammed, or turned aside either to the right hand or the left; but still as it advances, it gathers strength and power, and, unless by means the most elaborate, becomes irresistible. When it approaches the latter end of its course it becomes steady and still, and at last moves heavily and laggingly along, till it mixes with the boundless ocean. The stream is human life, and the ocean is eternity; but the similarity betwixt these is so apparent, that the most simple can be at no loss to trace it.

If this stream, in any part of its course, is divided into two, each of these come far short of having half the strength and force of the original current; and if parted again, they still lose in endless gradation. The consequence of this is, that the oftener a stream is divided, it becomes the more easily subdivided again and again. A shoal or any trivial impediment, that never could once have withstood its accumulated force, stops its diminished currents, and turns them whithersoever chance may direct—a smaller obstacle does it the next time, until the noble river ends in becoming a stagnant lake, or a cumberer of the adjacent grounds. So will it prove with man, if the energies of his soul are enfeebled by a variety of unconnected pursuits.

Again, let it be noted, that it is of little moment into *what channel* you turn this stream at first, provided you *can confine it to* that channel alone; for it will continue *to deepen, and* bank itself in by degrees, until that che

nel appear to the eyes of all the world as its natural course. So it is with the human mind, even in a more extensive degree; for if its course is bent towards *any one* object, it is ten to one that it obtains it. This plausible theory I hope to prove by a history of my life.

I was third son to a respectable farmer in the upper parts of Berwickshire, who occupied an extensive tract of land, partly arable and partly pasture. At the parish school I received such an education as was generally bestowed on the sons of farmers in those days. I could read the Shorter Catechism, and even the Bible with great fluency, though with a broad and uncouth pronunciation. I could write a fair and legible hand, and cast up accounts tolerably well, having gone through Cocker's Arithmetic as far as the Rule of Three; but when I came into Vulgar Fractions, the trick of dividing a single number into so many minute parts quite disgusted me. I judged that thereby I was confusing myself with a multiplicity of figures, of which there was no end; so I gave it up.

At fourteen years of age, I was, by my own choice, bound apprentice to a joiner in the neighbourhood, with whom I was obliged to serve out my time, much against my will; for I deemed myself master of the craft, and much superior to my teacher, before half my time was expired. After I had struggled through it I went home. My father hinted to me, that I ought to take the wages my late master offered me to continue with him, until something better should be found, as they were the wages he gave to others. But this I slighted with high disdain; declaring that I would go to London or America, before I accepted less than double the sum proposed; and that, at any rate, was I never to learn any thing better than making a plough, or a cart-wheel?

No master could be found who would come up to my conditions, while the ease and indulgence that I experienced about *my father's* house, made me heartily wish *that no one might ever* be found; and this sentiment *made me contrive some* strong and unanswerable objec-

tions to every proposal of the kind, until the prospect of getting me advantageously engaged as a journeyman died somewhat away. That it might not too abruptly be renewed, I proposed to my father to hold one of his ploughs, a task, to which, I assured him, I was completely adequate, and gave him some wise hints of keeping forward the work of the farm, by the influence which my presence would have upon the servants. My father, who was a good-natured worthy man, acquiesced, and I fell to work; and certainly, for some weeks, wrought with unusual vigilance. I had one principal motive for staying at home, which my father did not advert to; I was in love with Jessy, one of the servant-maids, a little blooming conceited gypsy, out of whose sight I could not be happy. I quarrelled with her daily, and agreed with her again, begging her pardon before night. I looked, simpered, and sighed; but all these delightful signals of love she received with seeming disdain. I was jealous of her beyond all bounds; and if I saw her smile upon any other young man, or talking apart with one, my bosom burned with rage and revenge. I haunted her as if I had been her shadow; and though I did not know of any thing that I wanted with her, yet I neither could be happy out of her presence, nor contented when in it.

Though I believe my performance as a ploughman was of a very inferior species, I remember, I soon became superciliously vain of it, which provoked my neighbour ploughmen to treat me with very little deference. I was not slack in telling them, that it arose all from envy, at seeing themselves so much outdone by me, in a business which they had practised all their lives, but had never understood, there was no standing of this from a novice, for the border hinds are an independent and high-spirited race of men, and matters went on any way but cordially between us. My partial father came over to my side, which made the breach still the wider; and at length they told him to my face, that they would no longer work along with me; for, besides not keeping up my part, and leaving them all the drudgery, I took it upon me to direct

while, at the same time, I knew no more of farm-
than a cat.

d it was impossible for me to work any longer with
oors; that I wrought nearly as much as them all
ether; but that they wanted to be idle, and wished
any such pattern. "Poor shilly shally shurf!"
ıed one of them, in great indignation, "You haud
h! ye maun eat a bowe o' meal an' lick a peck o'
rst! deil hae't e'er I saw ye gude for yet, but rin-
piltin' after the bits o' wenches." Knowing who was
, I threw off my coat in order to give the scoun-
thrashing; but my father ordered him to hold his
nd go about his business; and taking hold of me,
me *by force* into the house, and there was no more
natter.

ɜ was I taken from the plough tail, and sent to
ıe of the parcels of sheep, the one that contained
ıllest number, and required the least attendance of
the farm. I entered upon this celebrated classical
ment with raptures of delight. Never had a mor-
ı a charming prospect of true felicity! I rejoiced
opportunity that it would afford me of reading so
elightful books, learning so many fine songs and
of which I was passionately fond, and above all, of
Jessy below my plaid. Every thing in the shep-
life was bewitching, but this crowned them all.
at I might not want plenty of opportunities, I was
d to be so careful, that I could not possibly get
:o above one meal in the twenty-four hours, and
se, as she was housemaid, she would be obliged to
ll my meat to me.

ı was the delicious picture I had sketched out to
of the enjoyments of the pastoral life. But, alas!
pleasure in this imperfect state of things has its
ıitant evil attending it; and the shepherd's life did
ıll come up to my expectations. I put all the above
experiments in practice; I read a number of curi-
ks,—sung songs to the rocks and echoes,—blew
erman-flute so violently, that my heart palpitated

with exertion,—and, for once or twice, took Jessy below the plaid. But it seems this had been a freedom of which the little minx did not approve; for, thenceforward, a ragamuffin of a boy was sent with my meat, which so altered the shepherd's views, that the nature of his flock was changed with them, and he got home for his victuals as well as any other shepherd in the country.

Moreover, by indulging in all these luxuries of fancy and imagination, these dreams of love and soft delight, I neglected my sheep; who, injudiciously, scattered themselves over a great extent of country, and got mixed among other flocks, from which I had no means of separating them. They were soon involved in inextricable confusion, while, at the same time, I was driven quite desperate; and, though not naturally of a bad temper, I often lost myself so far as to get quite enraged at the innocent creatures, and used them very ill, because forsooth they went wrong, which it was my business to have prevented, and for which, certainly, they were blameless.

There was another thing that mortified me a great deal; I found that much depended on my dog, and that all my exertions, without his assistance, availed not a straw in keeping my flock right. I was in fact much more dependant on him than he was upon me, and of that circumstance the knowing brute appeared to be fully aware. He was a very sagacious animal, but as proud as Lucifer, and would not take an ill word off my hand. Whenever he was in the least degree irritated, or affronted, he never chose to understand what I wished him to do; and if he did aught at all, it was the contrary of what I wanted. I knew this to be mere affectation on his part, and done to answer some selfish end, or for the still worse motive of provoking his master; so I cursed and swore, and threw stones at him, which he took good care should never hit him; and out of the reach of all other offensive weapons he prudently kept, whenever he saw me in bad humour. In return for this treatment, he took his tail between his legs, and trotted his way home, without once deigning

look over his shoulder, either to listen to my flattering promises of kindness and good bits, or my most violent threatenings of retaliation. There was I left by the provoking rascal, almost duly every day, as helpless a creature as could be conceived. I shouted, halloo'd, and threw my hat at the lambs, till I often could shout and run no longer; yet all my efforts could never prevent them from straying off at one corner or another. I soon found, that the nature of the colley is quite the opposite of that of a pointer or spaniel, and to be well served by him you must treat him as a friend; he will do nothing by force, but from kindness and affection he will do any thing. I was compelled to treat mine with proper deference and respect, and, when I did so, I never had cause to rue it.

There was another evil that attended me; I was obliged to rise much too early in the morning. This did not suit my habits at all, and far less my inclination, for I felt that I was not half satisfied with sleep. The consequence of this was, that, whenever I lay down to rest myself during the day, I sunk into the most profound slumbers imaginable, often not awaking for three or four hours, when I generally found all my flock in utter confusion. I had not the skill to gather and separate them, like a shepherd accustomed to the business; and these long sleeps in the fields imbittered almost every day of my life. Neither did I relish the wet clothes, that I was obliged to bear about on my body from morning until night, in rainy weather; it was highly uncomfortable, and a dark mist was the devil and all! I wondered how any man could keep his flocks together in a mist, or know where they were; for there were some days that, from beginning to end, I never knew where I was myself. Then there was the vile custom of smearing them with tar all over the bodies; how I did hate that intolerable operation! Next, I was exposed to cold, to snow and rain, and all manner of hardships. In short, before the first half year had expired, I had fairly come to the conclusion, that the life of a shepherd, instead of being the most delightful

and romantic, was the most dull and wretched state of existence; and I longed for a fair pretence to throw up my charge, and the plaid and crook for ever.

That pretence was not long wanting. Out of deference to my father, the neighbouring shepherds had patiently borne with my inexperience and neglect, and had often brought my scattered flocks back to me, in hopes that after a little experience I would grow better. But seeing that I grew still the more negligent, they combined in a body, and came to my father; and, making an old man named Willie Beatie their spokesman, they represented me in such a light, as I never shall forget; and there was something which the old crabbed body said that day, that I found afterwards to be too true. "Ye'll get nae luck o' that callant, Sir," said he, "gin ye dinna haud his neb better to the grunstane. I wat weel, I hae naething to say ferrar nor what concerns the sheep; but, I trow, gin ye dinna tie him til a job that he canna get quat o', he'll flee frae ae falderall till anither a' the days o' his life; he'll be a plague amang the women too; an' a' thegither ye'll mak but little mence o' him."

My father did not much relish this piece of information, and that he gave the old man to know; but Crusty was not to be snubbed in that way, for his observations grew still more and more severe on my character. "Ey, troth, gudeman, ye may just tak it as weel, or as ill as ye like, I carena the black afore my nail about it; a' that I said I'll stand to; I hae naething to do wi' nae honest man's bairn, only I ken this, gin I had sic a chap for a son, I wad either bind him to a sea captain, or gie him a penny in his pouch, and strip him aff to the Indians—he'll get plenty o' women there as black as slaes; an' that will be better than to hae him rinnin' jinking after fouk's dochters here, an' bringin' disgrace baith to you an' ither fouk—gin *he* dinna' soon come afore the kirk, I hae tint my skill. *But I hae nought* to say to that—only, gin ye had to *gather his sheep* for him, as often as I hae done for this *half year bygane*, ye wadna be pleased at him mair nor me *When I see* a young chap lying slubberin' an' sleepin'

the day in a heather bush, I can guess what he has been about a' the night."

In the appeal made by the shepherds, my father was obliged to acquiesce, and another lad was hired to my flock. It proved a great relief to me, and I now remained idle about my father's house. I played incessantly on the fiddle, to the great annoyance of the family, and soon became a considerable adept. Certainly my strains were not the sweetest in the world, for I paid no regard to sharps or flats; but I had a good bow-hand and held on with vigour, taking care never to stick a tune because I went wrong in it. I soon attained a high character as a musician, and heard some very flattering encomiums on my skill from country neighbours, who even went so far as to aver that "I needed not to be afraid to gang through a tune wi' auld Neil Gow himsel."

I soon observed that my parents were growing uneasy on my account, and dissatisfied that I should be thus trifling away the best of my time: I was terrified for the axe and long saw again, and began to cast about for some creditable business to which I might betake myself. At length, it was decided that I should set up as a grocer in the town of Kelso, which quite delighted me; and at the next term I began business.

My father's circumstances being well known, I had plenty of credit; neither was I slack in accommodating others in the same way, so that my customers multiplied exceedingly. My luxuries melted from my shop like the snow from the mountains, and new cargoes poured in like the northern blasts that supply these; but, in spite of my inclinations, and a natural aversion that I had to spirits of every description, I soon began to get dissipated. I was fond of music and song, which often gathered idle people about me, whose company, though I wished to decline, yet I could not resist; and by degrees I was led on till I took my glass as freely as any of them; so that, oftentimes, when I came into the shop at night to wind up my affairs for the day, and to balance my books, I was so drunk that knew not one thing from another.

I committed a number of small mistakes in these degrees of elevation, which had nearly cost me a deal of trouble. I had once nearly lost a family of good customers, by selling them a quarter of a pound of cut tobacco instead of tea. I likewise furnished an honest man with a quantity of snuff, instead of Jesuit barks. He drank it for the removal of some impediment about the stomach; but it had quite a different effect from that desired. To give people a dose of saltpetre instead of glauber salts was a frequent mistake with me, as I never could know the one from the other; and I had twice to pay damages on that score. But the thing that frighted me worst of all was, the giving a glass of vitriol to a Highlander, over the counter, instead of whisky. He drank it off, and went away without any remark, save that "she was te cood;" but, when he left the shop, I observed that his lips were primmed close together, and the tears were streaming over his cheeks. On examining the bottle I discovered my mistake, and had no doubt that the man would die instantly. I learned that he was driving Highland cattle, and was seen with them about a mile beyond the town; but I thought he could not live, and expected every day to be apprehended for poisoning him. Day came after day, and no word arrived of the dead Highland drover; till, at length, about a month after, I was thunderstruck at seeing the same old man enter the shop, and again ask me to sell him "a glassfu' of te whisky." I could not believe my eyes; but he removed all my doubts, by adding, "an it pe your vill, let her have te same tat she got fan she vas here pefore." I said I feared I had none of that now, but that some alleged it was not quite the thing. "Hech, man, she shoorly vas te cood!" replied he, "for hit no pe little tat mak auld Tonald pegh (pant), an py cot she vas mhait and trink to hersel for two wheeks."

What a tremendous stomach the old fellow must have had! but I was so overjoyed at seeing him again, that I gave him two or three glasses of the best spirits I had, for which I refused to take any payment. He took off his bonnet, bowed his grey-matted head, and thanked me; promising at

the same time, "always to pe my chustomer fan he came tat vay."

I continued in business only twenty months, and, by the assistance of a steady old man, had kept my books perfectly regular; but at this time I committed a great blunder, by suffering a bill granted by me to a rival house to be protested, and still to lie over, on account of some temporary disappointment. Such a neglect is ruin to a man in business. He had better make any sacrifice. This I know, that it knocked my business on the head, which with a little more attention, could not have failed of doing well. My credit was ruined, and every debt that I owed was demanded up at once. Though I had stock, I had neither command of money nor securities; and being void of patience, and disgusted with the duns that came on me at every hour of the day, and the threats of prosecutions, I lost heart. Most unadvisedly, I locked up the doors of my shop, and gave my books and keys over to my father, absconding at the same time, till I saw how matters turned out. I was excessively cast down and dispirited at this time; and I remember of being greatly mortified at hearing what passed between two Kelso girls, whom I overtook on my way to Edinburgh. "Wha's that impudent chap?" said the one. "He's a broken merchant i' our town," replied the other. "What right has a creature like him to come an' keek intil fo'ks' faces that gate?" said the first. I felt myself terribly degraded, and was glad to get out of hearing; but their words did not go out of my head for a month.

My father craved time; which was granted. As soon as he had looked over the state of my affairs, he took the debts all upon himself, and gave security for the whole at six and twelve months. He sold off the stock by public roup; and, though some of the goods were sold at a disadvantage, when all was settled there was a reversion to me of L. 160, over and above the sum that he had advanced to me at first. Though he was pleased to find things erminate so well, he was grieved at my having given up business that promised to turn out to such advantage.

and expostulated with me in a very serious manner—thing which he had never done before. I remember eve word of one sentence that he said to me that day; it w very nearly as follows: "Ye're still but a young man y son, an' experience may noozle some wit intil ye; for i o'er plain ye hae muckle need o't. I fear I may say you as the good auld man, Jacob, said to his son Reube 'that ye are unstable as water, and shall not excel. H that abideth not by the works of his hands, nor is satisfi with the lot that falleth unto him, shall lift up his voi by the way-side, and no man shall regard him; becau he regarded not the voice of him that begat him, n listened to the words of her that gave him birth.' Son, hae likit a' my bairns weel; but I had the maist hope o' yo My heart was prooder o' ye aften than I loot on; but g it be the Lord's will to poonish me for that, I maun e'e submit. I canna be lang wi' ye now. I maun soo leave ye, an' gang to my lang hame; but there's noug will bring my grey hairs sae soon to the grave, as to s the improodence o' my bairns: an' O I wad like weel see you settled i' some creditable way; i' some way th ye might enjoy peace and quiet i' this life, an' hae tin to prepare for a better. The days o' pleasure an' mirth w soon be o'er wi' ye; an' when ye come to my time o' da there will be mony actions that ye'll rue, an' this last w be ane amang the lave. Is it not a strange thing th you, who are sae clever at every thing, can yet succe in naithing?"

I resolved to do better; but I was Jack of all trade and master of none. I had now a small sum of my ow which I never had before; and having never yet cost m father much money, the choice was still left to myse what I would try next. When a young man gets his ow choice, he is very apt to fix on the profession that h father followed, especially if he has been fortunate in it and so it was with me at this time. When, as I conceive I had learned to calculate matters aright, I fixed on the li of a farmer, and determined to be industrious, virtuo and sober. I even resolved to marry a wife—a rich

e the first man in the country; and, as far as I can from my own experience, in every man's views of ıat forms a principal part. My father approved of lan, but at the same time gave me many charges, again to think of changing that honest and credita- rofession for any other; "for I gie ye my word, said he, "that a rowin' stane never gathers ony and ane had better late thrive than never do weel." mised steadiness, and really meant to keep my word; do not think that ever any person had higher hopes ppiness than I had at that time. I was about to on that course of life which all men covet, from the st to the lowest. What do the merchant and manu- ·er toil for, but for a competence to enable them to to a farm in the country? What do the soldier he professional man risk their health and life for in n climes, but for the means to enable them to retire farm in their native country? And this happy and d state I was about to enter into in the flower of my ınd in the prime of life. I laid out all my plans of ı my farm-house: they were perhaps a little too ious, but altogether they formed an Eden of delight. ·ulated on my crops so much an acre—on my cattle ıch ahead;—the produce was immense!—quite suf- t for the expenditure of a gentleman. I was so up- in my own mind at my unexampled good fortune, my words and actions were quite eccentric. I hur- from one place to another, as if every moment had of the utmost importance; when on foot I ran, and ı on horseback I gallopped. I am sure the cautious ɔrudent part of the community must have laughed at but I perceived it not, and thought that every one red me for my cleverness. The farmers thereabouts :ather a well-bred class of people, and none of them tried either to mortify or reprehend me, but suffered to take my own way. From the rugged freedom of ɔeasantry, however, I got some severe rebuffs. I was day riding into Dunse in fine style, having set off at llop, without being well aware of it: "Hallo! stop!"

cried a brown-looking peasant, with a spade over his shoulder; and I wheeled round my horse in the middle of his career. "What's wrang wi' ye, lad? Are ye a' weel enough at hame?" "To be sure we are, you dog; what do you mean?" said I. "O, gin ye be a' weel, that's enough. I thought ye war outher riding for the doctor or the houdy," (midwife,) said the horny-knuckled rascal, and chop'd on his way, gaping as he went.

At another time, I was hiring a lad at a fair in Greenlaw, but parted with him about some trifle. Thinking afterward that I was in the wrong, I called to him as he passed, intending to give him all that he asked; but not knowing his name, I accosted him thus—"Hallo, you fellow with the white stockings, come hither." He looked aside to me with the greatest contempt—"An' wha the deil was't made you a gentleman an' me a fellow?" said he; "the kail-wife o' Kelso, I fancy: or was't the salts an' senny leaf?"—Another time, at a wedding, I chanced to dance a good deal with a pretty country maiden, named May Glendinning, and kept her sitting on my knee, being resolved, if possible, to set her home at night. Her sweetheart was grievously chagrined at this, but could not help it. "What's come o' May, Geordie?" inquired one; "I think ye hae tint May a' thegither the night." "I canna get her keepit a minute," said Geordie, "for that stickit shopkeeper."

A loud roar of laughter ensued, at which I was highly incensed, and resolved to be revenged on the clown. I kept May the whole night, and after many entreaties, prevailed on her to suffer me to accompany her home. We went into her father's byre, and sat down on some clean hay to court. I said a great many kind things to her, not one of which was true, and always between hands endeavoured to prejudice her against Geordie. I said he was a low ill-bred rascal, and no match for such a lovely and lady-looking maid as she; and many bitter things I uttered against him: among others, I vowed, that if I saw such a dog as he touch but the palm of her hand, I would kick him. That moment I was rudely seized by

the collar. "Come on, then, maister shopkeeper," said a rough voice, in the dark, at my side; "here's Geordie at your service; an' I think he can hardly deserve his brikfast better frae you than ye do frae him." I seized him in the same manner, and in that violent way we led one another out. Burning for revenge, I meant to have given him a merciless drubbing. On getting fairly out we struggled hard; but, as bad luck would have it, I fell undermost, and that just in the vile quagmire at the root of the dunghill, There the wretch held me down until the wheezing liquid abomination actually met above my breast; then, giving me two or three blows on the face, he left me with a loud laugh of scorn, saying, as he struggled through the mud, "It's no ilka chapman that maun try to lick the butter aff Geordie Bailley's bread." The dog was of the race of the gypsies. I went home in a miserable plight.

Having expended the greatest part of the money that my father advanced to me in stocking my farm and furnishing my house, I saw that I would soon want money, and determined on having a wife with a fortune instantly Accordingly I set out a-wooing to one Miss Jane Armstrong, the daughter of a wealthy and respectable farmer. I proved a very awkward lover; and though nothing ever pleased me so much as courting the servant girls, when courting a woman that I really esteemed, I felt as if performing a very disagreeable task. I did not know what to say, for it was a new kind of courting that I neither understood nor relished; it was too systematic and ceremonious for me. However, I thought that on getting her for my wife all that kind of flummery would be over; and I persisted in my suit, till at length matters came to be understood between us, and nothing remained to do but to name the day. I rather esteemed than loved Miss Armstrong, and went about the whole business rather as a matter of duty than in consequence of a fond attachment.

About this time I chanced to be over in Teviotdale on some business, where I met with a Miss Currie, with whom I was quite captivated. She was handsome, lively,

and full of frolic and humour, and I never was so charmed with any lady in my life. I visited her every week, and still became more and more enamoured of her. She treated me so kindly, and with so little reserve, that for three months I never went to see Jane Armstrong but once. The Armstrongs took this heinously amiss, and, all at once, without giving me any notice, the lady was married to a cousin of her own, a baker in Coldstream. I was not even invited to the wedding.

I felt this as a great weight taken off my shoulders, and plied my suit to Magdalene Currie; but to my mortification I soon afterwards learned, that the reason why she received me with so much ease was because she did not care a farthing about me, having all the while been engaged to another, to whom she was joined in wedlock a short time after. I looked exceedingly sheepish, and did not know what to do. I could no more set out my head among the ladies, so I went home and courted my own housekeeper.

This was a delightful amusement; but it was a most imprudent and dear-bought one. From the time I began to toy with this girl, I found that I was no more master of my own house: she did what she pleased, and the rest of the servants followed her example. If a man wishes for either honour, credit, or success in life, let him keep among females of his own rank—above it if he will, but not lower.

I was, moreover, always of an ostentatious and liberal turn of mind: I kept a good table, and plenty of French brandy in my house, which at that time cost only 1s. 6d. per Scots pint. My neighbours discovered this; and though I never invited any of them, for in truth I did not want them, yet there was seldom a day passed that I did not receive a visit from some of them. One came to hear such and such a tune, which he wanted to learn; another, a song of mine that he could not get out of his mind; and a third, merely to get a crack, and a glass of brandy and water with me. Though I always left my farming and joined them with reluctance, yet, after drinking a glass

h them, these ill humours all vanished, and I drank
ıg and played my best tunes; and we never failed
in great glee, and the most intimate friends in the
This proved a great source of uneasiness to me,
as expense, which I could ill afford. Though it
me, yet I could not put an end to it; and the
:enes of noise and riot occurred once or twice, if
times every week. The servants joined in the
ıxity and mirth; and, leaving the door half open,
ınced to my tunes in the kitchen. This drew my
d friends away from me to join them; after which
of wrestling and screaming ensued, and, all that
do, I lost the command of my house and family.
familiarity with my lovely housekeeper still con-
and for a whole year I was like a man going
vith his eyes tied up, who might have seen well
could he have suffered himself to look. Suppose
man, though he were sensible that he was going
yet would not think of taking away the bandage,
king about him to see again where the right path
t, thinking it capital sport, would continue the
ıd run on. It is not easy to conceive such a fool,
ctly such a one was I.
ın had some pregnant proofs that the days of my
.eeping were drawing towards a conclusion. The
of my crops, and the insurmountable indolence of
'ants without doors, not to mention the extended
t within, all announced to me, that of my hopeful
ıld there must necessarily be a dispersion. I
it a far easier and more convenient mode of break-
:he concern, for me to go and leave them, than to
ng my delightful housekeeper, and all her irregu-
', and impudent associates, pack up their baggage
'e me. I perceived before me a system of crying,
;, and obloquy, not to mention church anathemas,
ould in no wise encounter; so, as the war was
ging in *America*, I determined on going there in
to assist some of the people in killing their neigh-
did not care much which of the parties I joined,

provided I got to a place where I should never see n hear more of my drunken neighbours, profligate servan lame horses, blighted crops, and unprofitable hou keeper.

I acquainted my brother with my resolution; and n withstanding of his warmest remonstrances, I persisted it. So he was obliged to take my farm, for fear I sho give it to some other; and as he considered it a go bargain, he gave me a fair valuation of all my farm-sto ing. We settled every thing ourselves, and that as p vately as possible. I applied at the war-office, and th being then a great demand for young men of spirit to out to America, I found no difficulty in purchasing ensign's commission in a regiment then lying in Low Canada. In the course of a few days I turned my ba on my native place, and my face towards the weste world, in search of something—I did not know what was, but it was that which I could not find at home. H I reflected aright, I would have found it was prudenc but I would not suffer myself to reflect, for my cond at that time was not calculated, on a retrospection, afford much consolation; but I hoped, in a life of dang and anxiety, to experience that sort of pleasure which the result of hope and variety.

On my route to America, I joined, at Cork, a Lie tenant Colin Frazer, who was conducting out two co panies of recruits to join our transatlantic army; and course I was a subordinate officer to him. I never lik him from the beginning; he was too selfish and conceit of himself, and pretended to be so much of a gentlema (though he had never before been from the banks of Lo Ness in the Highlands,) that it was impossible to kno how to speak to him. I could not speak English othe wise than in the broadest Border dialect, while he d livered himself in a broken Highland jargon, at which could never contain my gravity. With all this, we we obliged to be constantly together at mess, as well other times; and from the moment that we first met, nature seemed, even to myself, to have undergone a c

plete change. Perhaps the idea of being now a soldier contributed greatly to this; but, from being a good-natured, careless, roving, thoughtless fellow, I became all at once proud, positive, and obstreperous; and, in keeping up these dignified pretensions, I daresay was as absurd as in the conducting of my mercantile and farming transactions. Still, I cannot help thinking it was this haughty overbearing Highland devil that stirred up these unnatural propensities in my breast. We never looked one another openly and frankly in the face, when we conversed together; or if we did, it was with a kind of sneer: and our custom was to sit opposite one another, with averted eyes, and cut and snub one another all that we could, still pretending to be in good humour, yet all the while full of bitterness and gall.

This state of affairs was soon brought to a climax by my spirit of gallantry. Among the few females that were in the ship, there was one Clifford Mackay, a most beautiful young lady, from the Highlands. The moment that I saw her, I was seized with a strong curiosity to know all about her, and what her motives were for going out to America; and my curiosity was mixed with the romantic passion of love. I saw that she and Frazer were acquainted, and indeed he appeared to be her only acquaintance on board; but he behaved to her with such reserve, and kept at such a distance from her in public, that I was altogether astonished how he could behave in such a manner to so sweet a creature, and marked him down in my mind as a cold-hearted, insensible, vagabond of a fellow. This apparent neglect endeared the lady still more to me, and interested my heart so much in her, that I could scarcely ever keep from her company. There was no little kind office that lay in my power that I did not proffer, no attention that I did not pay; at which Frazer would often sneer in the most insulting way. "'Pon my wort, Miss Mackay, put you'll pe ketting exhellent attensions," he would say; or at other times, "Shurely you'll pe unter fery much kreat oblighations to the worthy and callant ensign." I was so imprudent one

day, in an ill humour, as to repeat one of these sayin in his own tone and dialect, in mockery. He gave mouth a twist, curled up his nose, and turned round his heel, saying at the same time, "You'll pe answer for this py and py, my brave fellow." "O, that I v I daresay," said I, as saucily as might be. In the m time I plied the beautiful Clifford with every endearm that the most ardent love could suggest, until her he was melted, and she told me her whole story, and a m interesting story it was: unluckily for me, there happe not one word of it to be true, an inference which I wo have been the last man in the world to have drawn. proffered myself her friend and protector, in the m noble and disinterested manner; and though these w not frankly accepted, still they were by degrees admitt until at last they terminated as all these generous benevolent protections of the fair sex do. I was bles beyond measure in the society of this adorable creatu and as Frazer now kept a shy distance from both of I had as much of her delightful company as I chose. really felt exceedingly happy with her, and began to va myself highly on my personal accomplishments, that thus gained me the affections of such a lady in so sho time.

She was going to live with her brother, a man of gr consequence in Upper Canada, and under the care Frazer, who was an acquaintance of her father's. engaged to see her safely there, if he failed in the cha he had undertaken, or to assist him in it as far as lay my power; and on reaching her brother's house, w marriage was a thing to happen of course; but on t subject we did not talk much. As we neared to shores of America, she still spoke less and less of brother, who at one time was her sole discourse; after coming to anchor in the St Lawrence, she ne more mentioned his name, unless in answer to so question that I chanced to ask concerning him; and wh our baggage was removed from the ship into boats, served that Frazer took no notice whatever of eith

ıer effects. I thought I likewise perceived a kind of ıpondency in my charmer's looks that quite overcame :, and I resolved to dedicate my life to her. I never ırst look forward to the future, or calculate with myself nat were to be the consequences of this amour; but ıese came upon me much sooner than I could have pre-umed.

We sailed for three days up the river, after quitting the vessel. Clifford, Frazer, and I, were in the same boat, and also an Irish and an English gentleman. Our noble lieutenant spoke next to nothing, but upon the whole did not behave uncivilly. We came at length to a village on the north side of the river, where we were obliged to land, and wait some days for the arrival of other troops and some wagons. Being now got fairly to land, and in a place where retirement was easy to be obtained, which hitherto had been impossible, Frazer had resolved to let me know what I was about. Accordingly, the next morning after our arrival, I was waited upon by the Irish gentleman who came with us, who presented me with a challenge from the lieutenant. I never was so confounded in my life, and wist not what to do or say; but read the note over and over, I do not recollect how oft. Macrae, the Irishman, noticed my dilemma, which I daresay amused him, and then calmly inquired what answer he was to return to his friend. "The man's out of his judgment," said I. "I do not see," said he, "how you can draw that inference from any thing that has passed on the present occasion. Certainly he could not do otherwise than demand satisfaction of you for the gross manner in which you have insulted him, by seducing his ward and friend; and that avowedly, it being a transaction that was neither hid from the ship's crew, nor from the men he is destined to command." "The devil run away with him and his ward both," said I. Macrae burst out a-laughing, and remarked that this was no answer at all to send *to a gentleman*; that as he had the greatest *respect for his friend*, he would not hear a repetition *such ribaldry*; and that, after what he had seen

heard of my behaviour, he judged it more meet that should be beaten like a dog before the men, and hoo from the king's service in disgrace. In my confusion ideas it had never occurred to me, that I was now oblig to fight a duel with any one who liked, or be disgrac for ever. So plucking up a momentary courage, I wr a note in answer, accepting his challenge as soon as could procure a friend to be my second. The Engl gentleman, Mr Dow, who had accompanied us fr Britain, being lodged in the same house with me, I plied to him for advice, and stated the matter exactly him. He said it was an ugly job, and he feared there no alternative but fighting the gentleman, unless I ch to make every concession, and be disgraced. "As either the grace or disgrace of the matter," said I, "I not mind that a pin; but as I suspect the gentleman been very shabbily used by me, I will rather make a concession he chooses to name, than fight with one I ha wronged. I do not approve of fighting duels. My re gious principles do not admit of it." He smiled a shook his head. "I believe," said he, "you are a ve honest good fellow, but you are a simple man, and kn nothing of the world. You must leave the matter e tirely to me. I suspect you must fight him, but, as is the challenger, you have the right of choosing yo weapons. I will however wait upon him, and shall bri you off if I can." "For God's sake do," said I; "I w rather make any acknowledgment he likes, than kill t honest brave fellow, and have his blood on my head, aft having offended him by hurting him in the tendere part." "O that will never do," said he; "never talk concessions just in the outset of life; leave the matt wholly to me, and behave yourself like a man and Scotsman, whatever be the issue." I promised that would; and away he went to wait on Frazer, my insult *lieutenant*. How I did curse his hot Highland blood *myself*, and wished him an hundred times at the botto *of Loch* Ness, or on the top of the highest of his mai *hills*, never to come down again till the day of judgm

cursed my own imprudence; but amid all my rav-
l execrations, I attached no blame to the lovely
ıtle Clifford Mackay. The preference that she
en to me over Colin Frazer, her Highland friend,
ke a hidden charm in her behalf.

ıw began to consult seriously with myself what
s I should make choice of. I could in nowise
y mind to pistols, for I found I could not stand
shot at. I accounted myself as good a marksman
in Britain, but that I reckoned of no avail. What
are for killing the man? I had no wish to kill
rther than by so doing I might prevent him from
me at the next fire, and on that ground I would
med as sickerly as possible. I would not have
. so much, had I been sure of being shot dead at
but to get a ball lodged inside of me, and have my
wrecked and teased by bungling American surgeons
to extract it, was the thing that I was determined
:onsideration to submit to. I would not have a
twisting and mangling my entrails, in search of a
l pistol bullet, for no man's caprice, nor woman's
; so I determined not to fight with pistols.

ɜd to discuss the merits of the small sword; but
ı vile insidious weapon, and worse than the other,
:e could be; a thing that came with a jerk by the
ıs swift as lightning, and out through one's body in
ent. The blue holes they made through one were
ıseemly, and not to be cured. There was some-
upon the whole, very melancholy in the view of
ıe of a duel with small swords; so I resolved to
fighting with them.

broad-sword? Why, it was a noble weapon; but
ıt myself under the broad-sword of an enraged
nder would be a piece of as desperate temerity as
; the bolt of Heaven. Besides, I had never learned
:e. Still, however, a man had it in his power to
himself *against that* weapon, and there was a great
that—he might use some very strenuous exertions
purpose; and if nothing else would do, an hon-

ourable retreat was in his power. Upon the
though I did not approve of trusting myself unde
a weapon, in such hands, yet I rather leaned to th
any other; or, on second thoughts, I judged that it
be as good, and as genteel, to make choice of the
that we wore, which were neither broad nor small
but something between the two, and not remarkal
their sharpness.

Mr Dow returned; and in the most calm and fr
way, informed me that he found it a very disagr
business, much more so than he thought meet to d
to me, till he saw what would be the issue. I as
nothing but my life would satisfy the fellow? H
swered, that he would not be satisfied with any c
sions that a gentleman could make; that if I kneel
fore all the men, and confessed that I had wronge
and begged his pardon, he would be satisfied, bu
nothing less. "Why," says I, "since you thi
gentleman is so grossly wronged, I do not see
should not do this." "By the Lord, sir," said he
great fervour, "if you do that, you are lost fo
Consider, that in so doing, you not only confes
error, but confess that you are a coward; and th
thing that you must do is to hide your head from
human acquaintance. I have considered the case
own, and conceive that there is no other method
cedure, but to give the gentleman the satisfact
desires, and on that ground I have appointed th
and the place of meeting. It is to be in a lane
adjoining wood, at seven o'clock in the evenin
choice of the weapons is left to you."

"Why should it not be just now?" said I.
sooner any disagreeable business is over the better;
for the weapons, to give him every advantage, since
been the aggressor, I'll give him the weapon fo
his country is so much famed. We will decide
our swords. Does he think that men are mice?"

Dow gave me a slap on the shoulder, and, with
oath, swore that that was said like a man; "a

your opponent that," added he, "which, I trust
ı him." I had now taken my resolution, and went
th him to the place quite courageously, though
hile I scarcely knew what I was doing, such a
ıad taken hold of me. Dow's looks cleared up.
; away and warned Frazer and his second of my
mpatience for the combat, and then we two walk-
ɜ grove awaiting their arrival; and, after all, they
t in any great hurry. When they arrived, our
insisted on our shaking hands. To this I had no
ıs in the world, but I saw that Frazer would rather
ınned it; he held out his in the most proud dis-
vay, while I with great bluntness took hold of it,
: it a hearty squeeze and a shake. "Captain,
ys I—and I fear the tear was standing in my eye
ıtain, man, I little thought it would ever come to
ı us!" "You did not, did you?" replied he;
te deol did you pe taking her to pe?" and with
lung my hand from him.
ll, well, captain, here's for you, then," says I, draw-
ny sword and brandishing it in the air. "Pooh,
: deol, tamnation, and haill!" ejaculated he; and
ıway his face, twisting his nose as if something
ıded it, he drew out his sword, and, stretching out
put its edge to mine, with such marks of disdain
were before witnessed by any living creature.
with all my might, thinking to hit him a dreadful
ı the head or shoulder, and cleave him to the
not to the heart; but he warded the blow with
;est indifference, and attacked me in return. I
to defend myself with my utmost puissance;
lid instinctively, by keeping my arm at full stretch,
my sword before me, and making it ply up and
th the swiftness of lightning; and a most excellent
defence it is—one that I would recommend to
placed in such circumstances as I then was. So
did it prove, that Frazer, with all his science,
touch me. He still followed up his advantage,
d hard upon me, as he well might, for I had

now no leisure again to strike at him, I was so strenu
intent on defending myself, and had so much ado w
He came closer and closer on me; and in the mean t
fled backwards, backwards, till at length one of my
coming in contact with the stump of a tree, I fell fl
my back. He rushed forward to disarm me; but, i
trepidation and confusion, I had no idea of any thin
cept resistance, and even in that awkward position I s
at him again. It seems that a Highlandman doe
know so well how to ward a stroke that comes upwa
him, as one that comes down, for with that stroke I w
ed him both in the belly and the wrist. This so inc
him that, placing his one foot on my sword arm, ne
shoulder, and the other on my belly, he put his sword's
to my mouth. I roared out; but the savage that i
struck me in at the mouth, and pinned my head to the g
I had never fought since I was at the school, and wr
merely as it were by random, or rather instinct. I
no conception remaining with me, but the boyish o
retaliation as long as that was in my power; so mak
desperate effort, with a half-arm stab I wounded hi
behind, sticking my sword directly in a part of his
which I do not choose to name. This made him s
forward and fall; and the whole of this catastrophe,
the time that I fell on my back, was transacted in
seconds, and before our friends had time to interfere
deed I am never sure to this day but that they both vi
it as a piece of excellent sport. However, they no
hold of us, and raised us up. I was choked with b
but did not feel very much pain. All that I partic
remember was, that I was very angry with Frazer
wanted to get at him to kill him; and instead of
afraid of him, I would then have given all that I h
the world to have had the chance of fighting him
pistols. He was as much incensed; for, when
supported me away towards the river, he was lying g
ing, and swearing in broken English. "Tat she sho
mhortally killed," I heard him say, "py such a erhav
lowlands bhaist! such a treg of te chenerations of

phoor mhiserable crheature! tat she should pe putting her pike into te pehinds of te shentlemans! hoh, hoh! pooh, pooh, pooh!"

There was no surgeon in the village save a farrier, that bled American horses, men, and women, alternately, as occasion required, and he being first engaged by my adversary, there was no one to dress my wound, but Mr Dow and the unfortunate Clifford, who, poor soul, when she saw me all bathed in blood, and learned what had been the cause of it, burst into tears, and wept till I thought her heart would break. One of my jaw-teeth was broken out; but otherwise the wound turned out to be of little consequence, the sword having gone merely through my cheek in a slanting direction, and out below the lap of the ear. It incommoded me very little; but it was otherwise with poor Colin Frazer, who was pronounced by all that saw him to be mortally wounded, though he himself affected to hold it light.

The other body of recruits and the baggage-carts at length arriving, we continued our march, Frazer causing himself to be carried in a litter at the head of the troop, until we arrived at Quebec. Here he had the advice of regular surgeons, who advised him not to proceed; but no cognizance was taken of the affair, farther than the examination of witnesses, whose depositions were taken down and signed. The headquarters of the regiment which we were destined to join lying still a great way up the country, at a place called St Maurice, the command of the body of recruits devolved on me. The men that joined us last, at the village of Port Salmon, were mostly Irishmen, and commanded by a very young man, named Ensign Odogherty. He was a youth according to my own heart, full of frolic and good humour; drank, sung, and told marvellous stories without end; and I never was so much amused by any human being. The other Irishman, Macrea, remained at Quebec; but Dow still went on with us. I found he meant to join the army as a gentleman volunteer.

One night, when we were enjoying ourselves over a glass at a petty village, Dow chanced to mention my duel.

I requested him not to proceed with the subject, for it was one that I did not wish ever to hear mentioned again as long as I lived. Odogherty, however, having merely learned that such an event had occurred, without hearing any of the particulars, insisted on hearing them from end to end; and Dow, nothing reluctant, recited them with the most minute punctuality. Odogherty's eyes gleamed with delight; and when the other came to the conclusion, he rose in silence, holding his sides, and keeping in his breath till he reached a little flock-bed, where, throwing himself down, he continued in a roar of laughter for a quarter of an hour, save that he sometimes lay quiet for about the space of a minute to gather his breath.

When he had again composed himself, a long silence ensued. After a storm comes a calm, they say; but it is as true, that after a calm comes a storm. Little did I ween what a storm this calm was brewing for me; but found it soon to my experience.

"Now, my dear friend," said Dow, "that you are past any danger from your wound, and I hope from all ill consequences of this rough and disagreeable affair, pray, may I ask if you know who this young lady is, or of what extraction or respectability she is of, for whom you have ventured your life and honour, and whom you have thus attached to yourself?"

"I know that very well," replied I. "My Clifford is a young lady of as high respectability as any in the shire of Inverness, though her father is not rich; but that is a common occurrence with Highland gentlemen, especially those that are generous and best beloved; besides, she is one of a numerous family, and named after an English countess, who is her godmother. Her father is Neil Mackay, Esq. of the town of Inverness; and she has a brother in Upper Canada, who holds the highest commission but one under government in all that country. It *is to him* that I am conducting her, and I hope to do it *in safety*."

"*Not* with safety to yourself, I should think," rejoined he. "You should surely, my dear sir, re-consider the

else you will certainly have more duels to fight
e. Do you conceive it such a light thing to
, young lady of quality? Or how could you set
face to her brother, a man of such rank, after
that you have publicly lived with his sister?"
: had such an idea as this entered my head; the
st apparent, one would think, of any in the world.
I said before, I never durst trust myself to reflect
onsequences of this amour; these had all to come
n course. I could not answer Mr Dow a word,
gaping, and staring him in the face, for a good
t length I exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "What
l shall I do?"
y," said Odogherty, "I think the way that you
ake is plain enough behind you, to look forward
The young creature is ruined to all purposes
nts, and will never be a woman of credit at all at
ss you marry her. On my conscience I would
er this instant; that I would; and make her an
voman to herself."
ed at Dow, but he remained silent. I then said,
ought our young friend's advice had a great deal
n in it, and to marry her was the best way, if
only thing that I could do. Dow said, that at all
: might ask her, and hear what she said, and we
ien consult what was best to be done afterwards.
ed away into the little miserable room where she
lved to marry her that night or next morning. I
er sitting barefooted, and without her gown, which
busily employed in mending. "My dear Clif-
aid I, "why patch up that tawdry gown? If
oney is run short, why not apply to me for some
th to replace these clothes that are wearing out?
ow my purse is always at your service." She
me in the most affectionate terms, and said, that
ed she would be obliged to apply to me by and
; as yet she had no need of any supply, my kind-
l attention to her having superseded any such

"I am come, my dear young friend," said I, "at this moment, on an errand the most kind and honourable to you. We are now entering on the territory in which your relation holds a high command, and it is necessary, before we come to his presence or even into the country over which he holds control, both for your honour and my own safety and advancement, that we be joined in the bands of wedlock. I therefore propose, that we be married instantly, either to-night or to-morrow morning."

"You will surely, at all events, ask my consent before you put your scheme in practice," returned she.

"Yes, most certainly," said I; "but after what has passed between us, I can have no doubt of the affections and consent of my lovely Clifford."

"You will however find yourself widely mistaken," replied she.

"Is it possible!" said I; "is it in nature or reason, that as circumstances now stand with us, you can refuse to give me your hand in marriage? Does my adored Clifford, for whom I have risked my life, my honour, my all, then not love me?"

"God knows whether I love you or not!" exclaimed she; "I think of that you can have little doubt. But as to marrying you, that is a different matter; and I attest to you once for all, that nothing in the world shall ever induce me to comply with that."

"And is this indeed my answer?" said I.

"It is," said she; "and the only one you shall ever get from me to that question. I therefore request you never again to mention it."

I went back to my two companions, hanging my head, and told them the success of my message; but neither of them would believe me. I then returned to Clifford, and taking her by the hand, led her into the room beside them, barefooted and half dressed as she was; and placing her on the wicker chair at the side of the fire, I stood up at her side in a bowing posture, and expressed myself as follows:

"My beloved, beautiful, and adorable Clifford, ever

ıce we two met, you have been all to me that I could sire, kind, affectionate, and true. I have consulted my o friends, and before them, as witnesses of my sinceri-, I proffer you my hand in wedlock, and to make you ine for ever. And here, upon my knees, I beg and im-ore that you will not reject my suit."

"Rise up, and behave like yourself," said she, with a emeanour I never before saw her assume; "you do not now what you ask. Once for all, before these gentle-nen, as witness of *my* sincerity, I hereby declare that no ower on earth shall either induce or compel me to ccept of your proposal; and, as I told you before, that is he only answer you shall ever get from me. Suffer me herefore to depart." And with that she hastened out of he room.

"By St Patrick!" cried Odogherty, "the girl has gone out of her senses, to be sure she has. On my con-science! if she has not dropt the reasoning faculty, she has picked up a worse, and by the powers! I will prove it, that I will."

"On my soul, I believe the creature has some honour after all!" exclaimed Dow, leaning his brow upon his hand.

"What do you mean, sir, by such an expression?" said I; "Whom do you term, creature; or whose honour do you call in question?"

"Hush!" said he; "no foolish heat. I beg your pardon. I am sure you cannot suppose that I mean to give you any offence. In the next place, I must inform you, that this lovely and adorable lady of quality, for whom you have ventured your life, and whom you have just now, on your knees, in vain implored to become your wife, is neither less nor more than a common street-walking girl from the town of Inverness."

My head sunk down, till my face was below the level of the lamp, so as to be shaded in darkness. I bit my lip, and wrote upon the table with my finger.

"It is indeed true," said he; "I know all about it, and knew from the beginning; but I durst not inform you at that time, for fear of your honour as a soldier,

which I saw stood in great jeopardy. Her father, indeed is a Neil Mackay of the city of Inverness; but, instea of being a gentleman, he is a mean wretched cooper, poor insignificant being, who cares neither for himself no his offspring. Her mother was indeed a woman of som character, but she dying of a broken heart long ago, poo Clifford was thrown on the wide world while yet a child and seduced from the path of rectitude before she reache her fifteenth year. Lieutenant Colin Frazer, your friend being at Inverness on the recruiting service, chanced t fall in with her; and seeing her so beautiful and elegan of form, and besides possessed of some natural good qual ities, he decked her out like a lady in the robes in whic you first saw her, and brought her with him as a toy wherewith to amuse himself in his long journey."

I could not lift up my face, for I found that it burn to the bone; but there I sat, hanging my head, an writing on the table with my finger. Odogherty had b this time betaken himself to his old amusement, of lyin on the flock-bed, and holding his sides in a convulsion o laughter. Dow seemed half to enjoy the joke, and hal to pity me. So, thinking the best thing I could do wa to take myself off, I ran away to my bed without openin my lips.

Poor Clifford bathed and dressed my wound as usual, but we exchanged not a word all the while. She imagined, that I was very angry and sullen, because I coul not get her for my wife, and that I took it heinously amiss; and when she had done dressing my cheek she impresse a kiss upon it, and I felt one or two warm tears drop o my face very near my own eye. Duped as I was, I foun my heart melted within me, with some feelings about i that whispered to me, she must be forgiven. If ever had merit in any thing that I did in my life, it was in m tenderness to this poor unfortunate girl. I could not fo the soul of me that night have mentioned Neil Mackay *Esq.* of the city of Inverness, nor yet his excellency the de *puty-governor* of Upper Canada. I declare, that I neve *more* mentioned the names of these two august pers

ı her hearing. I deemed that she had thrown herself
ıy at my mercy, and I thought it was cruel to abuse
wer.

vertheless I spent a very restless night. If I recol-
ightly, I never closed an eye, so dissatisfied was I
ny conduct. Here was I come out a desperate ad-
rer, going to join a gallant regiment commanded by
e and reputable officer, with pay that would barely
me from starving, yet I behoved to make my ap-
ıce at headquarters with a fine lady in my keeping,
hat same fine lady a common town girl, picked up
: streets of Inverness, the daughter of a scandalous
en cooper. My blood being heated, and my nerves
ed by the brandy I had drunk the night before, I felt
nuch inclined to hang myself up by the neck. In
everish and disgraced state, I formed the resolution,
day, of deserting over to the Americans; but
ould not think of leaving the forlorn Clifford behind
disclosed to her my whole design. She tried to dis-
me, but I remained obstinate, till at length she flatly
ıe that she would not accompany me, nor any man,
dishonourable and disgraceful an enterprise; and
' I persisted in going away, she would instantly give
gence of my flight, and have me retaken and pun-

'ou ungrateful wretch!" said I; "Do you know
you are saying? Dare you take it upon you to
: to me, and hold me under control as if I were a
"

Vo," replied she; "I never dictate to you; but I
ou are dissatisfied with something, and unwell; and
you to take this rash step, I know you would repent
ong as you lived. I am not so far enslaved to you but
: still remain the mistress of my own will; and I
never assent to any measure so fraught with danger
ll as disgrace."

as going to be exceedingly angry, and mention the
and the deputy-governor to her, and I do not know
l; but she dreading that some violent outbreak

was forthcoming, stopped me short by a proposal, that I would at least take eight and forty hours to consider of it; and if I remained of the same mind then, she would not only accompany me, but devise some means of escape safer than could be decided on all at once. I felt extremely mortified, at being thus outdone, both in reason and honour, by a wench; however, I could not refuse my acquiescence in this scheme; and I confess, I am aware, that to this poor girl I owed at that time my escape from utter infamy, and perhaps a disgraceful end.

On reaching St Maurice, we were all joined to General Frazer's regiment, save seventeen men, who were sent with Mr Dow to supply a deficiency in a company of Colonel St. Leger's regiment; and the very day after our arrival, we set out on a forced march to oppose the Americans that were approaching to Montreal. Here I was obliged to leave Clifford behind, who, with other retainers of the camp, a much more motley train than I had any notion of, were to come up afterwards with the baggage. Before taking my leave of her, I gave her a new gray frock trimmed with blue ribbons, handsome laced boots, a bonnet and veil, and was not a little proud to see how well she became them, and that there was in fact no lady either in the camp or country that looked half so beautiful. Every officer who chanced to pass by her was sure to turn and look after her, and many stood still and gazed at her in astonishment. There is something in the face of a Highland lady, more majestic and dignified than that in any other of the inhabitants of the British islands; and this poor unfortunate girl possessed it in a very eminent degree. No one could see her without thinking that nature had meant her to occupy some other sphere than the mean one in which she now moved.

I do not intend to describe this campaign; for I hate the very thoughts of it; but I cannot resist giving here an account of the first action that I was in. It took place at the foot of Lake Champlain, immediately above Fort St John. The Americans were encamped in some force on the height of a narrow fortified ridge of hills, from

terrible oath, and seized them, but was himself cut down that moment. The dragoon's horse, that left the ranks and came upon me, had been shot. I deemed that he had come in desperate valour to seize my standard, whereas his horse was running with him in the agonies of death, not knowing where he was going. There is something here that I do not perfectly recollect, else, I declare, I would set it down. I have forgot whether my joints failed me, and I fell in consequence; or whether I threw myself down out of desperation; or if I was ridden down by the wounded horse; but the first thing I recollect was lying beneath the dying horse, face to face with the dragoon that cut my flag-staff in two, who was himself entangled in the same manner. Our troops had given way for a little, for the small troop of horse rode by us, over us they could not get for the horse that was lying kicking with its four feet upmost. I thought I was in a woful scrape, and roared out for assistance; but no one regarded me save the Yankee dragoon, who d—d me for a brosey-mou'd beast. I liked his company very ill, for I knew that he would stick me the moment he could extricate himself; and, being fairly desperate, I seized the sergeant's pike or halbert, that lay along side of me, and struck it into the horse's shoulder. The animal was not so far gone but he felt the wound, and making a flounce about, as if attempting to rise, I at that moment got clear of him. The dragoon had very near got free likewise; but, luckily for me, his foot was fixed in the stirrup beneath the horse, and with all his exertions he could not get it out. However, he laid hold of me, and tried to keep me down; but I seized hold of the sergeant's halbert again, pulled it out of the horse's shoulder, and stabbed the Yankee through the heart. The blood sprung out upon me, from head to foot—his eyes turned round, and his countenance altered. At that moment I heard a loud voice, as at my ear, cry out, "The colours! the colours! *secure the colours!*" This was the voice of an *American officer; but* I thought it was some of our people *calling to me to bring* my colours along with me, which

between us and the sky; and I believe our shot took effect in no ordinary degree. Their fire then began to slacken, for they had taken shelter behind their trenches. We now received orders to scale the last steep, and force their trenches at the point of the bayonet. We had a company of pikemen on each flank, but no horse, and the Americans had a small body of horse, about sixty on each wing. As we went up the hill, I heard an old grim sergeant, who was near me, saying, "This is utter madness! we are all sold to a man." The murmur ran along, "We are sold—we are sold—to a certainty we are sold;" and my ears caught the sound.—For my part, I knew little of either selling or buying, except what I had seen in the market at Kelso; but I said aloud, "I think there can be little doubt of that;"—a shameful thing for an officer to say! Then, looking round, I made as though I would turn again—No, devil a man of them would take the hint—but rather went the faster; and the old burley ill-natured sergeant, though assured that he was sold to destruction, and puffing and groaning with ill humour on that account, hurried on faster than any of the rest.

The centre and right wing were engaged before us, and a terrible turmoil there seemed to be; but I did not see what was going on, till the Yankee horse, in a moment, came and attacked our flank. We had been firing off at the right; but I believe, they never got a shot of our fire until they were among us, thrashing with their sabres. One tremendous fellow came full drive upon me. Not knowing in the least what I was doing, and chancing to have a hold of my flag-staff with both my hands, I struck at him with my colours, which, flapping round the horse's head, blindfolded him. At the same moment the cavalier struck at me; but, by good luck, hit the flag-staff, which he cut in two, not a foot from my hand, and I ran for it, leaving my colours either about his horse's head or feet. I did not stay to examine which; but, owing to the pikes and bayonets of our men, I could only fly a very short way. When the old crusty sergeant saw the colours down and abandoned, he dashed forward with

terrible oath, and seized them, but was himself cut down that moment. The dragoon's horse, that left the ranks and came upon me, had been shot. I deemed that he had come in desperate valour to seize my standard, whereas his horse was running with him in the agonies of death, not knowing where he was going. There is something here that I do not perfectly recollect, else, I declare, I would set it down. I have forgot whether my joints failed me, and I fell in consequence; or whether I threw myself down out of desperation; or if I was ridden down by the wounded horse; but the first thing I recollect was lying beneath the dying horse, face to face with the dragoon that cut my flag-staff in two, who was himself entangled in the same manner. Our troops had given way for a little, for the small troop of horse rode by us, over us they could not get for the horse that was lying kicking with its four feet upmost. I thought I was in a woful scrape, and roared out for assistance; but no one regarded me save the Yankee dragoon, who d—d me for a brosey-mou'd beast. I liked his company very ill, for I knew that he would stick me the moment he could extricate himself; and, being fairly desperate, I seized the sergeant's pike or halbert, that lay along side of me, and struck it into the horse's shoulder. The animal was not so far gone but he felt the wound, and making a flounce about, as if attempting to rise, I at that moment got clear of him. The dragoon had very near got free likewise; but, luckily for me, his foot was fixed in the stirrup beneath the horse, and with all his exertions he could not get it out. However, he laid hold of me, and tried to keep me down; but I seized hold of the sergeant's halbert again, pulled it out of the horse's shoulder, and stabbed the Yankee through the heart. The blood sprung out upon me, from head to foot—his eyes turned round, and his countenance altered. At that moment I heard a loud voice, as at my ear, cry out, "The colours! the colours! *secure the colours!*" This was the voice of an *American officer; but* I thought it was some of our people *calling to me to bring* my colours along with me, which *m.*

I did instinctively, and without the most distant idea of valour or heroism in my mind. At that moment I cared not a pin for the colours, for, being quite raw to soldiership, I forgot every idea relating to them and their great value.

This onset of the Yankee horse was merely a dash to throw our lines into confusion; for they were now scouring away, fighting as they went, toward the centre, and I joined our lines again, that were advancing rapidly, without any interruption. I had my demolished flag in one hand, the dead sergeant's long halbert in the other, and bathed with the blood of man and horse over my whole body. An old English officer came running to meet me: "Well done, young Scot," cried he, and shook me by the hand: "By G—, sir, I say, well done! you have behaved like a hero!" "The devil I have," thought I to myself, and staring the old veteran in the face, I saw he was quite serious. "If that is the case," thought I, "it is more than I knew, or had any intention of;" for I was quite delirious, and knew not what I was about; and I remember that, on the very evening of that day, the transactions of the morning remained with me only as a dream half recollected. The old man's words raised my madness to the highest pitch. I swore dreadfully at the Yankees—threw down my colours, and began to strip off my coat, the first thing that a countryman of Scotland always does when he is going to fight with any of his neighbours. "No, no," said the old lieutenant, "you must not quit your colours after fighting so hardly for them; you must not throw them away because they have lost the pole." He then took the colours, and giving them a hasty roll up, fixed them in my shoulder behind, between my coat and shirt, where they stuck like a large furled umbrella. Having now both my hands at liberty, I seized the long bloody halbert once more, and with my eyes gleaming madness and rage, and, as I was told, with my teeth clenched, and grinning like a mad dog, I rushed on in the front of the line to the combat. In a moment we had crossed bayonets with the enemy; but I had quite the advantage of their bayonets with my long pike, which

was as sharp as a lance, and the best weapon that since that time I have ever had in my hand. It seems I did most excellent service, and wounded every man that came within my reach, pricking them always in the face, about the eyes and nose, which they could not stand. Our division was the first that entered both the first and second trench; and after twelve minutes' hard-fighting with swords and bayonets, they were driven from them all, and fled. When once I got their backs turned towards me, I was more bent on vengeance than ever. Many of the enemy shared the same fate as Colin Frazer.

At the fords of the river Champley, the Americans gaining the wood, were safe from the pursuit, and a full halt was ordered. No sooner had we formed, than my worthy old friend, the English officer, whose name I then learned was lieutenant George Willowby, came, and taking me by the hand, he led me up to the general, precisely as I was in the battle, with my colours fastened most awkwardly in my clothes, my long halbert in my hand, and literally covered with blood. "My honoured general," said he, "suffer me to present to you this young Scotch borderer, who has newly joined the regiment, and who hath performed such deeds of valour this day as I never witnessed. I saw him, your honour, with my own eyes, when the American cavalry turned our flank, in the very rear of their army, down among his enemies fighting for his colours, and stabbing men and horse alternately like so many fish. And, do you see," continued he, pulling them out of my back, "he brought them safely off, after the staff was cut in two by the stroke of a sabre. And having them fixed in this manner, as your honour sees, he has led on the lines through the heat of the engagement, and actually opened the enemy's ranks again and again by the force of his own arm."

The general took me by the hand, and said he was proud to hear such a character of his own countryman—that he knew a Scot would always stand his own ground in any quarter of the world, if he got fair play—that he did see the division in which I was situated the foremost in,

breaking in upon both lines, which it appeared had been solely owing to my gallant behaviour. He concluded by assuring me, that such intrepidity and heroic behaviour should not, and would not, go unrewarded. That same night, Odogherty, who cared not a fig for lying, took care to spread it through all the mess, and the army to boot, "that on my first landing in America, I had been challenged to single combat by a tremendous Highlander, the first swordsman in Britain, because I had chanced to kiss his sister, or used some little innocent familiarities with her; that I had accepted the challenge, met him, and fairly overcome him; and after running him twice through the body, had made him confess that he was quite satisfied, while I, as they saw, had only received a slight cut on the cheek."

I was regarded all at once as a prodigy of valour—and never were any honours less deserved. I believe I did fight most furiously after I went fairly mad, and had lost all sense of fear; but I was merely plying and exerting myself, as a man does who has taken work by the piece, and toils to get through with it. I had some confused notion that these Americans were all to kill, and the sooner we could get that done the better; and, besides, I was in great wrath at them, I suppose, for wanting to kill me.

This acquisition of honours gave a new turn to my character again. I determined to support it with my life, and was engaged early and late in perfecting myself in all warlike exercises. I was given to understand that I would be raised to the rank of lieutenant in the course of three weeks, and had little doubt of being soon at the head of the British forces. There was one principal resolution that I formed in my own mind on this my sudden elevation. It was the generous one of parting with Clifford Mackay. I thought it was base that there was no one to enjoy the emoluments and pride of my growing rank, but the daughter of a despicable Highland cooper—a wench brought up among girds and shavings, or perhaps in a herring barrel. The thing was quite incongru-

ous, and would never do! so I began to cast about for a lady of great riches and rank, and made many knowing inquiries, but could not hear of any that was grand enough in all America. Odogherty thought proper to take advantage of this vain presumption, and brought me into some vile scrapes. In the mean time, I longed exceedingly for the arrival of Clifford, from whom I had now been a long time separated; but it was principally that I might tell her my mind, and put her upon some plan of providing for herself. The baggage and ladies at length arrived at Montreal, escorted by Major Ker, and three companies of dragoons. The officers went down by lot to see their friends, and my turn came the last of any. I was rejoiced to find that our general himself, and the greater part of our officers, had acquaintances that stood in the same relation with them as Clifford did to me; and not a little proud to see them all outdone by her in beauty. It was rather a hard matter to part with so much beauty, sweetness, and affability; but, considering the great figure that I was to cut in life, it was absolutely necessary; so, just before we parted, I made up my mind to the task.

"Clifford," said I, with a most serious and important face, "I have a proposal to make to you, which I like very ill to make; but, both for your sake and my own, I am obliged to do it."

"I am in the very same predicament with regard to you," replied she; "I had a proposal to make, which has been at the root of my tongue for these twelve hours, and could never find its way out; for there was something below it that always drew it back. But now that you have mentioned proposals, I find it is at liberty. Suffer me therefore to make my proposal first, and do you make yours afterwards. You must know then, that there is scarce an officer in your regiment who has not tried to seduce my affections from you, and some of them have made me very tempting offers. I have made a resolution, however, never to be either a mistress or wife to any one in the same regiment with you, and under your eye

but Major Ker of the dragoons has made me an offer, that will place me in affluence all the rest of my life. I am afraid that you will weary of me, for I will become burdensome and expensive to you, and your pay is small; and therefore I would not give him any answer, until I asked at you whether I should suffer myself to be seduced by him or not."

I was thunderstruck with astonishment at the simplicity and candour manifested in this proposal, and stood gaping and staring at her a good while without having a word to answer. There is a great difference in giving up an object voluntarily, and having it wrested from you. "I am very much obliged, in faith," said I, "to Major Ker of the dragoons, as well as my brother officers! confound them for a set of dishonourable knaves! There is one, I am sure, that would not yield to be guilty of such a discreditable act, my friend and companion, ensign Odogherty."

"Bless your simple heart," said she; "Ensign Odogherty was the very first among them who made the proposal, and what I refused to his blarney he was like to have taken by force. He is a perfect devil incarnate, that Odogherty."

"The young Irish dog!" exclaimed I, "I'll cut his throat for him."

"If you would presume to cut the throats of all who offend in that particular," replied she, "you may exercise your skill on every officer in the army."

"Are you tired of me, my dearest Clifford?" said I, "and would you wish to leave me for another? If so, I scorn to retain you by force. But you may well know that I would rather give up all the world than part with you. And as to wealth, take no thought of that, for I have large funds that I brought from home, which I have as yet scarcely touched; and, moreover, I am already promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and expect to be a captain in a very short time. But if you should leave me, what would all these additions of wealth avail me?"

So much are we the children of caprice, I have often

been ashamed on looking back to my actions, to see in what manner I have been swayed by the meanest of all motives. Every thing was soon made up between Clifford and me, and she continued living under my protection for three succeeding years. I never found it convenient to get a very rich wife, nor practicable to rise any higher in the army than a poor lieutenant. Indeed, there was an incident occurred, that had very nearly been the cause of my being reduced to the ranks.

Our army was a most licentious one; the men were brave, but they had no other good quality, and gaming prevailed to a degree among the officers that can scarce be credited. No opportunity of intriguing with the ladies of the country was let slip; and though we were often almost starved to death for want of meat, we were generally drunk once in the twenty-four hours, often for a considerable portion of that time at once. Moreover, all of them had their mistresses, either hanging about the camp, or at no great distance from it; and, for the whole of the two last winters that I remained there, our headquarters presented the most motley scene that can be conceived of dissoluteness and meagre want. We depended mostly on the supplies sent from England for our sustenance; but these became more and more uncertain; and, though I valued myself on being able to bear these privations better than my associates, I often suffered so much from hunger, that I never saw meat but I coveted and took it, if I could conveniently come by it.

The officers of our regiment were invited to dine with a gentleman, of great riches and high respectability, in the district of New York, not far from the place where we were then stationed. The entertainment was elegant and expensive, and we drank with great liberality. Gambling commenced, and was carried on, with much noise and little regularity, till after midnight. All the while there was a long table stood behind covered with viands, at which every man helped himself as he pleased. At length we all went off, a little before day, in a state of high elevation. Our path lay down a narrow valley by

the side of the river Tortuse. Odogherty, and a lieutenant Jardine from Annandale, were immediately before me, going arm in arm, and excessively drunk. I kept near them, unperceived, for the sake of getting some sport, and soon saw, to my astonishment, that they made a dead halt. On drawing nearer them, I heard that they were consulting about the best means of getting over the river. I was amused beyond measure at this, and could not comprehend the meaning of it, for the path did not lead across the river, which was quite impassable on foot. The moon shone almost as bright as day, while I stood at their backs, and heard the following dialogue :—

Odog. By the powers, and I believe we are come to the end of our journey before we have got half way, that we have.

Jar. Od man, my head's no that clear; but I canna mind o' wading ony water as we came up. I fear we've gane wrang.

Odog. How the devil can that be? Have we not come straight up the path that goes down the side of the river? There is no other road but that; so we must either push on or turn back.

Jar. By my trouth, man, an' I think we had better turn back as drown oursel's, an' lippen to the man for quarters. He's a cannie discreet man.

Odog. By my shoul, but I know better than to do any such thing. Don't you see that all the rest of the gentlemen have got over? There are none of them here.

Jar. It maks an unco rumbling noise, man. What will we do gin it tak us down?

Odog. Why, come up again, to be sure.

Jar. Weel, weel, gie's your arm. Here's wi' ye, captain Odogherty—Gin Sandy Jardine dinna wade as deep as ony chap in a Airland, deil that he gang down the gullots like a flowy peat. Here's wi' ye, Maister Odogherty.

Odog. Don't be in such a hurry, will you not, till I be ready before you?—Think you I will spoil all my fine clothes?

Jar. Oh, ye're gaun to cast aff, are ye? Gude faith, Sandy Jardine will let his claes tak their chance, there's mae whar they cam frae.

Odogherty stripped off his stockings and shoes, and tied his buckskin breeches around his neck, and giving his arm to his inebriated companion, they set forward with undaunted resolution, either to stem the roaring stream, or to perish in the attempt. I had by this time squatted down with my face to the earth, and was almost dead with laughing, having discovered their grotesque mistake. The moon was shining bright on the road all the way, but at this place a group of tall trees, that rose between the path and the river, threw a shadow right across the road; and hearing the rushing sound of the river behind the trees, they concluded that it was that which intercepted their way. Indeed I never witnessed a stronger deception; for the beams of the moon, trembling through the leaves, looked exactly like the rippling of the stream. Jardine roared and laughed, when he found that they were wading through a shadow, till he made all the woods ring, but Odogherty was rather affronted.

I joined the train; and we went on, laughing and making a noise, till we were interrupted by the rest of the officers all in a group. A most disagreeable business had occurred. The gentleman with whom we dined had sent two household servants on horses by a nearer path, to waylay us, who, addressing themselves to the senior captain, for neither general Frazer nor our colonel were present, informed him, that their master had lost a valuable gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, which he had been using all night at the table. The captain rashly desired the men to begin by searching himself, and go on over all the company; and at the same time swore, that with whomsoever the box was found, he should suffer the most condign punishment.

The search was going on when we arrived, and we were instantly surrounded by those that had already undergone the fiery trial; but when the two Americans came to me, I refused to be searched. The captain swore, that who-

ever refused to be searched should be drummed out of the regiment. I said I would refer that to a court-martial, and not to him; and, at the same time I swore an oath, that I would run the first man through the body who offered to seize on me, or put a hand in my pockets.—"Seize the dog! seize him, and down with him! We know with whom the snuff-box is now," burst forth from every mouth. I was forcibly seized and disarmed, but afterwards, shaking myself loose, I dealt among them some lusty blows with my fists, and never perhaps did I fight with more inveterate desperation. It was to no purpose, for I was pinioned fast by numbers, and searched. Wo be unto me!—The grinning American took out from one of my coat pockets a roasted wild turkey deprived of a wing, and out of the other an immense black pudding. I was grievously mortified; and would rather have died on the spot.

When they came to search Odogherty, they found him bare-footed and bare-legged, and without the *small clothes*, (as the ladies now with great indelicacy term them): "How does this come about, sir?" said the captain; "what is become of the rest of your dress?"

"O, plaise your honour, I have lost them."

"Lost them! have you lost your clothes off your body? The thing is impossible."

"To be sure, and I have. Look, your honour, here are the shoes; and, look you, here are the stockings; but the braiches, I fear, are quite gone."

"You must have *taken* them off for one purpose or another?"

"To be sure, and I did; and it was for fear of wetting them too; for, your honour, they cost me a pound all to nothing, so I would not be after wetting them, and so I put them round my neck, your honour."

"Ensign, this is the most absurd story I ever heard, and argues very little in your favour. How the devil could you wet your clothes, when there is neither rain nor dew?"

"Bless your honour! there is another way of wetting

braiches besides all these, and that there is; and now, when I remember, it was to wade the river that I stripped them off, and tied them round my neck."

"You are either mortal drunk, or in a dream. What river did you cross?"

"The devil take me away, if I know what river it was; but, o' my conscience, there was a river running, roaring, and tumbling across the step of a road—and so I knew from the sound that it would be after taking me up to the middle—and so I threw off braiches and all, your honour—and so Jardine and I waded across—and by the powers it was no river at all at all."

"The fellow is trifling with us! take his sword from him, and take him likewise into custody; and see that diligent search be made for the part of his clothes, which, it is evident, he hath secreted."

At this time one of the officers, feeling something entangling his feet, put down his hand to feel what it was. and brought up the fine buckskin breeches of Odogherty, all trampled and abused.—They were searched, and in the pocket was found the gentleman's gold snuff-box. The captain and all the officers were highly incensed against Odogherty and me, crying out that we had disgraced them in the eyes of all the country. Odogherty swore by all the saints in the calendar that he was innocent; or that, if he had put up the worthy gentleman's box, out of which he had snuffed all the evening, it must have been by a very simple and common mistake. "And, by Jasus!" said he, addressing the captain, "had you but proclaimed the matter, and suffered every man to search his own pockets, the gentleman would have got his box, and the honour of the corps had been preserved."

Every one felt that what the ensign said was sound sense in this instance. Circumstances, however, were strong against him; and as to my shameful crime, there was nothing to be said in extenuation of it; so, to degrade us as much as possible, we were hand-cuffed and conducted to the guard-house.

We were tried by a court-martial. I was condemned

to three months' imprisonment, and then to be degraded into the ranks; a most iniquitous sentence for such a trivial affair, but the officers were irritated at me beyond measure.

They asked me if I had any thing to say for myself why this sentence should not be executed?

I said that I would disdain to say a word, but, if there was any honour left among mankind, I should yet be righted.

I said this merely from the irritation of the moment, and without any reference to one circumstance connected with the affair. It was however a lucky phrase, and made some impression on my judges at the time, who looked at one another, as visibly suspecting there might be some trick. I was nevertheless remanded back to prison.

Odogherty was next brought in, and being desired to speak for himself, that the judges might hear what he had to bring forward in his defence, he thus addressed the audience:—

"Plaise your honours, the first thing that I must be after spaiking about is not of myself at all at all. I have been told by the mouths of those that conducted me hither, that you have been to pass a sentence, and a hard one enough too, on the other gentleman that was after staling the poodding. It is all blarney and absoordity together, and your honours must call back the words the moment you have said them; for it was I that put the stooff into his pocket, to be a laugh upon him; and he is as unguilty of the whole affair, as the child that is not after being born."

"Are you positive of what you say?" said the chief judge.

"Positive? by the shoul of Saint Patrick and that I am too. He had taken a beautiful maid from me that *night*: he had won all my money, and I had cut out of *the game*; so to amuse myself, and have some little *revenge* on him, I took the opportunity, when he was *busy at* play, to stooff his pockets for him; and that is

the truth, your honours, to which I am ready to make oath, whenever, and as often as you have a mind."

Now this was all a contrivance of Odogherty's, but it was a generous and a good-natured one. There was not a word of it true; but this singular youth had the knack of setting off a lie better than the plain truth; and the manner in which he interested himself in the matter, and expressed his sentiments of it, together with what I had said in court, not only staggered the judges, but convinced them that what he had stated was the fact. The presiding judge, however, said to him, "Ensign, when once your own character is cleared, we will take your affidavit on this matter. As the case now stands, you cannot be admitted as a witness in this court."

Odogherty's guilt was very doubtful. It was proved that he had stripped to wade an imaginary river, and that in the frolicksome mood in which he and his associates were, it had never occurred to his mind to dress himself again, till they were surrounded by the rest of the officers. There was only one thing against him, and that was the losing of his breeches at such a convenient time. But, on the other hand, to counterbalance this, it so happened, that as soon as the box was found, all further search ceased; and it was proven, that he who had found the *small clothes* never had himself been searched, so that the box was actually not found in the possession of Odogherty. After long discussion, a verdict of *not proven* was returned, and the ensign was acquitted. For my part, I never know to this day, whether he stole the box or not. No one could calculate on what Odogherty might do, either good or bad.

My case was again brought under review. The ensign swore to all he had said. Some doubts arose on the circumstance of the determined resolution I had manifested not to be searched. "O, bless your honours," said Odogherty, "nothing in the world but sheer drunkenness; *he would have* fought with a flea that night. I *was glad you all set* on him and pummelled him down, or *should have been* forced to fight him myself." The

final consequence was, that my sentence was reverse
and my sword and rank restored to me.

I was perfectly conscious of having pocketted the vi
tuals myself; and as soon as I was alone with my frie
Odogherty, I mentioned the matter to him, when, to n
utter astonishment, he declared to my face that I did
such thing, and that he put them there for me; disclai
ing, at the same time, any regard for me, but only f
the truth. Of all the inconsistencies I had ever seen
heard, this excelled; but as expostulation on my pa
would have been absurd, I only observed that "I r
garded perjury in a very serious point of view." "Pough
said he, "It is nothing at all at all! I would rath
trust myself to the mercy of God than to that of the
d—d *connoters* at any time." I knew not what he mea
by this term, nor would he inform me.

The last winter that I passed in America was wi
general Howe in Philadelphia, where we disgusted t
inhabitants very much by our irregularities. Many
the officers, as well as men, formed matrimonial co
nexions, which they never meant to observe any long
than they remained in that place. Others introduc
their mistresses into respectable families, which at la
gave great offence. Being sick of an ague when I arriv
in the city, I boarded Clifford with an elderly maid
lady in the suburbs, as my sister; and the lady bei
very devout and strict in her principles, I thought prope
by Clifford's advice, to visit there but seldom, and wi
much ceremony and deference to both. The old la
soon grew as fond of Clifford as ever a mother was of
child.

This lady was living in narrow circumstances, but s
had a brother that was the richest man in New Jerse
though he seldom paid any regard to her; but seeing
dashing beauty with her every day at church, on who
the eyes of all were constantly turned, his visits to h
neglected sister were renewed, after having been disco
tinued for many years, while, at the same time, her c
cumstances appeared to be bettering every day, as

also those of her lodger, who every week had some new additions to her dress. I grew jealous in the extreme, and determined once more to part with the huzzy, whatever it might cost me; though I was obliged to acknowledge to myself, that of all women I had ever known, I had the least reason to be suspicious of her.

One holiday we were drawn up in files as the company were coming from church, when I perceived the most elegant and splendid creature I had ever seen, coming down the parade among the rest, leaning on the arm of a tall elderly gentleman. She was dressed in green silk, with a plumed bonnet, and veil of the same colour bound with crapes of gold. I was petrified with admiration, but more with astonishment, when, as passing by, she dropt me a low and graceful courtesy. At the same instant she whispered a word to her father, who looked at me, and saluted me with a respectful motion of the head. I could not comprehend it, as I was certain I had never seen either of them before.

I was paralyzed with love, so that my knees shook under me when I saw her turning a corner, where she vanished from my sight. I could not leave my place at that time, for there was no other lieutenant on duty; but my heart was set on discovering her, and from what I had seen, I could not doubt that she was desirous I should. I kept my secret and my situation of mind, however, close from all my brother officers. But being unable to take any dinner, I left the mess at an early hour, and walked up the river towards Burlington, where numbers of people were taking the air; but of my charmer I could see nothing. How my mind yearned to be quit of Clifford—I could not think of her with any degree of patience.

I came back to the town as it grew late, and was sauntering about the corner where I last saw this angelic creature, that had so completely turned my brain. A little chubby servant maid came up, who looked in my face, and smiled as if she knew me. I thought I was acquainted with the face, but had not the least recollec-

tion where I had seen it. I chucked her under the chi and asked if she would accompany me to such a plac "Indeed I will do no such thing," replied she.

"But, my dear," said I, "I have something of t greatest importance to say to you."

"Say it here, where we are then," said she, nami me; "there needs not to be any secrets between y and I."

"And who the devil are you, my pretty little dear said I; "for though I know you perfectly well, I cann recollect your name. If you will tell me that, I am rea to make all due acknowledgments?'

"I will keep that to myself," returned she, "to les you to look better about you when among friends. E say what you have to say; for I must not be standi chatting with a gentleman on the street at this time of t evening."

"Then first of all," said I, "before I tell you how mu I am in love with yourself, can you tell me who t beautiful lady is, that came down from church to-d clad in green silk, and leaning on the arm of her father

The urchin dimpled, and eyed me two or three tin with a suspicious look; but seeing that I was quite se ous, she burst into such a fit of laughter, that I v utterly ashamed, and it was long before I could another word out of her; but convinced that she kn something of the matter, I would not quit her altogeth

"Are you really quite serious in what you have asked inquired she at length, while her eyes were swimming tears from her excess of merriment. "Upon my hon I am," said I; "there is not any thing on earth I wo not give to know who that adorable creature is, and w are her connexions."

After the provoking imp had indulged in another hea laugh, she came close up to me, and, smirking in my fa said; "Well, captain, in the first place, I have to info you, that she is reckoned the most beautiful woman t ever was seen in the states of America. In the sec place, that it is believed she will be married in a few

to a gentleman of the first rank; and in the third and last place, that she is in love with you, the most imprudent thing perhaps that ever she did in her life, and yet she makes no secret of it. But is it possible, captain, that you do not know that I am her servant, and wait on her, and that you did not see me walking behind her to-day?"

"No, I did not, my dear," said I; "but the next time that you pass with her, I promise that I shall note you. Nay, I promise that I shall never forget you as long as I live, if you will conduct me directly to the presence of that angelic lady."

"I will not take it upon me to do any such thing;" replied she; "as far as I may judge, she is better engaged at present; but if you have any letter or message to send to the lady, I shall be very happy to deliver it."

I showered blessings upon her, shook her by the hand, and desired her to wait for me five minutes; and going into a tavern, I wrote a most flaming epistle of love, and darts, and despair, to this object of my adoration, and vowed everlasting fidelity, craving at the same time to be admitted to her presence. This epistle I gave to the girl, being fully resolved to watch her home; but she perceived my drift, and gave me the slip, by going into a mean house, and, as I suppose, out at a door on the other side, for I waited there till it was dark, and saw no more of her

The next day I received the following letter from the servant in the house where I resided. It was written in a round old fashioned hand, which I had never seen before, and could not help wondering how such an angelic creature wrote in such a curious antiquated style; but at the contents I wondered still more.

"Sir,—Yours I received. I heard your deeds, and have known you, by seeing you longer than mentioned Inquiries are making to character; if it conform to favour, I shall not say how glad I will be, or what lengths go for your sake; particularly of a certain young lady, I hope

it is not true. Be secret; but trust not that I will see you till cleared of that. Your humble servant, R. Y."

It was plain to me, from this, that the lady was in love with me; but that having heard some suspicious story about Clifford, she was going to make inquiries. I was not afraid of any discoveries being made there, if they came not from my brother officers; for I had behaved always to her as a brother, and a kind one, since we came to that city; but, to make sure of my new flame, I determined to part with her instantly, and accordingly I wrote to her that I could see her no more, and I enclosed a note for L.50. She waited on me next day in the plain russet dress in which I arrayed her. When she entered my apartment my blood rushed to my head, and I scarcely knew what I did or said; for my heart smote me, and I felt that I had done wrong. She had been kind and faithful to me; and saved my life and honour by preventing me from deserting; had bathed and dressed my wounds, and cheerfully shared all my fortunes. But instead of complaining, she addressed me in the same kind and familiar style as she was wont, and only begged of me, that now since we were to part, we should part good friends. She said, that understanding the regiment was soon to march on a long and perilous enterprise, she rather wished to be left behind; for she was tired of following the camp, and that now since she knew my mind she was resolved to marry. "Marry! My dear Clifford," said I, "whom do you mean to marry?"

"A very decent worthy man," said she, "who is neither so young nor so rich as I would choose perhaps, but I want to begin an honest and decent life; you cannot imagine how much I begin to enjoy it already. I have only one request to make, that you will give me away as your sister, and behave to me as such on my wedding-day; which now with your permission, shall be the day after to-morrow."

Overjoyed to find that I was like to get so well off, I promised every thing; hoping that now I should enjo

the idol of my affections, the lovely unknown, when this main obstacle was removed. She refused to keep my L.50, declaring she had no occasion for it, and I might have much: so I was not hard to persuade to take it again. This was a very shabby mean action. I might have, and ought to have, insisted on her keeping it, as a small marriage portion for the sister of a poor officer; but I took it and put it in my pocket.

On the day appointed for the marriage, a servant came to inform me that the ceremony staid for me; I went reluctantly in my daily dress, knowing that I should be ushered in among a great number of the lower ranks; for not having made any minute inquiries, I took it for granted that Clifford was about to be married to some old doting artisan, or labouring manufacturer. Instead of that, I was ushered into one of the most elegant houses in the town, and to a select party of ladies and gentlemen. Among the rest I was introduced to a Mr Oats, to whom I bowed reservedly, not knowing who he was. The parson was ready, and shortly after the bride and her maidens were ushered in; but I looked in vain for Clifford, and knew not how to calculate on any thing that I saw: for any one may judge of my astonishment, when I perceived that she whom they led in as bride was my beautiful unknown, decked out like a princess, and veiled as before. I knew the air, the shape, the plumes and crapes of gold, at first sight, and could not be mistaken. I had nearly fainted. I felt as if I were going to sink through the floor, and wished to do it. Judging that I had come to the wrong wedding, or that they had sent for me there to mock me, I stared all about me, and twice or thrice opened my mouth to speak, without finding any thing to say. At length this angelic being came swimming through the company toward me, and, clasping me in her arms, she threw up her veil and kissed me. "My dear brother," said she, "I am so happy to see you here! I was afraid that you would not countenance me in this, nor give your consent to my remaining in a strange land." "My dearest sister," said I, "upon my soul I did not know you: but I

never can, and never will, give my consent to
you—never—never!" "What! did you not giv
word?" said she, "did you not promise that y
give your Clifford in marriage to the man of
with all your heart?"

"Yes I did; and I do still; but then I did
who you were—that is, I did not know who some
that is you—But I am very ill, and know not
and therefore must beg that you will suffer me
She entreated that her dearest brother would r
honour her nuptials with his presence; but I fe
house and all the wedding-guests were wheeli
so I made off with myself in no very gracefu
I was duped, confoundedly duped; yet I co
tell how: and besides, it was all my own doing,
own seeking. I never was so ill in my life, for su
uation had seized on me, that I could in nowise
whom I had lost as Clifford Mackay, the drunk
daughter of Inverness, but as a new superlat
who had captivated my heart and affections as

I could not but see that I had behaved disgr
her, and that she had acted prudently and w
for herself and me; yet I was eminently unh
kept myself from all company, as much as my
allow me, during the short time after that affai
mained in Philadelphia. Mr Oats, to whon
married, was a rich and respectable merchant a
and doted so much on her, that though he
possessed of the wealth of America he would l
at her feet. He was brother to the lady with
lodged: and as I learned afterwards never
that she was not in reality my sister. She ha
family surname from the time that we first ca
It was a lucky marriage for her, as will soon ap

We soon received marching orders, and set
celebrated western campaign, in which we
perils and privations that are not to be named.
all either died or left us, and there were so
carried away by the Indians, and scalped,

that we knew. I was in thirty engagements, in which we lost, by little and little, more than one third of our whole army. We were reduced to live on the flesh of our horses and all kinds of garbage that we could find; yet for all that, we never once turned our backs on our enemies. We had the better in every engagement on the lakes, and upon land, yet all our brilliant exploits went for nothing.

I was disgusted beyond bearing with our associates, the American Indians; and the very idea of being in affinity with such beasts made every action that we performed loathsome in my eyes. The taking of those horrid savages into our army to destroy our brethren, the men who sprung from the same country, spoke the same language, and worshipped the same God with ourselves, was an unparalleled disgrace. Remorse and pity, with every sensation of tenderness, were entirely extinct in the breasts of those wretches, having given place to the most ferocious and unrelenting cruelty. They often concealed such prisoners as they took, that they might enjoy, without interruption, the diabolical pleasure of tormenting them to death. I never abhorred any beings so much on earth as I did these, and nothing would have pleased me so well in any warlike service as to have cut them all to pieces. I found two of them one evening concealed among some bushes, wreaking their devilish propensity on a poor American girl whom they had taken prisoner. They had her bound hand and foot, and were mincing and slicing off her flesh with the greatest delight. I could not endure the sight, so I cut them both down with my sabre, and set her at liberty; but they had taken out one of her eyes, and otherwise abused her so much that she died. Whenever we were in the greatest danger they were most remiss; and at the battle of Skenesbury, where they should have supported our army, they stood idle spectators of the conflict, and seemed anxiously to desire that both sides should be exterminated. If the German auxiliaries had not come up and supported us, we had been cut off to a man. Their conduct was still more intolerable in St Leger's army, where they mutinied and

deserted in a body, but not before they had scalped all their prisoners, and tormented them to death in cold blood. I never expected that we could prosper after our connexion with these hellish wretches.

At the dreadful encounter on the 7th of October, our regiment, that had suffered much before, was quite ruined; General Frazer himself being killed, with a great number of our best men; and the Germans, who supported us, almost totally cut off, so that we were compelled to yield ourselves prisoners of war. I received two bayonet wounds that day, which caused me great pain during our march. When we yielded, it was stipulated that we should be suffered to depart for Britain; but the Congress refused to ratify this, on account, I think, of some suspicion that they took up of the honourableness of our intentions, and we were detained in prison. It was while there in confinement that I saw and took an affectionate leave of Clifford. She had got permission from her husband to visit her dear and beloved brother, and came and staid with me two nights. On her return home she prevailed with her husband to use his influence in my behalf, which he did, and I obtained my liberty, being one of the few that Congress suffered to return home. The worthy old gentleman, after that, had a son that was christened by my name.

I embarked in the Swallow of Leith on the 11th of April. In our passage we suffered a great deal, both from the inclemency of the season and the ignorance of our crew. We were first wrecked in the straits of Belleisle where we narrowly missed total destruction; and before we got the ship repaired, and reached the coast of Scotland, it was the beginning of October: we were then overtaken by a tremendous storm, and forced to run into a bay called Loch Rog on the west coast of the Isle of Lewis, where we found excellent moorings behind an island. Here I quitted the ship, being heartily sick of the voyage, intending to take a boat across the channel of Lewis, and travel over the Highlands on foot to Edinburgh.

I staid and sauntered about that island a month, and never in my life was in such a curious country, nor among so curious a people. They know all that is to happen by reason of a singular kind of divination called the second sight. They have power over the elements, and can stop the natural progress of them all save the tides. They are a people by themselves, neither Highlanders nor Lowlanders, at least those of Uig are, and have no communication with the rest of the world; but with the beings of another state of existence they have frequent intercourse. I at first laughed at their stories of hobgoblins, and water spirits, but after witnessing a scene that I am going to describe, I never disbelieved an item of any thing I heard afterwards, however far out of the course of nature it might be. I am now about to relate a story which will not be believed. I cannot help it. If it was any optical illusion, let these account for it who can. I shall relate what I saw as nearly as I can recollect, and it was not a scene to be easily forgotten.

On the banks of this Loch Rog there stands a considerably large village, and above that the gentleman's house, who rents all the country around from Lord Seaforth, and lets it off again to numberless small tenants. Between his house and the village there lies a straight green lane, and above the house, on a rising ground, stand a great number of tall stones that have been raised in some early age, and appear at a distance like an army of tremendous giants. One day a party of seven from on board the Swallow was invited to dine with this gentleman. We went out a shooting all the forenoon, and towards evening, on our return, we found all the family in the most dreadful alarm, on account of something that an old maiden lady had seen which they called *Faileas More*, (the Great Shadow), and which they alleged was the herald of terrible things, and the most dismal calamities. The villagers were likewise made acquainted with it, and they were running howling about in consternation.

The family consisted of an old man and his sister; a young man and his wife, and two children: the old man

and the two ladies believed the matter throughout, but the young man pretended with us to laugh at it, though I could see he was deeply concerned at what he had heard. The vision was described to us in the following extraordinary manner.

The Great Shadow never comes alone. The next morning after is M'Torquille Dhu's Visit. The loss of all the crops, and a grievous dearth in the island, invariably succeed to these. The apparitions rise sometimes in twelve, sometimes in three years, but always on the appearance of An Faileas More, Todhail Mac Torcill takes place next morning between daybreak and the rising of the sun. A dark gigantic shade is seen stalking across the loch in the evening, which vanishes at a certain headland; and from that same place the next morning, at the same degree of lightness, a whole troop of ghosts arise, and with Mac Torcill Dhu (Black M'Torquille) at their head, walk in procession to the standing stones, and there hide themselves again in their ancient graves.

As the one part of this story remained still to be proved, every one of us determined to watch, and see if there was any resemblance of such a thing. But the most extraordinary circumstance attending it was, that it could only be seen from the upper windows of that house, or from the same height in the air, a small space to the eastward of that; and that from no other point on the whole island had it ever been discovered that either of these visions had been seen.

We testified some doubts that the morning might not prove clear, but the old man, and the old maiden lady, both assured us that it would be clear, as the morning of M'Torquille's Visit never was known to be otherwise. Some of us went to bed with our clothes on, but others sat up all night, and at an early hour we were all sitting at the windows, wearying for the break of day. The morning at length broke, and was perfectly clear and serene, as had been predicted. Every eye was strained toward the spot where the Great Shade had vanished, and at length the young gentleman of the house said, 'I

a tone expressing great awe, "Yonder they are now." I could not discern any thing for the space of a few seconds, but at length, on looking very narrowly toward the spot, I thought I perceived something like a broad shadow on the shore; and on straining my sight a little more, it really did appear as if divided into small columns like the forms of men. It did not appear like a cloud, but rather like the shadow of a cloud; yet there was not the slightest cloud or vapour to be seen floating in the firmament. We lost sight of it for a very short space, and then beheld it again coming over the heath, above the rocks that overhung the shore. The vision was still very indistinct, but yet it had the appearance of a troop of warriors dressed in greenish tartans with a tinge of red. The headland where the apparition first arose, was distant from us about half a mile,—they appeared to be moving remarkably slow, yet notwithstanding of that, they were close upon us almost instantly. We were told that they would pass in array immediately before the windows, along the green lane between us and the back of the village; and seeing that they actually approached in that direction, Dr Scott, a rough, rash, intrepid fellow, proposed that we should fire at them. I objected to it, deeming that it was a trick, and that they were all fellow creatures; for we now saw them as distinctly as we could see any body of men in the gray of the morning. The young man however assuring us, that it was nothing human that we saw, I agreed to the proposal; and as they passed in array immediately before the windows, we pointed out all the eight loaded muskets directly at them, and fired on this mysterious troop all at once: but not one of them paused, or turned round his head. They all of them held on with the same solemn and ghostlike movement, still continuing in appearance to be walking very slow, yet some way they went over the ground with unaccountable celerity; and when they approached near to the group of tall obelisks, they rushed in amongst them, and we saw no more, save a reeling flicker of light that seemed to tremble through the stones for a moment.

They appeared to be a troop of warriors, with plaids and helmets, each having a broad targe on his arm, and a long black lance in the other hand; and they were led on by a tall figure in black armour, that walked considerably ahead of the rest. Some of our people protested that they saw the bare skulls below the helmets, with empty eye sockets, and the nose and lips wanting; but I saw nothing like this. They appeared to me exactly like other men; but the truth is, that I never saw them very distinctly, for they were but a short time near us, and during that time, the smoke issuing from the muskets intervened, and, owing to the dead calm of the morning, made us see them much worse. All the people of the village were hid in groups within doors, and engaged in some rite which I did not witness, and cannot describe; but they took great umbrage at our audacity in firing at their unearthly vsitors, and I believe there was not one among us, not even the regardless Dr Scott, who was not shocked at what had been done.

I make no pretensions to account for this extraordinary phenomenon, but the singular circumstance of its being visible only from one point, and no other, makes it look like something that might be accounted for. I can well excuse any who do not believe it, for if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I never would have believed it. But of all things I ever beheld for wild sublimity, the march of that troop of apparitions excelled—not a day or a night hath yet passed over my head, on which I have not thought with wonder and awe on *the visit of M'Torquille.*

From that time forth, as long as I remained in Lewis, I considered myself in the country of the genii, and surrounded with spiritual beings that were ready to start up in some bodily form at my side. Such influence had the vision that I had seen over my mind, and so far was it beyond my comprehension, that I grew like one half-crazed about spirits, and could think or speak about nothing else. For a whole week I lingered about the shores to see the mermaid; for I was assured by the people, that they were

very frequently to be seen, though they confessed that the male as often appeared as the female. They regarded her as a kind of sea spirit, and ominous, in no ordinary degree, to the boatmen and fishers, but yet they confessed that she was flesh and blood, like other creatures, and that she had long hair, and a face and bosom so beautiful, that their language had no words to describe them. I was actually in love with them, and watched the creeks as anxiously as ever a lover did his mistress's casement; and often when I saw the seals flouncing on the rocks at a distance, I painted them to myself as the most delicate and beautiful mermaids, but on coming near them was always disappointed, and shocked at the ugly dog's heads that they set up to me; so that after all, I was obliged to give up my search after mermaids.

They told me of one that fell in love with a young man, named Alexander M'Leod, who often met her upon the shore, at a certain place which they showed me, and had amorous dalliance with her; but he soon fell sick and died, and when she came to the shore, and could no more find him, she cried one while, and sung another, in the most plaintive strains that ever were heard. This was the popular account; but there was an old man told me who heard her one evening, and watched her, from a concealment close beside her, all the time she was on shore, that she made a slight humming noise like that made by a kid, not when it bleats out, but when it is looking round for its dam, and bleating with its mouth shut; and this was all the sound that she made, or that he believed she was able to make. I asked why he did not go to her? but he answered in his own language, that he would not have gone to her for all the lands of *the Mackenzie.*

M'Leod, when on his death-bed, told his friends of all that had passed between them, and grievously regretted having met with her. He said they never met but she clasped her arms around him, and wished to take him into the sea; but that it was from no evil intent, but out of affection, thinking that he could not live more than she,

if left upon dry land. When asked if he loved her; he said that she was so beautiful he could not but love her, and would have loved her much better if she had not been so cold; but he added, that he believed she was a wicked creature. If the young man could imagine all this without any foundation, people may imagine after what they list; for my part, I believed every word of it, though disappointed of meeting with her.

I was equally unsuccessful in my endeavours to see the water horse, a monster that inhabited an inland lake, of whom many frightful stories were told to me; but in my next attempt at an intercourse with the spirits that inhabit that dreary country, I had all the success that I could desire.

I was told of an old woman who lived in a lone shelling, at the head of an arm of the sea, called Loch Kios, to whom a ghost paid a visit every night. I determined to see the place, and to tarry a night with the old woman if possible. Accordingly, I travelled across the country by a wild and pathless rout, and came to her bothy at the fall of night, and going in, I sat down feigning to be very weary, and unable to move farther. We did not understand a word of each other's language, and consequently no conversation, save by signs, could pass between us. I found a miserable old shrivelled creature, rather neatly dressed for that country, but manifestly deranged somewhat in her intellects.

Before I entered, I heard her singing some coronach or dirge, and when I went in, I found her endeavouring to mend an old mantle, and singing away in a wild unearthly croon; so intent was she on both, that she scarcely lifted her eyes from her work when I went toward her, and when she did, it was not to me that she looked, but to the hole in the roof, or to the door by which I entered. The sight affected me very much, and in all things that affect me I become deeply interested. I heard that she was speaking to herself of me; for I knew the sound of the word that meant *Englishman*, but it was not with any symptoms of fear or displeasure that she seemed to

of me, but merely as a thing that being before her eyes, her tongue mentioned as by rote.

The story that prevailed of her was, that being left a widow with an only son, then a child at the breast, she nourished him; he became a man; and the love and affection that subsisted between them was of no ordinary nature, as might naturally be supposed. He was an amiable and enterprising young man; but going out to the fishing once with some associates to the Saint's Islands, he never returned, and there were suspicions that he had been foully murdered by his companions, the weather having been so mild that no accident could have been supposed to have happened at sea. There were besides many suspicious circumstances attending it, but no proof could be led. However, the woman hearing that she had lost her darling son, and only stay on earth, set no bounds to her grief, but raved and prayed, and called upon his name; conjuring him by every thing sacred to appear to her, and tell her if he was happy, and all that had befallen to him. These continued conjurations at length moved the dead to return. The spirit of her son appeared to her every night at midnight, and conversed with her about the most mysterious things—about things of life and death—the fates of kingdoms and of men; and of the world that is beyond the grave—she was happy in the communion, and abstracted from all things in this world beside.

I no sooner beheld the object of my curiosity; than I thought her crazy, and that the story might have arisen from her ravings. Still she was an interesting object to contemplate; and, resolving to do so for the night, I tried by signs to make her understand that I was a traveller fatigued with walking, and wished to repose myself in her cottage until next morning; but she regarded me no more than she would have done a strayed cat or dog that had come in to take shelter with her. There was one sentence which she often repeated, which I afterward understood to be of the following import, "God shield the poor weary Saxon;" but I do not know how to spell it in Earse. I would likewise perceive, that for all the intentness with

which she was mending the mantle, she was coming no speed, but was wasting cloth endeavouring to shape a piece suiting to the rent, which she was still making rather worse than better. It was quite visible that either she had no mind, or that it was engaged in something widely different from that at which her hands were employed.

She did not offer me any victuals, nor did she take any herself, but sat shaping and sewing, and always between hands singing slow melancholy airs, having all the wildness of the native airs of that wild and primitive people. Those that she crooned were of a solemn and mournful cast, and seemed to affect her at times very deeply.

Night came on, and still she gave herself no concern at all about me. She made no signs to me either to lie down and rest in the only couch the hovel contained, or to remain, or to go away. The fire sent forth a good deal of smoke, but neither light nor heat; at length, with much delay and fumbling, she put some white shreds of moss into a cruise of oil, and kindled it. This threw a feeble ray of light through the smoke, not much stronger than the light of a glow-worm, making darkness scarcely visible, if I may use the expression.

The woman, who was seated on a dry sod at the side of the fire, not more than a foot from the ground, crossed her arms upon her knees, and, laying her head on them, fell fast asleep. I wrapt myself in my military cloak, and threw myself down on the moss couch, laying myself in such a position that I could watch all her motions as well as looks. About eleven o'clock she awoke, and sat for some time moaning like one about to expire; she then kneeled on the sod seat, and muttered some words, waving her withered arms, and stretching them upward, apparently performing some rite either of necromancy or devotion, which she concluded by uttering three or four feeble howls.

When she was again seated, I watched her features and looks, and certainly never before saw any thing more unearthly. The haggard wildness of the features; the anxious and fearful way in which she looked about and about,

as if looking for one that she missed away, made such an impression on me, that my hairs stood all on end, a feeling that I never experienced before, for I had always been proof against superstitious terrors. But here I could not get the better of them, and wished myself any where else. The dim lamp, shining amidst smoke and darkness, made her features appear as if they had been a dull yellow, and she was altogether rather like a ghastly shade of something that had once been mortal than any thing connected with humanity.

It was apparent from her looks that she expected some one to visit her, and I became firmly persuaded that I should see a ghost, and hear one speak. I was not afraid of any individual of my own species; for, though I had taken good care to conceal them from her, for fear of creating alarm, I had two loaded pistols and a short sword under my cloak; and as no one could enter without passing my couch, by a very narrow entrance, I was sure to distinguish who or what it was.

I had quitted keeping my eyes upon the woman, and was watching the door, from which I thought I could distinguish voices. I watched still more intensely; but hearing that the sounds came from the other side, I moved my head slowly round, and saw, apparently, the corpse of her son sitting directly opposite to her. The figure was dressed in dead clothes: that is, it was wrapt in a coarse white sheet, and had a napkin of the same colour round its head. This was raised up on the brow, as if thrust up recently with the hand, discovering the pale steadfast features, that neither moved eyelid nor lip, though it spoke in an audible voice again and again. The face was not only pale, but there was a clear glazed whiteness upon it, on which the rays of the lamp falling showed a sight that could not be looked on without horror. The winding-sheet fell likewise aside at the knee, and I saw the bare feet and legs of the same bleached hue. The old woman's arms were stretched out towards the figure, and her face thrown upwards, the features meanwhile distorted as with ecstatic agony. My senses now became so bewildered,

that I fell into a stupor, like a trance, without being able to move either hand or foot. I know not how long the apparition staid; for the next thing that I remember was being reluctantly wakened from my trance by a feeble cry, which I heard through my slumber repeated several times. I looked, and saw that the old miserable creature had fallen on her face, and was grasping, in feeble convulsions, the seat where the figure of her dead son had so lately reclined. My compassion overcame my terror; for she seemed on the last verge of life, or rather sliding helplessly from time's slippery precipice, after the thread of existence by which she hung had given way. I lifted her up, and found that all her sufferings were over—the joints were grown supple, and the cold damps of death had settled on her hands and brow. I carried her to the bed from which I had risen, and could scarcely believe that I carried a human body—it being not much heavier than a suit of clothes. After I had laid her down, I brought the lamp near, to see if there was any hope of renovation—she was living, but that was all, and with a resigned though ghastly smile, and a shaking of the head, she expired.

I did not know what to do; for the night was dark as pitch; and I wist not where to fly, knowing the cot to be surrounded by precipitous shores, torrents, and winding bays of the sea; therefore all chance of escape, until daylight, was utterly impossible; so I resolved to trim the lamp, and keep my place, hoping it would not be long till day.

I suppose that I sat about an hour in this dismal place, without moving or changing my attitude, with my brow leaning upon both my hands, and my eyes shut; when I was aroused by hearing a rustling in the bed where the body lay. On looking round, I perceived with horror that the corpse was sitting upright in the bed, shaking its head as it did in the agonies of death, and stretching out its hands towards the hearth. I thought the woman had been vivified, and looked steadily at the face; but I saw that it was the face of a corpse still; for the eye was white, being turned upward and fixed in the socket, the mouth

was open, and all the other features immovably fixed for ever. Seeing that it continued the same motion, I lifted the lamp and looked fearfully round, and there beheld the figure I had so recently seen, sitting on the same seat, in the same attitude, only having its face turned toward the bed.

I could stand this no longer, but fled stumbling out at the door, and ran straight forward. I soon found myself in the sea, and it being ebb tide, I fled along the shore like a deer pursued by the hounds. It was not long till the beach terminated, and I came to an abrupt precipice, washed by the sea. I climbed over a ridge on my hands and knees, and found that I was on a rocky point between two narrow friths, and farther progress impracticable.

I had no choice left me; so, wrapping myself in my cloak, I threw me down in a bush of heath, below an overhanging cliff, and gave up my whole mind to amazement at what I had witnessed. Astonished as I was, nature yielded to fatigue, and I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake till about the rising of the sun. The scene all around me was frightfully wild and rugged, and I scarce could persuade myself that I was awake, thinking that I was still struggling with a dreadful dream. One would think this was a matter easily settled, but I remember well, it was not so with me that morning. I pulled heath, cut some parts of it off, and chewed them in my mouth;—rose,—walked about, and threw stones in the sea, and still had strong suspicions that I was in a dream. The adventures of the preceding night dawned on my recollection one by one, but these I regarded all as a dream for certain; and it may well be deemed not a little extraordinary, that to this day, if my oath were taken, I declare I could not tell whether I saw these things in a dream or in reality. My own belief leaned to the former, but every circumstance rather tended to confirm the latter, else, how came I to be in the place where I was.

I scrambled up among the rocks to the westward, and at length came to a small footpath which led from the head of the one bay to the other; and following that, it soon

brought me to a straggling hamlet, called, I think, Battaline. Here I found a man that had been a soldier, and had a little broken English, and by his help I raised the inhabitants of the village; and, getting into a fishing-boat, we were soon at the cottage. There we found the body lying stretched, cold and stiff, exactly in the very place and the very position in which I laid it at first on the bed. The house was searched, and grievous to relate, there was no article either of meat, drink, or clothing in it, save the old mantle which I found her mending the evening before. It appeared to me on reflection, that it had been a settled matter between her and the spirit, that she was to yield up her frail life that night, and join his company; and that I had found her preparing for her change. The cloak she had meant for her winding-sheet, having nothing else; and by her little hymns and orgies she had been endeavouring to prepare her soul for the company among whom she knew she was so soon to be. There was a tint of spiritual sublimity in the whole matter.

The next adventure that happened me on my way through the Highlands, was one of a very opposite nature; but as it bore some affinity with sleep-walking, I shall relate it here, for I put no common-place occurrences in these memoirs.

On my way from the upper parts of the country of Loch-Carron, to Strath-Glass in Inverness-shire, I was overtaken by a deluge of rain, which flooded the rivers to such a degree, that the smallest burn was almost impassable. At length I came to a point, at the junction of two rivers, that were roaring like the sea, and to proceed a step further was impossible. I had seen no human habitation for several miles, and knew not what I was to do; but perceiving a small footpath that led into the wood, I followed it, and in an instant came to a neat Highland cottage. I went in, and found an elderly decent looking woman at work, together with a plump blowzy red-haired maiden, whom I supposed to be her daughter. These were the only inhabitants; they could not speak a word of English; but they rose up, set a seat for me, pulled

off my wet stockings, and received me with great kindness, heaping, from time to time, fir-wood on the fire to dry my clothes. They likewise gave me plenty of goat whey, with coarse bread and cheese to eat, and I never in my life saw two creatures so kind and attentive.

When night came, I saw them making up the only bed in the house with clean blankets, and conceived that they were going to favour me with it for that night, and sit up themselves; accordingly, after getting a sign from the good woman, I threw off my clothes and lay down. I perceived them next hanging my clothes round the fire to dry; and the bed being clean and comfortable, I stretched myself in the middle of it, and fell sound asleep. I had not long enjoyed my sweet repose, before I was awaked by the maid, who said something to me in Gaelic, bidding me, I suppose, lie farther back, and with the greatest unconcern stretched herself down beside me.

"Upon my word," thinks I to myself, "this is carrying kindness to a degree of which I had no conception, in the world! This is a degree of easy familiarity, that I never experienced from strangers before!" I was mightily pleased with the simplicity and kind-heartedness of the people, but not so with what immediately followed. There was a torch burning on a shelf at our bed feet, and I wondered that the women viewed the matter with so little concern, for they appeared both uncommonly decent industrious people; yet I thought I spied a designing roguish look in the face of the old woman, who now likewise came into the bed, and lay down at the stock. I was not mistaken; for before she extinguished her torch, she stretched her arm over me, and taking hold of a broad plank that stood up against the back of the bed, and ran on hinges (a thing that I had never noticed before), she brought it down across our bodies, and there being a spring lock on the end of it, she snapt it into the stock, and locked us all three close down to our places till the morning. I tried to compromise matters otherwise, but they only laughed at the predicament of the Sassenach; and the thing was so novel and acute, I was obliged to join in

the laugh with all my heart. I was effectually prevented from walking in my sleep for that night, and really felt a great deal of inconveniency in this mode of lying, nevertheless I slept very sound, having been much fatigued the day before. On taking leave of my kind entertainers, after much pressing, I prevailed on the old woman to accept of a crown-piece, but the maid positively refused a present of any kind. When we parted, she gave me her hand, and, with the slyest smile I ever beheld, said something to me about the invidious dale; I did not know what it was, but it made her mother laugh immoderately.

On my arrival at Inverness, I made inquiries concerning Mackay the cooper, and, learning that he was still alive, I made the boy at the inn point him out to me. He was a fine looking old Highlander, but in wretched circumstances with regard to apparel; I did not choose to bring him into the house where I lodged, but, watching an opportunity, I followed him into a lowly change-house and found him sitting in a corner, without having called for any thing to drink, and the manner in which his hostess addressed him, bespoke plainly enough how little he was welcome. I called for a pot of whisky, and began to inquire at all about me of the roads that led to the Lowlands and, among other places, for the country of the Grants. Here old Mackay spoke up; "If she'll pe after te troving, she'll find te petterest bhaists in Sutherland, and te petterest shentlemans in te whole worlts to pe selling tem from." Thus trying to forward the interest of his clan and chief, of which a Highlander never loses sight for a moment, be his circumstances what they will. But the hostess, who, during this address, had been standing in the middle of the floor with a wooden ladle in her hand, looking sternly and derisively at the speaker, here interposed. "Petter cattles in Sutherland tan Strath-spey, cooper? Fat's te man saying? One of Shemish More *Grant's cows* wad pe taking in one of Lord Reay's cromachs *into within* its pody in te inside. And wha will pe saying *tat te Mackays* are te petterest shentlemans of te Grants

in tis house? Wha wad misca' a Gordon on te raws o' Strathbogie? Wha wad come into te Grant's Arms Tavern and Hottle, to tell te Grant's own coosin tat te Mackay's pe te petter shentlemans? Te Mackays forseeth! An te stock shoult pe all like the sample she'll see a fine country of shentlemans forseeth! Tat will eat her neighbour's mhaits and trink him's trinks, an' teil a pawpee to sheathe in him's tanks." The cooper, whose old gray eye had begun to kindle at this speech, shrunk from the last sentence. It was rather hitting him on the sore heel. And moreover, the hostess of the Grant's Arms Tavern and Hotel was brandishing her wooden ladle in a way that gave him but little encouragement to proceed with his argument, so he only turned the quid furiously in his mouth; and, keeping his gray malignant eye fixed on the lady of the hotel, uttered a kind of low "humph." It was far more provoking than any language he could have uttered. "Fat te deil man, will she pe sitting grumphing like a sow at a porn laty in her own house? Get out of my apodes you ould trunken plackgards;" said the termagant hostess of the Grant's Arms, and so saying, she applied her wooden ladle to the cooper's head and shoulders with very little ceremony. He answered in Gaelic, his native tongue, and was going to make good his retreat, when I desired the hostess to let him remain, as I wished to make some inquiries at him about the country. When he heard that, he ran by her, cowering down his head as if expecting another hearty thwack as he passed, and placed himself up between my chair and the wall. I asked him if he would take share of my beverage, and at the same time handed him a queich filled with good Ferintosh. "And py her faith man and tat she will!—Coot health, sir," said he, with hurried impatience, and drank it off; then, fixing his eyes on me, that swam in tears of grateful delight, he added, "Cot pless you, man! Ter has not te like of tat gone up her troat for mony a plessed tay." "Aye," *said the hostess,* "te heat of some's troat has *art teir pottoms kiss te* cassick." The cooper eyed her *with apparent jealousy*; but, desirous to keep his station,

he only said, "She never was peen sawing Mrs Grant tis way pefore, but her worst wort pe always coming out te first, and she's a coot kint laty after all, and an honest laty too, sir, and she has often peen tooing coot to me and mine."

I conversed for some time with him about general matters, always handing him a little whisky between, which he drank heartily, and soon began to get into high spirits. I then inquired his name, and having heard it, I pretended to ruminate, repeating the name and occupation to myself for some time, and at length asked if he never had a daughter called Clifford? The old man stared at me as if his eyes would rend their sockets, and his head trembled as if some paralytic affection had seized him; but, seeing that I still waited for an answer, he held down his head, and said, with a deep sigh, "Och! and inteed, and inteed she had!" I asked if he knew that she was still living, or what had become of her? But before he answered this question, with true Highland caution he asked me, "Fat do you ken of my poor misfortunate pairn?" I said I had met with her once, in a country far away, and requested that he would tell me what kind of a girl she had been in her youth, and why she left her native country. The old man was deeply affected, much more than I could have expected one of his dissipated habits to be, and he answered me thus, while the tears were dropping from his eyes: "Alas, alas! my Cliffy was a fary tear pairn; a fary plessed cood disposed pairn as ever were peing porn; but she lost its moter, and ten she pe ill guidit, and worse advised."

"I weet weel, master, te cooper Mackay says right for eence;" said the lady of the Grant's Arms, "for never was ter ane waur eesed breed in nae kintry tan puir Cliffy. De ye ken, sir, I hae seen tat auld trunken teek sitting at te fisky a' te neeght, and te peer lassick at heme wi' neither coal nor candle, nor meat nor trink; and gaun climp climping about on te cassick without either stockings or sheen. She was peing a kind affectionfee pairn to him, but was eesed waur tan a peest. Mony's the time and all

tat I hae said, 'Cliffy Mackay will either mak a speen or spill a guid horn,'—and sae it turned out, for she was ponny, and left til hersel'. But the vagabons that misleedit her has leeved to repent it—pless my heart, I wonder how he can look i' te auld cooper's face! Heaven's ay jeest and rightees, and has paid him heme for traducing ony puir man's pairn—Cot pe wi' us, sir, he's gaun abeet tis town, ye wad pe wae to see him—he gangs twafauld o'er a steeck, and I widnee gie him credit de ye ken for a pot of fisky.—Cot's preath gin tere pe not he jeest coming in; speak o' te teil and he'll appear."

This speech of the lady's of the burning Mountain had almost petrified me, which need not be wondered at, considering how much I was involved in all to which it alluded; but I had not time either to make inquiries or observations, ere the identical Lieutenant Colin Frazer entered our hall, (the only tenable apartment that the Grant's Arms Tavern and Hotel contained,) in a woful plight indeed. He was emaciated to skin and bone, and walked quite double, leaning on a staff. Never shall I forget his confounded and mortified looks, when he saw the father of Clifford Mackay and me sitting in close conference together at the side of the fire. He looked as if he would have dropped down, and his very lips turned to a livid whiteness. He had not a word to utter, and none of us spoke to him; but at last our hostess somewhat relieved his embarrassment by saying, "Guide'en, guide'en til ye, captain Frazer." "Coote'en Mustress Grhaunt, coote'en. She pe fary could tay tat. Any nhews, Mustress Grhaunt? She pe fary could tay; fary could inteed. Hoh oh oh oh—pooh pooh pooh pooh." And so saying, he left the Grant's Arms faster than he entered.

"Cot bless my heart, fat ails te man?" cried our hostess, "he looks as gin he had seen te ghaist o' his grandmither. Is it te auld cooper's face tat he's sae freihgit for? Ten his kinscience is beguid to barm at last. Teil tat it birst te white *middrit o' him.*"

The cooper now eagerly took up the conversation *where we had left off,* and inquired about his lost child;

and when I told him that she was well, and happy, and married to a rich man that doted on her; that she was the mother of a fine boy, and lived in better style than any lady in Inverness, he seized my hand, and, pressing it between his, wet it with a flood of tears; showering all the while his blessings on me, on his Cliffy, her husband, and child promiscuously. I was greatly affected; for, to say the truth, I had felt, ever since we parted, a hankering affection for Clifford, such as I never had for any human being but herself; yet so inconsistent were all my feelings, that the impression she made on my heart, when I did not know who she was, still remained uppermost, keeping all the intimacy and endearments that had passed between us in the shade; and I found myself deeply interested in the old drunken cooper on her account. Being likewise wrought up by the Highland whisky to high and generous sentiments, I made the cooper a present of ten guineas in his daughter's name, assuring him, at the same time, that I would see the same sum paid to him every year.

The lady of the burning Mountain now bustled about, and fearing that the cooper "wadnee hae been birsten wi' his meltith," as she termed it, made him a bowl of wretched tea, and her whole behaviour to him underwent a radical change. I rather repented of this donation; for my finances could but ill afford it; and I dreaded that the lady of the Grant's Arms Tavern and Hotel would soon get it all. However, I did not think of keeping my word with regard to the succeeding years.

It was the middle of winter when I arrived in Edinburgh; and, owing to the fatigue I had undergone, I was affected with a scorbutic complaint, and my wounds became very troublesome. This had the effect of getting me established on the half pay list, and I remained totally idle in Edinburgh for the space of three years. During that time I courted and dangled after seventeen *different* ladies, that had, or at least were reported to have, *large fortunes*; for the greater part of such fortunes *amount to* nothing more than a report. I was at one

time paying my addresses to four, with all the ardour I was master of; however, I did not get any of them; and living became very hard, so that I was often driven to my last shift for a dinner, and to keep appearances somewhat fair.

I had my lodgings from a tailor in Nicolson Street, who supplied me with clothes, and with him I soon fell deep in debt. When my small pay came in, I went and paid up my grocers in part, and thus procured a little credit for another season, till I could find a fair pretence of being called away on some sudden service, and leaving them all in the lurch. Those who imagine that a half-pay officer lives a life of carelessness and ease, are widely mistaken; there is no business that I know of that requires so much dexterity and exertion. Things were coming to a crisis with me, and I saw the time fast approaching when Edinburgh, and Nicolson Street in particular, would be too hot for my residence. The forage, besides, had completely failed, so that there was an absolute necessity for shifting headquarters, but how to accomplish that was the next great concern.

"A wife I must have!" said I to myself, "either with more or less money, else my credit is gone for ever;" and in order to attain this honourable connexion, never did man court with such fervour as I did at this time. My passion of love rose to the highest possible pitch, and I told several ladies, both old and young ones, that it was impossible I could live without them. This was very true, but there's a kind of coldness about the idea of half-pay, that the devil himself cannot warm. They remained unmoved, and took their own way, suffering me to take mine. There was, however, one good thing attending these attacks. Whenever *any* of the besieged were invited to tea, I was sure to be invited too by their gossips; and either with those who invited me, or with such as I conducted home, I generally contrived to *tarry supper*. We are the most useful and convenient of all men for evening parties where not much is going, but worthy citizens seldom choose men of our calibre for their dinner companions.

I was right hard beset now, and at length was obliged to make a great fuss, and tell my landlady that my father was dead, (this was the truth, only he had died four years before,) and that I was obliged to go to the country to attend the funeral, at which I would require all the ready money I had; but on winding up his affairs I would be enabled to settle every thing; and then embracing the lady of the needle, I bade her adieu for *a few weeks* with much apparent regret.

Straightway I made for my brother's house in Lammer Moor, and resolved to stay there a while at free quarters until my pay ran up; but though my brother was civil, he was no more—he was in easy, but not affluent circumstances, and had a rising family to provide for, and I easily perceived that I was not a very welcome guest. My sister-in-law, in particular, took little pains to conceal her disapprobation, and often let me hear things not a little mortifying. Nevertheless, I kept my ground against every opposition, until found out by my friend, the tailor; who, having learned that I had not been telling his wife the genuine truth, threatened me with a prosecution for the recovery of the sums I owed him. Others followed his example, and there was no more peace for me there.

I saw that there would be no end of all my labours; and, owing to my thriftless and liberal manner of living, my difficulties increased to a degree that could no longer be withstood.

I therefore was obliged to apply to my old friend, Mrs Rae. She had a wife in her eye ready for me; a rich widow, and a worthy excellent woman, rather well looked—so she described her; and shortly after I was introduced. Instead of finding her well looked, she was so ugly I could scarce bear to look at her. She had gray eyes, shrivelled cheeks, a red nose, and a considerable beard; but every thing about the house had the appearance of plenty, cleanliness, and comfort; matters that weighed mightily with one in my situation; so I was obliged to ask her in marriage, and by the help of Mrs Rae, soon overcame all scruples on the part of my fair

lady of the mustachio, who seemed quite overjoyed at the prospect of getting such a husband. Our interviews of love were ludicrous beyond any scene ever witnessed. Had any one seen how she ogled, he would have split his sides with laughter. Her thin lips were squeezed into a languishing smile, her gray eyes softly and squintingly turned on me, and the hairs of her beard moved with a kind of muscular motion, like the whiskers of a cat. Though my stomach was like to turn at this display of the tender passion, I was obliged to ogle again, and press her to name a day, whereon I was to be made the happiest of men?

"Oh! captain, captain; you are a kind, dear, delightful man!" exclaimed she, "you have stole away my heart, and I can no longer *withstand* your *importunities*. Well then, since you will have it so, let it be at Christmas, when the days are short. Oh! captain!" and saying so, she squeezed my hand in both hers, and lifted up her voice and wept.

The thing that pleased me best in this interview was the receipt of £100 from my now affianced bride to prepare for the wedding, which relieved me a good deal; so that when Christmas came, I was in no hurry for the marriage, but contrived to put it off from day to day. I had a strong impression on my mind that the event was never to happen, though I could divine nothing that was likely to prevent it; but so confident was I of this, that I went on fearlessly till the very last day of my liberty. I had that day, after sitting two hours over my breakfast, thrown myself into an easy chair in a fit of despondence, and was ruminating on all the chequered scenes of my past life, and what was like to be my future fate with this my whiskered spouse. "Pity me! O ye powers of love, pity me!" I exclaimed, and stretched myself back in one of those silent agonies which regret will sometimes shed over the most careless and dissipated mind. I saw I was going to place myself in a situation in which I would drag out an existence, without having one person in the world that cared for me, or one that I loved and could be kind

to. The prospect of such a life of selfishness and insignificance my heart could not brook; and never in my life did I experience such bitterness of heart.

While leaning in this languid and sorrowful guise, and just when my grief was at the height, I heard a rap at the door. It was too gentle and timid to be that of a bailiff or creditor, and therefore I took it to be a (still more unwelcome) messenger of love, or perhaps the dame of the mustachio and malmsey nose herself. I strained my organs of hearing to catch the sounds of her disagreeable voice—I heard it—that is, I heard a female voice on the landing-place, and I knew it could be no other; and, though I had pledged myself to lead my life with her, my blood revolted from this one private interview, and I sat up in my seat half enraged. The servant opened the door in the quick abrupt manner in which these impertinent rascals always do it. "A lady wishes to speak with you, sir." "Cannot you show her in then, and be d—d to you?" He did so; and there entered—Oh Heaven! not my disastrous dame, but the most lovely, angelic, and splendid creature I had ever seen, who was leading by the hand a comely boy about seven years of age, dressed like a prince. My eyes were dazzled, and my senses so wholly confounded, that I could not speak a word; but, rising from my seat, I made her a low respectful bow. This she did not deign to return, but coming slowly up to me, and looking me full in the face, she stretched out her beautiful hand. "So then I have found you out at last," said she, taking my unresisting hand in hers. It was Clifford Mackay. "My dear Clifford! My angel, my preserver," said I, "is it you?" and taking her in my arms, I placed her on my knees in the easy chair, and kissed her lips, her cheek, and chin, a thousand times in raptures of the most heartfelt delight, till even the little boy, her only son, wept with joy at seeing our happiness. Her husband had died, and left this her only son heir to all his wealth, the interest of which was solely at her disposal as long as her son was a minor, for the purpose of his education; and when he

became of age she was to have £100 a year as long as she lived. As soon as she found herself in these circumstances, she determined to find me out, and share it with me, to whatever part of the world I had retired, and in whatever condition of life she found me, whether married or unmarried. With this intent, she told the other guardians of her son's property, that she intended going into Scotland, to live for a time with her relations in that country, and to overlook the education of her son, whom she was going to place at the seminaries there. They approved highly of the plan, and furnished her with every means of carrying it into execution; and she having once got a letter from me dated from Edinburgh, as from her brother, she came straight thither, and heard of me at once by applying at the office of the army agent.

I told her of my engagement, and of my determination to break it off, and make her my lawful wife; and she in return acknowledged frankly, that such a connexion was what of all things in the world she most wished, if I could do so with honour; but she added, that were I married a thousand times it could not diminish her interest in me one whit. I assured her there was no fear of getting free of my beloved, and sitting down I wrote a letter to her, stating the impossibility of my fulfilling my engagements with her, as the wife of my youth, whom I had lost among the savages of America more than seven years ago, and had long given up hopes of ever seeing again, had found her way to this country with my child, to claim her rights, which my conscience would not suffer me to deny; and that she had arrived at my house, and was at that very time sitting with me at the same table.

Clifford and I were regularly married, and have now lived together eighteen years as man and wife, and I have always found her a kind, faithful, and good-natured companion. It is true we have lived rather a dissipated, confused, irregular sort of life, such as might have been expected from the nature of our first connexion; but this has been wholly owing to my acquired habits, and not to any bias in her disposition towards such a life. We lived

in affluence till the time that her son became of age, but since that period we feel a good deal of privation, although our wants are mostly artificial; and I believe I have loved her better than I could have loved any other, and as well as my unstaid mind was capable of loving any one.

These last eighteen years of my life have been so regular, or rather so uniformly irregular, that the shortest memorandum of them that I could draw up, would be flat and unprofitable. There has been nothing varied in them —nothing animating; and I am wearing down to the grave, sensible of having spent a long life of insignificance, productive of no rational happiness to myself, nor benefit to my fellow-creatures. From these reflections have I been induced to write out this memoir. The exercise has served to amuse me, and may be a source of amusement as well as instruction to others. From the whole of the narrative, these moral axioms may be drawn: That without steadiness in a profession, success in life need not be expected; and without steadiness of principle, we forego our happiness both here and hereafter. It may be deemed by some, that I have treated female imprudence with too great a degree of levity, and represented it as producible of consequences that it does not deserve; but in this, I am only blameable in having adhered to the simple truth. Never yet was there a *young* female seduced from the paths of virtue, who did not grievously repent, and who would not gladly have returned, had an opportunity offered, or had even a possibility been left. How cruel then to shut the only door, on the regaining of which the eternal happiness or misery of a fellow-creature depends. I have known many who were timeously snatched from error before their *minds* were corrupted, which is not the work of a day; and who turned out characters more exemplary for virtue and every good quality, than in all likelihood they would have been, had no such misfortune befallen them.

"The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud,
The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn;
Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;

Sweeter than all, the beauties which adorn
  The female form in youth and maiden bloom!
Oh! why should passion ever man suborn
  To work the sweetest flower of nature's doom,
  And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheerless gloom!
"Oh fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade!—
  One slip recovery or recall defies!—
Thou walk'st the dizzy verge with steps unstaid,
  Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!
Like them thou fallest never more to rise
  Oh fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!—
Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
  Where thou may'st smile in purity again,
  And shine in virgin bloom that ever shall remain."

ADAM BELL.

THIS tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstance of its being insolvable either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason: for though events sometimes occur among mankind, which at the time seem inexplicable, yet there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary causes of those events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants, are removed from this state of existence. But the causes which produced the events here related, have never been accounted for in this world; even conjecture is left to wander in a labyrinth, unable to get hold of the thread that leads to the catastrophe.

Mr Bell was a gentleman of Annandale, in Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district, part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about 20 years of age, left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure, to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic, and his whole delight was in warlike and violent exercises. H

was the best horseman and marksman in the county, and valued himself particularly upon his skill in the broad sword. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the country whose skill was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being for several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house, and went for Edinburgh, giving, at the same time, such directions to his servants, as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his home, in the morning, while his house-keeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his great coat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand, which he took with him. At sight of him she uttered a shriek, but recovering her surprise, instantly said to him, "You have not staid so long from us, Sir." He made no reply, but went sullenly into his own room, without throwing off his great coat. After a pause of about five minutes, she followed him into the room—he was standing at his desk with his back towards her—she asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards if he was well enough? but he still made no reply to any of these questions. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about other five minutes, he went out at the front door, it being then open, and walked deliberately towards the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men who were servants belonging to the house; and coming to one of the ploughmen, she told him that their master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough and came home, listened to the woman's relation, made her repeat it again and again, and then assured

she was raving, for their master's horse was not able, and of course he could not be come home. ver, as she persisted in her asseveration with pearance of sincerity, he went into the linn to see as become of his mysterious master. He was o be seen nor heard of in all the country!—It n concluded that the housekeeper had seen an n, and that something had befallen their master; onsulting with some old people, skilled in those they learned, that when a *wraith*, or apparition of person appeared while the sun was up, instead of prelude of instant death, it prognosticated very ; and, moreover, that it could not possibly be a at she had seen, for they always chose the night or making their visits. In short, though it was eral topic of conversation among the servants, and le in their vicinity, no reasonable conclusion could ed on the subject.

most probable conjecture was, that as Mr Bell was o be so fond of arms, and had left his home on the y that prince Charles Stuart and his Highlanders l General Hawley on Falkirk moor, he had gone ith him or the Duke of Cumberland to the north. however, afterwards ascertained, that he had never ny of the armies. Week passed after week, and after month, but no word of Mr Bell. A female was his nearest living relation; her husband took nagement of his affairs; and, concluding that he her joined the army, or drowned himself in the when he was seen go into the linn, made no more s after him.

at this very time, a respectable farmer, whose sur- as M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbour- f Musselburgh, happened to be in Edinburgh about usiness. In the evening he called upon a friend ed near Holyrood-house; and being seized with sposition, they persuaded him to tarry with them t. About the middle of the night he grew exceed- and not being able to find any rest or ease in his

bed, imagined he would be the better of a walk. He pu on his clothes, and that he might not disturb the family slipped quietly out at the back door, and walked in S Anthony's garden behind the house. The moon shon so bright, that it was almost as light as noonday, and h had scarcely taken a single turn, until he saw a tall ma enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloure great coat. It so happened, that at that time M'Milla stood in the shadow of the wall, and perceiving that th stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him tha it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed; that h might see what the man was going to be about. H walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparen impatience, looking at his watch every minute, until a length another man came in by the same way, buttone likewise in a great coat, and having a bonnet on his head He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lowe in stature than the other. They exchanged only a singl word; then turning both about, they threw off their coats drew their swords, and began a most desperate and wel contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage He constantly gained ground on the other, and drove hin half round the division of the garden in which they fought Each of them strove to fight with his back towards th moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his oppo nent; and many rapid wheels were made for the purpos of gaining this position. The engagement was long an obstinate, and by the desperate thrusts that were frequentl aimed on both sides, it was evident that they meant on another's destruction. They came at length within a fe yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed They were both out of breath, and at that instant a sma cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of the called out, "Hold, we can't see."—They uncovered thei heads—wiped their faces—and as soon as the moo *emerged* from the cloud, each resumed his guard. Surel *that was* an awful pause! and short, indeed, was the sta *between* it and eternity with the one! The tall gentle

made a lounge at the other, who parried and returned it; and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he stumbled forward towards his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword, and ran him through the body. He made only one feeble convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise, and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation, having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night; he had so much presence of mind as to hold his peace, and to keep from interfering in the smallest degree.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure;—put on his bonnet—covered the body with one of the great coats—took up the other, and departed; M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber without awakening any of the family. His pains were gone; but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed; and after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter; and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen; thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest on him. Accordingly he kept his bed next morning until his friend brought him the tidings, that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose and examined the body, which was that of a young man; seemingly from the country, having brown hair, and fine manly features. He had neither letter, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was; only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand. which had an A. and B. engraved on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his back a little below the left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound on the sword arm.

The body was carried to the dead-room, where it lay for eight days, and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who, or whence the deceased was, and he was at length buried among the strangers in the Grayfriars Churchyard.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentione the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any perso but, at that period, being in Annandale receiving som sheep that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the as tonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he divulg ed the whole.—The time, the description of his person, h clothes, and above all, the sword with the initials of h name engraven upon it, confirmed the fact beyond th smallest shadow of doubt, that it was Mr Bell whom h had seen killed in the duel behind the Abbey. But wh the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commence or who it was that appeared to his housekeeper, remai to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain s until that day when every deed of darkness shall be broug to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for t whole, on account of his long concealment of facts; a likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strengt and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest a most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but who knew him despised such insinuations, and declar them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, whi was most honourable and disinterested; and besides, h tale has every appearance of truth. "Pluris est oculat testis unus quam auriti decem."

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Duncan Campbell came from the Highlands, when years of age, to live with an old maiden aunt in Edi burgh, and attend the school. His mother was dead; b his father had supplied her place, by marrying his hous keeper. Duncan did not trouble himself about th matters, nor indeed about any other matters, save a

foal of his father's, and a large sagacious colley, named Oscar, which belonged to one of the shepherds. There being no other boy save Duncan about the house, Oscar and he were constant companions,—with his garter tied round Oscar's neck, and a piece of deal tied to his big bushy tail, Duncan would often lead him about the green, pleased with the idea that he was conducting a horse and cart. Oscar submitted to all this with great cheerfulness, but whenever Duncan mounted to ride on him, he found means instantly to unhorse him, either by galloping, or rolling himself on the green. When Duncan threatened him, he looked submissive and licked his face and hands; when he corrected him with the whip he cowered at his feet;—matters were soon made up. Oscar would lodge no where during the night but at the door of the room where his young friend slept, and wo be to the man or woman who ventured to enter it at untimely hours.

When Duncan left his native home he thought not of his father, nor any of the servants. He was fond of the ride, and some supposed that he scarcely even thought of the black foal; but when he saw Oscar standing looking him ruefully in the face, the tears immediately blinded both his eyes. He caught him around the neck, hugged and kissed him,—"Good b'ye, Oscar," said he blubbering; —"good b'ye, God bless you, my dear Oscar." Duncan mounted before a servant, and rode away—Oscar still followed at a distance, until he reached the top of the hill —he then sat down and howled;—Duncan cried till his little heart was like to burst.—"What ails you?" said the servant. "I will never see my poor honest Oscar again," said Duncan, "an' my heart canna bide it."

Duncan staid a year in Edinburgh, but he did not make great progress in learning. He did not approve highly of attending the school, and his aunt was too indulgent to compel his attendance. She grew extremely ill one day—the maids kept constantly by her, and never regarded Duncan. He was an additional charge to them, and they never loved him, but used him harshly. It was now with great difficulty that he could obtain either meat

or drink. In a few days after his aunt was taken ill, s
died. All was in confusion, and poor Duncan was like
perish with hunger;—he could find no person in t
house; but hearing a noise in his aunt's chamber,
went in, and beheld them dressing the corpse of his ki
relation;—it was enough.—Duncan was horrified beyo
what mortal breast was able to endure;—he hasted do
the stair, and ran along the High Street, and Sou
Bridge, as fast as his feet could carry him, crying inc
santly all the way. He would not have entered t
house again, if the world had been offered to him a
reward. Some people stopped him, in order to ask w
was the matter; but he could only answer them by
claiming, "O! dear! O! dear!" and, struggling till
got free, held on his course, careless whither he we
provided he got far enough from the horrid scene he
so lately witnessed. Some have supposed, and I beli
Duncan has been heard to confess, that he then imagi
he was running for the Highlands, but mistook the dir
tion. However that was, he continued his course u
he came to a place where two ways met, a little south
Grange Toll. Here he sat down, and his frenzied pass
subsided into a soft melancholy;—he cried no more,
sobbed excessively; fixed his eyes on the ground,
made some strokes in the dust with his finger.

A sight just then appeared, which somewhat cheer
or at least interested his heavy and forlorn heart—it
a large drove of Highland cattle. They were the o
creatures like acquaintances that Duncan had seen f
twelvemonth, and a tender feeling of joy, mixed w
regret, thrilled his heart at the sight of their white ho
and broad dew-laps. As the van passed him, he thou
their looks were particularly gruff and sullen; he s
perceived the cause, they were all in the hands of Engli
men;—poor exiles like himself;—going far away to
killed and eaten, and would never see the Highland
again!

When they were all gone by, Duncan looked
them and wept anew; but his attention was su

away to something that softly touched his feet; he
l hastily about—it was a poor hungry lame dog,
ed on the ground, licking his feet, and manifesting
ost extravagant joy. Gracious Heaven! it was his
eloved and faithful Oscar! starved, emaciated, and
pled, that he was scarcely able to walk! He was
doomed to be the slave of a Yorkshire peasant,
it seems, had either bought or stolen him at Fal-
the generosity and benevolence of whose feelings
as inferior to those of Oscar, as Oscar was inferior
n in strength and power. It is impossible to con-
a more tender meeting than this was; but Duncan
bserved that hunger and misery were painted in his
's looks, which again pierced his heart with feelings
before. "I have not a crumb to give you, my
Oscar!" said he—"I have not a crumb to eat myself,
am not so ill as you are." The peasant whistled
. Oscar well knew the sound, and clinging to the
bosom, leaned his head upon his thigh, and looked
face, as if saying, "O Duncan, protect me from yon
n." The whistle was repeated accompanied by a
and surly call. Oscar trembled, but fearing to
ey, he limped away reluctantly after his unfeeling
r, who, observing him to linger and look back, ima-
he wanted to effect his escape, and came running
to meet him. Oscar cowered to the earth in the
submissive and imploring manner, but the peasant
old of him by the ear, and uttering many impreca-
struck him with a thick staff till he lay senseless at
et.

ery possible circumstance seemed combined to
d the feelings of poor Duncan, but this unmerited
rity shocked him most of all. He hasted to the
of action, weeping bitterly, and telling the man
he was a cruel brute; and that if ever he himself
a big man he would certainly kill him. He held up
vourite's head that he might recover his breath, and
an knowing that he could do little without his dog,
patiently to see what would be the issue. The

animal recovered, and stammered away at the heels of his tyrant without daring to look behind him. Duncan stood still, but kept his eyes eagerly fixed upon Oscar, and the farther he went from him, the more strong his desire grew to follow him. He looked the other way, but all there was to him a blank,—he had no desire to stand where he was, so he followed Oscar and the drove of cattle.

The cattle were weary and went slowly, and Duncan, getting a little goad in his hand, assisted the men greatly in driving them. One of the drivers gave him a penny, and another gave him twopence; and the lad who had the charge of the drove, observing how active and pliable he was, and how far he had accompanied him on the way, gave him sixpence; this was a treasure to Duncan, who, being extremely hungry, bought three penny rolls as he passed through a town; one of these he ate himself, another he gave to Oscar; and the third he carried below his arm in case of further necessity. He drove on all the day, and at night the cattle rested upon a height, which, by his description, seems to have been that between Gala Water and Middleton. Duncan went off at a side, in company with Oscar, to eat his roll, and, taking shelter behind an old earthen wall, they shared their dry meal most lovingly between them. Ere it was quite finished, Duncan being fatigued, dropped into a profound slumber, out of which he did not awake until the next morning was far advanced. Englishmen, cattle, and Oscar, all were gone. Duncan found himself alone on a wild height, in what country or kingdom he knew not. He sat for some time in a callous stupor, rubbing his eyes and scratching his head, but quite irresolute what was farther necessary for him to do, until he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of Oscar, who (although he had gone at his master's call in the morning) had found means to escape and seek the retreat of his young friend and benefactor. Duncan, without reflecting on the consequences, rejoiced in the event, and thought of nothing else but furthering his escape from the ruthless tyrant who now claimed him

purpose he thought it would be best to leave the
l accordingly he crossed it, in order to go over a
ɔor to the westward. He had not got forty paces
: road, until he beheld the enraged Englishman
towards him without his coat, and having his staff
ıver his shoulder. Duncan's heart fainted within
ıwing it was all over with Oscar, and most likely
ıself. The peasant seemed not to have observed
he was running, and rather looking the other
ıd as Duncan quickly lost sight of him in a hollow
at lay between them, he crept into a bush of
ıd took Oscar in his bosom ;—the heath was so
t it almost closed above them ; the man had ob-
:om whence the dog started in the morning, and
ɔ the place, expecting to find him sleeping beyond
:arthen dike ; he found the nest, but the birds
wn ;—he called aloud ; Oscar trembled and clung
:an's breast ; Duncan peeped from his purple
ike a heath-cock on his native waste, and again
ıe ruffian coming straight towards them, with his
. heaved, and fury in his looks ;—when he came
ı few yards he stood still, and bellowed out :
yho, yho !" Oscar quaked, and crept still closer
an's breast ; Duncan almost sunk in the earth ;
-n him," said the Englishman, "if I had hold of
ould-make both him and the little thievish rascal
ı small price ; they cannot be far gone,—I think
ıem ;" he then stood listening, but at that instant
came up on horseback, and having heard him
ɜd him if he had lost his dog? The peasant
l in the affirmative, and added, that a blackguard
stolen him. The farmer said that he met a boy
og about a mile forward. During this dialogue,
ıer's dog came up to Duncan's den,—smelled
n, and then upon Oscar,—cocked his tail, walked
ıem growling, and then behaved in a very im-
ınd *uncivil manner* to Duncan, who took all
uncertain whether he was yet discovered. But
was the fellow upon the farmer's intelligence,

that he took no notice of the discovery made by the dog, but ran off without looking over his shoulder.

Duncan felt this a deliverance so great that all his other distresses vanished; and as soon as the man was out of his sight, he arose from his covert, and ran over the moor, and ere it was long, came to a shepherd's house, where he got some whey and bread for his breakfast, which he thought the best meat he had ever tasted, yet shared it with Oscar.

Though I had his history from his own mouth, yet there is a space here which it is impossible to relate with any degree of distinctness or interest. He was a vagabond boy, without any fixed habitation, and wandered about Herriot Moor, from one farm-house to another, for the space of a year; staying from one to twenty nights in each house, according as he found the people kind to him. He seldom resented any indignity offered to himself, but whoever insulted Oscar, or offered any observations on the impropriety of their friendship, lost Duncan's company the next morning. He staid several months at a place called Dewar, which he said was haunted by the ghost of a piper; that piper had been murdered there many years before, in a manner somewhat mysterious, or at least unaccountable; and there was scarcely a night on which he was not supposed either to be seen or heard about the house. Duncan slept in the cow-house, and was terribly harassed by the piper; he often heard him scratching about the rafters, and sometimes he would groan like a man dying, or a cow that was choked in the band; but at length he saw him at his side one night, which so discomposed him, that he was obliged to leave the place, after being ill for many days. I shall give this story in Duncan's own words, which I have often heard him repeat without any variation.

"I had been driving some young cattle to the heights of Willenslee—it grew late before I got home—I was thinking, and thinking, how cruel it was to kill the poor piper! to cut out his tongue, and stab him in the back. I thought it was no wonder that his ghost took it ex

ely ill; when, all on a sudden, I perceived a light
e me;—I thought the wand in my hand was all on
and threw it away, but I perceived the light glide
y by my right foot, and burn behind me;—I was
ng afraid, and turned about to look at the light, and
I saw the piper, who was standing hard at my back,
when I turned round, he looked me in the face."
hat was he like, Duncan?" "He was like a dead
! but I got a short view of him; for that moment all
d me grew dark as a pit!—I tried to run, but sunk
rless to the earth, and lay in a kind of dream, I do
now how long; when I came to myself, I got up,
endeavoured to run, but fell to the ground every two
. I was not a hundred yards from the house, and I
ure I fell upwards of a hundred times. Next day I
n a high fever; the servants made me a little bed
e kitchen, to which I was confined by illness many
during which time I suffered the most dreadful
ies by night, always imagining the piper to be stand-
over me on the one side or the other. As soon as I
able to walk, I left Dewar, and for a long time durst
er sleep alone during the night, nor stay by myself
e daytime."

he superstitious ideas impressed upon Duncan's mind
his unfortunate encounter with the ghost of the piper,
never to have been eradicated; a strong instance
he power of early impressions, and a warning how
a caution is necessary in modelling the conceptions
he young and tender mind, for, of all men I ever
, he is the most afraid of meeting with apparitions.
deeply is his imagination tainted with this startling
on, that even the calm disquisitions of reason have
ed quite inadequate to the task of dispelling it.
never it wears late, he is always on the look-out for
ideal beings, keeping a jealous eye upon every bush
brake, in case they should be lurking behind them,
to fly out and surprise him every moment; and
approach of a person in the dark, or any sudden noise,
deprives him of the power of speech for some time.

After leaving Dewar, he again wandered about for a few weeks; and it appears that his youth, beauty, and peculiarly destitute situation, together with his friendship for his faithful Oscar, had interested the most part of the country people in his behalf; for he was generally treated with kindness. He knew his father's name, and the name of his house; but as none of the people he visited had ever before heard of either the one or the other, they gave themselves no trouble about the matter.

He staid nearly two years in a place called Cowhaur, until a wretch, with whom he slept, struck and abused him one day. Duncan, in a rage, flew to the loft, and cut all his Sunday hat, shoes, and coat, in pieces; and not daring to abide the consequences, decamped that night.

He wandered about for some time longer, among the farmers of Tweed and Yarrow; but this life was now become exceedingly disagreeable to him. He durst not sleep by himself, and the servants did not always choose to allow a vagrant boy and his great dog to sleep with them.

It was on a rainy night, at the close of harvest, that Duncan came to my father's house. I remember all the circumstances as well as the transactions of yesterday. The whole of his clothing consisted only of a black coat, which, having been made for a full-grown man, hung fairly to his heels; the hair of his head was rough, curly, and weather-beaten; but his face was ruddy and beautiful, bespeaking a healthy body, and a sensible feeling heart. Oscar was still nearly as large as himself, and the colour of a fox, having a white stripe down his face, with a ring of the same colour around his neck, and was the most beautiful colley I have ever seen. My heart was knit to Duncan at the first sight, and I wept for joy when I saw my parents so kind to him. My mother, in particular, could scarcely do any thing else than converse with Duncan for several days. I was always of the party, and listened with wonder and admiration: but often have these adventures been repeated to me. My parents, who

n seemed to feel the same concern for him as if he had n their own son, clothed him in blue drugget, and ght him a smart little Highland bonnet; in which ıs he looked so charming, that I would not let them e peace until I got one of the same. Indeed, all that ıcan said or did was to me a pattern; for I loved him ıy own life. At my own request, which he persuaded to urge, I was permitted to be his bed-fellow, and ıy a happy night and day did I spend with Duncan Oscar.

ıs far as I remember, we felt no privation of any kind, would have been completely happy, if it had not been :he fear of spirits. When the conversation chanced ırn upon the Piper of Dewar, the Maid of Plora, or Pedlar of Thirlestane Mill, often have we lain with bed-clothes drawn over our heads till nearly suffo- d. We loved the fairies and the brownies, and even a little partiality for the mermaids, on account of their ıty and charming songs; but we were a little jealous ıe water-kelpies, and always kept aloof from the fright- e pools. We hated the devil most heartily, although were not much afraid of him; but a ghost! oh, dread- the names, ghost, spirit, or apparition, sounded in ears like the knell of destruction, and our hearts sunk in us as if pierced by the cold icy shaft of death. can herded my father's cows all the summer—so did ve could not live asunder. We grew such expert rs, that the speckled trout, with all his art, could not e our machinations: we forced him from his watery , admired the beautiful shades and purple drops that : painted on his sleek sides, and forthwith added him ur number without reluctance. We assailed the :ation of the wild bee, and rifled her of all her accu- ıted sweets, though not without encountering the : determined resistance. My father s meadows abound- ith hives; they were almost in every swath—in every ck. When the swarm was large, they would beat us ay after day. In all these desperate engagements, came to our assistance, and, provided that none of

the enemy made a lodgment in his lower defiles, he was always the last combatant of our party on the field. I do not remember of ever being so much diverted by any scene I ever witnessed, or laughing as immoderately as I have done at seeing Oscar involved in a moving cloud of wild bees, wheeling, snapping on all sides, and shaking his ears incessantly.

The sagacity which this animal possessed is almost incredible, while his undaunted spirit and generosity would do honour to every servant of our own species to copy. Twice did he save his master's life: at one time when attacked by a furious bull, and at another time when he fell from behind my father, off a horse in a flooded river. Oscar had just swimmed across, but instantly plunged in a second time to his master's rescue. He first got hold of his bonnet, but that coming off, he quitted it, and again catching him by the coat, brought him to the side, where my father reached him. He waked Duncan at a certain hour every morning, and would frequently turn the cows of his own will, when he observed them wrong. If Duncan dropped his knife, or any other small article, he would fetch it along in his mouth; and if sent back for a lost thing, would infallibly find it. When sixteen years of age, after being unwell for several days, he died one night below his master's bed. On the evening before, when Duncan came in from the plough, he came from his hiding-place, wagged his tail, licked Duncan's hand, and returned to his death-bed. Duncan and I lamented him with unfeigned sorrow, buried him below the old rowan tree at the back of my father's garden, placing a square stone at his head, which was still standing the last time I was there. With great labour, we composed an epitaph between us, which was once carved on that stone; the metre was good, but the stone was so hard, and the engraving so faint, that the characters, like those of our *early joys*, are long ago defaced and extinct.

Often have I heard my mother relate with enthusiasm, *the manner* in which she and my father first discovered *the dawnings* of goodness and facility of conception in

Duncan's mind, though, I confess, dearly as I loved him, these circumstances escaped my observation. It was my father's invariable custom to pray with the family every night before they retired to rest, to thank the Almighty for his kindness to them during the bygone day, and to beg his protection through the dark and silent watches of the night. I need not inform any of my readers, that that amiable (and now too much neglected and despised) duty, consisted in singing a few stanzas of a psalm, in which all the family joined their voices with my father's, so that the double octaves of the various ages and sexes swelled the simple concert. He then read a chapter from the Bible, going straight on from beginning to end of the Scriptures. The prayer concluded the devotions of each evening, in which the downfall of Antichrist was always strenuously urged, the ministers of the Gospel remembered, nor was any friend or neighbour in distress forgot.

The servants of a family have, in general, liberty either to wait the evening prayers, or retire to bed as they incline, but no consideration whatever could induce Duncan to go one night to rest without the prayers, even though both wet and weary, and entreated by my parents to retire, for fear of catching cold. It seems that I had been of a more complaisant disposition; for I was never very hard to prevail with in this respect; nay, my mother used to say, that I was extremely apt to take a pain about my heart at that time of the night, and was, of course, frequently obliged to betake me to the bed before the worship commenced.

It might be owing to this that Duncan's emotions on these occasions escaped my notice. He sung a treble to the old church tunes most sweetly, for he had a melodious voice; and when my father read the chapter, if it was in any of the historical parts of Scripture, he would lean upon the table, and look him in the face, swallowing every sentence with the utmost avidity. At one time, as my father read the 45th chapter of Genesis, he wept so bitterly, that at the end my father paused, and asked what ailed him? Duncan told him that he did not know.

At another time, the year following, my father in the course of his evening devotions, had reached the 19th chapter of the book of Judges; when he began reading it, Duncan was seated on the other side of the house, but ere it was half done, he had stolen up close to my father's elbow. "Consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds," said my father, and closed the book. "Go on, go on, if you please, Sir," said Duncan—"go on, and let's hear what they said about it." My father looked sternly in Duncan's face, but seeing him abashed on account of his hasty breach of decency, without uttering a word, he again opened the Bible, and read the 20th chapter throughout, notwithstanding of its great length. Next day Duncan was walking about with the Bible below his arm, begging of every one to read it to him again and again. This incident produced a conversation between my parents, on the expenses and utility of education; the consequence of which was, that the week following, Duncan and I were sent to the parish school, and began at the same instant to the study of that most important and fundamental branch of literature, the A, B, C; but my sister Mary, who was older than I, was already an accurate and elegant reader.

This reminds me of another anecdote of Duncan, with regard to family worship, which I have often heard related, and which I myself may well remember. My father happening to be absent over night at a fair, when the usual time of worship arrived, my mother desired a lad, one of the servants, to act as chaplain for that night; the lad declined it, and slunk away to his bed. My mother testified her regret that we should all be obliged to go prayerless to our beds for that night, observing, that she did not remember the time when it had so happened before. Duncan said, he thought we might contrive to manage it amongst us, and instantly proposed to sing the psalm and pray, if *Mary* would read the chapter. To this my mother with some hesitation agreed, remarking, that if he prayed as he could, with a pure heart, his prayer had as good a chance of being accepted as some others that were better worded

Duncan could not then read, but having learned several psalms from Mary by rote, he caused her seek out the place, and sung the 23d Psalm from end to end with great sweetness and decency. Mary read a chapter in the New Testament, and then (my mother having a child on her knee) we three kneeled in a row, while Duncan prayed thus:—"O Lord, be thou our God, our guide, and our guard unto death, and through death,"—that was a sentence my father often used in prayer: Duncan had laid hold of it, and my mother began to think that he had often prayed previous to that time.—"O Lord, thou"—continued Duncan, but his matter was exhausted; a long pause ensued, which I at length broke by bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Duncan rose hastily, and without once lifting up his head, went crying to his bed; and as I continued to indulge in laughter, my mother, for my irreverent behaviour, struck me across the shoulders with the tongs. Our evening devotions terminated exceedingly ill; I went crying to my bed after Duncan, even louder than he, and abusing him for his *useless prayer*, for which I had been nearly felled.

By the time that we were recalled from school to herd the cows next summer, we could both read the Bible with considerable facility. But Duncan far excelled me in perspicacity; and so fond was he of reading Bible history, that the reading of it was now our constant amusement. Often have Mary, and he, and I, lain under the same plaid, by the side of the corn or meadow, and read chapter about on the Bible for hours together, weeping over the failings and fall of good men, and wondering at the inconceivable might of the heroes of antiquity. Never was man so delighted as Duncan was when he came to the history of Samson, and afterwards of David and Goliah; he could not be satisfied until he had read it to every individual with whom he was acquainted, judging it to be as new and as interesting to every one as it was to himself. I have seen him standing by the girls, as they were milking the cows, reading to them the feats of Samson; and, in short, harassing every man and

woman about the hamlet for audience. On Sundays, my parents accompanied us to the fields, and joined in our delightful exercise.

Time passed away, and so also did our youthful delights!—but other cares and other pleasures awaited us. As we advanced in years and strength, we quitted the herding, and bore a hand in the labours of the farm. Mary, too, was often our assistant. She and Duncan were nearly of an age—he was tall, comely, and affable; and if Mary was not the prettiest girl in the parish, at least Duncan and I believed her to be so, which with us amounted to the same thing. We often compared the other girls in the parish with one another, as to their beauty and accomplishments, but to think of comparing any of them with Mary, was entirely out of the question. She was, indeed, the emblem of truth, simplicity, and innocence, and if there were few more beautiful, there were still fewer so good and amiable; but still as she advanced in years, she grew fonder and fonder of being near Duncan; and by the time she was nineteen was so deeply in love, that it affected her manner, her spirits, and her health. At one time she was gay and frisky as a kitten; she would dance, sing, and laugh violently at the most trivial incidents. At other times she was silent and sad, while a languishing softness overspread her features, and added greatly to her charms. The passion was undoubtedly mutual between them; but Duncan, either from a sense of honour or some other cause, never declared himself farther on the subject, than by the most respectful attention and tender assiduities. Hope and fear thus alternately swayed the heart of poor Mary, and produced in her deportment that variety of affections, which could not fail of rendering the sentiments of her artless bosom legible to the eye of experience.

In this state matters stood, when an incident occurred which deranged our happiness at once, and the time arrived when the kindest and most affectionate little social band of friends, that ever panted to meet the wishes of each other, were obliged to part.

About forty years ago the flocks of southern sheep, which have since that period inundated the Highlands, had not found their way over the Grampian mountains, and the native flocks of that sequestered country were so scanty, that it was found necessary to transport small quantities of wool annually to the north, to furnish materials for clothing the inhabitants. During two months of each summer, the hill countries of the Lowlands were inundated by hundreds of women from the Highlands, who bartered small articles of dress, and of domestic import, for wool; these were known by the appellation of *norlan' netties;* and few nights passed, during the wool season, that some of them were not lodged at my father's house. It was from two of these that Duncan learned one day who and what he was; that he was the laird of Glenellich's only son and heir, and that a large sum had been offered to any person that could discover him. My parents certainly rejoiced in Duncan's good fortune, yet they were disconsolate at parting with him; for he had long ago become as a son of their own; and I seriously believe, that, from the day they first met, to that on which the two *norlan' netties* came to our house, they never once entertained the idea of parting. For my part I wish that the *netties* had never been born, or that they had staid at their own home; for the thoughts of being separated from my dear friend made me sick at heart. All our feelings were, however, nothing, when compared with those of my sister Mary. From the day that the two women left our house, she was no more seen to smile; she had never yet divulged the sentiments of her heart to any one, and imagined her love for Duncan a profound secret—no,

> "She never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek;—she pined in thought;
> And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
> *She sat like patience on a monument,*
> *Smiling at grief.*"

Our social glee and cheerfulness were now completely

clouded; we sat down to our meals, and rose from t
in silence. Of the few observations that passed, e
one seemed the progeny of embarrassment and discont
and our general remarks were strained and cold.
day at dinner time, after a long and sullen pause, m
ther said, "I hope you do not intend to leave us
soon, Duncan?" "I am thinking of going away to-mor
Sir," said Duncan. The knife fell from my mot
hand: she looked him steadily in the face for the s
of a minute.—"Duncan," said she, her voice falte
and the tears dropping from her eyes,—"Duncan, I n
durst ask you before, but I hope you will not leav
altogether?" Duncan thrust the plate from before
into the middle of the table—took up a book that la
the window, and looked over the pages—Mary lef
room. No answer was returned, nor any further inq
made; and our little party broke up in silence.

When we met again in the evening, we were stil
sullen. My mother tried to speak of indifferent th
but it was apparent that her thoughts had no share i
words that dropped from her tongue. My father at
said, "You will soon forget us, Duncan; but there
some among us who will not so soon forget you." I
again left the room, and silence ensued, until the fa
were called together for evening worship. There
one sentence in my father's prayer that night, wh
think I yet remember, word for word. It may ap
of little importance to those who are no wise intere
but it affected us deeply, and left not a dry cheek i
family. It runs thus: "We are an unworthy little f
thou seest here kneeling before thee, our God; but
as we are, it is probable we shall never all kneel
together before thee in this world. We have
lived together in peace and happiness, and hoped to
lived so much longer; but since it is thy will that we
enable us to submit to that will with firmness; and th
thou scatter us to the four winds of heaven, ma
Almighty arm still be about us for good, and gra
we may all meet hereafter in another and a bette

The next morning, after a restless night, Duncan rose ırly, put on his best suit, and packed up some little ticles to carry with him. I lay panting and trembling, ut pretended to be fast asleep. When he was ready to epart, he took his bundle below his arm, came up to the ide of the bed, and listened if I was sleeping. He then tood long hesitating, looking wistfully to the door, and hen to me, alternately; and I saw him three or four imes wipe his eyes. At length he shook me gently by the shoulder, and asked if I was awake. I feigned to start, and answered as if half asleep. "I must bid you farewell,' said he, groping to get hold of my hand. "Will you not breakfast with us, Duncan?' said I. "No," said he, "I am thinking that it is best to steal away, for it will break my heart to take leave of your parents, and'—"And who, Duncan?' said I. "And you," said he. "Indeed, but it is not best, Duncan," said I; "we will ll breakfast together for the last time, and then take a ormal and kind leave of each other." We did breakfast ogether, and as the conversation turned on former days, became highly interesting to us all. When my father ad returned thanks to Heaven for our meal, we knew hat was coming, and began to look at each other. Dunın rose, and after we had all loaded him with our blessgs and warmest wishes, he embraced my parents and e.—He turned about.—His eyes said plainly, there is mebody still wanting, but his heart was so full he uld not speak. "What is become of Mary?" said my ther;—Mary was gone.—We searched the house, the ırden, and the houses of all the cottagers, but she was where to be found.—Poor lovelorn forsaken Mary! he had hid herself in the ancient yew that grows in ont of the old ruin, that she might see her lover epart, without herself being seen, and might indulge in l the luxury of wo.—Poor Mary! how often have I eard her sigh, and seen her eyes red with weeping; hile the smile that played on her languid features, when ght was mentioned to Duncan's recommendation, would e melted a heart of adamant.

I must pass over Duncan's journey to the north Highlands, for want of room, but on the evening of the sixth day after leaving my father's house, he reached the mansion-house of Glenellich, which stands in a little beautiful woody strath, commanding a view of the Deu-Caledonian Sea, and part of the Hebrides; every avenue, tree, and rock, was yet familiar to Duncan's recollection; and the feelings of his sensible heart, on approaching the abode of his father, whom he had long scarcely thought of, can only be conceived by a heart like his own. He had, without discovering himself, learned from a peasant that his father was still alive, but that he had never overcome the loss of his son, for whom he lamented every day; that his wife and daughter lorded it over him, holding his pleasure at nought, and rendered his age extremely unhappy; that they had expelled all his old farmers and vassals, and introduced the lady's vulgar presumptuous relations, who neither paid him rents, honour, nor obedience.

Old Glenellich was taking his evening walk on the road by which Duncan descended the strath to his dwelling. He was pondering on his own misfortunes, and did not even deign to lift his eyes as the young stranger approached, but seemed counting the number of marks which the horses' hoofs had made on the way. "Good e'en to you, Sir," said Duncan;—the old man started and stared him full in the face, but with a look so unsteady and harassed, that he seemed incapable of distinguishing any lineament or feature of it. "Good e'en, good e'en," said he, wiping his brow with his arm, and passing by.—What there was in the voice that struck him so forcibly it is hard to say.—Nature is powerful.—Duncan could not think of ought to detain him; and being desirous of seeing how matters went on about the house, thought it best to remain some days *incog.* He went into the fore-kitchen, conversed freely with the servants, and soon saw his stepmother and sister appear. The former had all the insolence and ignorant pride of vulgarity raised to wealth and eminence; the other seemed naturally of an amiable

disposition, but was entirely ruled by her mother, who taught her to disdain her father, all his relations, and whomsoever he loved. On that same evening he came into the kitchen, where she then was chatting with Duncan, to whom she seemed attached at first sight. "Lexy, my dear," said he, "did you see my spectacles?" "Yes," said she, "I think I saw them on your nose to-day at breakfast." "Well, but I have lost them since," said he. "You may take up the next you find then, Sir," said she.—The servants laughed. "I might well have known what information I would get of you," said he regretfully. "How can you speak in such a style to your father, my dear lady?" said Duncan.—"If I were he I would place you where you should learn better manners.—It ill becomes so pretty a young lady to address an old father thus. "He!" said she, "who minds him?" "He's a dotard, an old whining, complaining, superannuated being, worse than a child." "But consider his years," said Duncan; "and besides, he may have met with crosses and losses sufficient to sour the temper of a younger man.—You should at all events pity and reverence, but never despise your father." The old lady now joined them. "You have yet heard nothing, young man," said the old laird, "if you saw how my heart is sometimes wrung.—Yes, I have had losses indeed." "You losses!" said his spouse;—"No; you have never had any losses that did not in the end turn out a vast profit."—"Do you then account the loss of a loving wife and a son nothing?" said he.—"But have you not got a loving wife and a daughter in their room?" returned she; "the one will not waste your fortune as a prodigal son would have done, and the other will take care of both you and that, when *you* can no longer do either—the loss of your son indeed! it was the greatest blessing you could have received!" "Unfeeling woman!" said he; "but Heaven may yet restore that son to protect the grey hairs of his old father, and lay his head in an *honoured grave.*" The old man's spirits were *quite gone—he cried like* a child—his lady mimicked him —*and, at this, his* daughter and servants raised a laugh.

"Inhuman wretches!" said Duncan, starting up, and pushing them aside, "thus to mock the feelings of an old man, even although he were not the lord and master of you all: but take notice, the individual among you all that dares to offer such another insult to him, I'll roast on that fire." The old man clung to him, and looked him ruefully in the face. "You impudent beggarly vagabond!" said the lady, "do you know to whom you speak?—Servants, turn that wretch out of the house, and hunt him with all the dogs in the kennel." "Softly, softly, good lady," said Duncan, "take care that I do not turn you out of the house." "Alas! good youth," said the old laird, "you little know what you are about; for mercy's sake forbear: you are brewing vengeance both for yourself and me." "Fear not," said Duncan, "I will protect you with my life." "Pray, may I ask you what is your name?" said the old man, still looking earnestly at him. "That you may," replied Duncan, "no man has so good a right to ask anything of me as you have—I am Duncan Campbell your own son!" "M-m-m-my son!" exclaimed the old man, and sunk back on a seat with a convulsive moan. Duncan held him in his arms—he soon recovered, and asked many incoherent questions—looked at the two moles on his right leg—kissed him and then wept on his bosom for joy. "O God of heaven!" said he, "it is long since I could thank thee heartily for any thing; now I do thank thee indeed, for I have found my son! my dear and only son!"

Contrary to what might have been expected, Duncan's pretty only sister, Alexia, rejoiced most of all in his discovery. She was almost wild with joy at finding such a brother.—The old lady, her mother, was said to have wept bitterly in private, but knowing that Duncan would be her master, she behaved to him with civility and respect. Every thing was committed to his management, and he soon discovered, that besides a good clear estate, his father had personal funds to a great amount. The halls and cottages of Glenellich were filled with feasting, joy, and gladness.

ıs not so at my father's house. Misfortunes seldom
ıingly. Scarcely had our feelings overcome the
vhich they received by the loss of our beloved
ı, when a more terrible misfortune overtook us.
:her, by the monstrous ingratitude of a friend
ıe trusted, lost at once the greater part of his hard-
fortune. The blow came unexpectedly, and dis-
his personal affairs to such a degree, that an ar-
ent seemed almost totally impracticable. He
ed on with securities for several months; but, per-
that he was drawing his real friends into danger,
r signing of bonds which he might never be able to
ı, he lost heart entirely, and yielded to the torrent.
mind seemed to gain fresh energy every day.
tivity and diligence which she evinced in managing
airs of the farm, and even in giving advice with
to other matters, is quite incredible;—often have
ght what a treasure that inestimable girl would
ıeen to an industrious man whom she loved. All
orts availed nothing, my father received letters of
g on bills to a large amount, and we expected
lay that he would be taken from us, and dragged
ison.

were all sitting in our little room one day, consult-
ıat was best to be done—we could decide upon
g, for our case was desperate—we were fallen into
of stupor, but the window being up, a sight ap-
that quickly thrilled every heart with the keenest
ons of anguish. Two men came riding sharply up
back of the old school-house. "Yonder are the
ı of justice now," said my mother, "what shall we
We hurried to the window, and all of us soon dis-
that they were no other than some attorney accom-
by a sheriff's officer. My mother entreated of
her to escape and hide himself until this first storm
erblown, but he would in no wise consent, assuring
he had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and
was determined to meet every one face to face, and
do their worst; so, finding all our entreaties vain.

we could do nothing but sit down and weep. At length we heard the noise of their horses at the door. "You had better take the men's horses, James," said my father, "as there is no other man at hand." "We will stay till they rap, if you please," said I. The cautious officer did not however rap, but, afraid lest his debtor should make his escape, he jumped lightly from his horse, and hasted into the house. When we heard him open the outer door, and his footsteps approaching along the entry, our hearts fainted within us—he opened the door and stepped into the room—it was Duncan! our own dearly beloved Duncan. The women uttered an involuntary scream of surprise, but my father ran and got hold of one hand, and I of the other—my mother, too, soon had him in her arms, but our embrace was short; for his eyes fixed on Mary, who stood trembling with joy and wonder in a corner of the room, changing her colour every moment—he snatched her up in his arms and kissed her lips, and, ere ever she was aware, her arms had encircled his neck. "O my dear Mary," said he, "my heart has been ill at ease since I left you, but I durst not then tell you a word of my mind, for I little knew how I was to find affairs in the place where I was going; but ah! you little illusive rogue, you owe me another for the one you cheated me out of then;" so saying, he pressed his lips again to her cheek, and then led her to her seat. Duncan then recounted all his adventures to us, with every circumstance of his good fortune—our hearts were uplifted almost past bearing—all our cares and sorrows were now forgotten, and we were once more the happiest little group that ever perhaps sat together. Before the cloth was laid for dinner, Mary ran out to put on her white gown, and comb her yellow hair, but was surprised at meeting with a smart young gentleman in the kitchen, with a scarlet neck on his coat, and a gold-laced hat. Mary having never seen so fine a gentleman, made him a low courtesy, and offered to conduct him to the room; but he smiled, and told her he was the squire's servant. We had all of us forgot to ask for the gentleman that came with Duncan.

Duncan and Mary walked for two hours in the garden that evening—we did not know what passed between them, but the next day he asked her in marriage of my parents, and never will I forget the supreme happiness and gratitude that beamed in every face on that happy occasion. I need not tell my readers that my father's affairs were soon retrieved, or that I accompanied my dear Mary a bride to the Highlands, and had the satisfaction of saluting her as Mrs Campbell, and Lady of Glenellich.

AN

OLD SOLDIER'S TALE.

"Ye didna use to be sae hard-hearted wi' me, goodwife," said Andrew Gemble to old Margaret, as he rested his meal-pocks on the corner of the table: "If ye'll let me bide a' night I'll tell you a tale." Andrew well knew the way to Margaret's heart. "It's no to be the battle o' Culloden, then, Andrew, ye hae gart me greet owre often about that already." "Weel, weel, goodwife, it sanna be the battle o' Culloden, though I like whiles to crack about the feats o' my young days." "Ah, Andrew! I'll ne'er forgie you for stabbing the young Stuart o' Appin. I wish God may forgie you: but if ye dinna repent o' that, ye'll hae a black account to render again *ae day*." "Ay, but it will maybe be lang till that day; an' I'll just tell ye, goodwife, that I'll *never* repent o' that deed. I wad hae stickit a' the rebel crew, an' their papish prince, the same way, if I could hae laid my neeves on him; repent, quo' she!"

"Andrew, ye may gae your ways down to Deephope, we hae nae bed to lay ye in; ye're no gaun to bide here a' night, an' the morn the Sabbath day." "There's for ye now! there's for ye! that's the gratitude that an auld sodger's to expect frae the fock that he has sae often ventured his life for! weel, weel, I'll rather trodge away down to Deephope, auld, an' stiff, an' wearied as I am, ere I'll repent when ony auld witch in the country bids me." "Come your ways into this cozy nook ayont me, *Andrew; I'll* e'en tak' you in for ae night without *repentance*. We should a' do as we would like to be

done to.' "The deil tak' ye, goodwife, gin ye haena spoken a mouthfu' o' sense for aince; fair fa' your honest heart, you are your father's bairn yet, for a' that's come an' gane." But the unyielding spirit of Andrew never forsook him for a moment. He was no sooner seated, than, laying his meal-pocks aside, and turning his dim eye towards old Margaret, with a malicious grin, he sung the following stanza of an old song, with a hollow and tremulous croon:

> "O the fire, the fire and the smoke
> That frae our bold British flew,
> When we surrounded the rebels rude,
> That waefu' popish crew!
> And O the blood o' the rebels rude
> Alang the field that ran;
> The hurdies bare we turned up there
> Of many a Highland Clan."

But ere he had done with the last stanza, his antagonist had struck up in a louder and shriller key, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin yet," &c., which quite drowned Andrew, and sharpened the acrimony of his temper. He called her "an auld jacobite"—and wished he "had ken'd her in the year forty-sax, he wad hae gotten her strappit like a herring." He had however, given her her cue; she overpowered him with songs on the side of the Highlanders, against whom Andrew had served, all of them so scurrilous and severe, that he was glad to begin his tale that he might get quit of them: it was to the following effect, but were I to tell it in his own dialect, it would be unintelligible to the greater part of readers.

"You will often have heard, gudewife, that the Duke of Cumberland lay long in a state of inaction that year that he pursued the rebels to the north, so long indeed that many had concluded that he durst not follow them into their native fastnesses. The Duke, however, acted with great prudence, for the roads were bad, and the rivers impassable, and by remaining about Aberdeen until the return of spring, he kept the rebels up among their mountains, and prevented them from committing depredations on the Lowlands.

"I was a sergeant in the Royals then, and was ordered to the westward, along with some of the Campbells, to secure certain passes and fortresses, by which the rebels kept up a communication with the south. We remained two weeks at a little village on the Don, but all was quiet on that road, nor did we ever lay hold of one suspicious character, though we kept a watch at the Bridge-end, both night and day. It was about the beginning of March, and the weather was dreadful; the snow was drifting every night; and the roads were so blocked up by wreaths and ice, that to march seemed impossible, although we knew that on the road west from us the Highlanders had established a line of communication; and besides, we could get nothing where we were, either to eat or drink. The gentlemen at headquarters knew not that the snow lay so deep in the heights of Strath-Don, and we received orders to march directly to the westward, to the next line of road. None of us liked the duty we were engaged in, for besides being half famished with cold and hunger, we had accounts every day of great bodies of rebels that were hovering about the country of the Grants, and, Brae-Mar, laying all true subjects under contribution, and taking from the country people whatever they pleased. We were likewise alarmed by a report that John Roy Stuart, accompanied by the Maclauchlans, had cut in pieces all our forces stationed at Keith, which turned out a very trifling matter after all, but it left us as we supposed, quite exposed to every incursion from the north, and we were highly discontented. Captain Reginald Campbell commanded this flying party, a very brave fellow, and one to whom a soldier might speak as a friend. One day he came up from Lord Kintore's house, and after inspecting the different companies, he took me aside, and asked how I liked the service. "Faith, Captain," says I, "if we stay long here, you will soon have a poor account of us to render; the men are positively dying with hunger and cold. The Campbells make good shift, for they can talk the horrid jargon of the country; but as for us of the Royals, we can get not a morsel; and by G—d, Captain,

if these d—d Macintoshes come down upon us, we will not be a mouthful to them. Poor Renwick and Colstan are both dead already; and curse me if I was not afraid that these hungry ragamuffins of the village would eat them."

"If ye are gaun to tell us a story, Andrew," said old Margaret, "tell it even on, without mixing it up wi' cursing and swearing. What good can that do to the story? Ye gar a' my heart dirle to hear ye."

"Owther let me tell it in my ain way, gudewife, or else want it."

"Weel, Andrew, I'll rather want it than hear ye tak' *His* name in vain."

"Wha's name? The deil's, I fancy; for the deil another name blew frae my tongue the night. It is a pity, gudewife, that ye sude be sic a great hypocrite! I hate a hypocrite! An' a' you that mak a fike an' a cant about religion, an' grane an' pray, are hypocrites ilka soul o' ye. Ye are sodgers that haena the mense to do your duty, and then blubber an' whine for fear o' the lash. But I ken ye better than ye ken yoursel; ye wad rather hear nought else but swearing for a month, or ye didna hear out that story. Sae I'll e'en gae on wi't to please mysel; the deil-ma-care whether it please you or no!"

"When men die of cold, sergeant, it is for want of exercise," said he, "I must remedy this. Gemble, you are a brave fellow; take ten men with you, and a guide, and proceed into the district of Strathaven; look at the state of the roads, and bring me all the intelligence you can about these rebel clans that are hovering over us."

"Accordingly, I took the men and a guide, and one of the Campbells who could talk Gaelic, and proceeded to the north-west till I came to the Avon, a wild and rapid river; and keeping on its banks, through drift and snow, we turned in rather a southerly direction. We had not travelled long by the side of a stream till I observed that the road had very lately been traversed, either by a large body of men or cattle, yet it was so wholly drifted up that *we could in no wise* discover which of these it had *been. It was moreover* all sprinkled with blood, which

had an ominous appearance, but none of us could tell what it meant. I observed that the two Highlanders, Campbell and the guide, spoke about it in their own language, in a vehement manner, and from their looks and motions I concluded that they were greatly alarmed; but when I asked them what they meant, or what they were saying, they made me no answer. I asked them what they supposed it to have been that made that track, and left all that blood upon the snow? but they only shook their heads and said, "they could not pe tehlling her." Still it appeared to have been shed in larger quantities as we proceeded; the wet snow that was falling had mixed with it, and gorged it up so, that it seemed often as if the road had been covered with hillocks of blood.

"At length we came up to a large wood, and by the side of it a small hamlet, where some joiners and sawers resided, and here we commenced our inquiries. My two Highlanders asked plenty for their own information, but they spoke English badly, and were so averse to tell me any thing, that I had nearly lost all patience with them. At length, by dint of threats, and close questioning, I understood that the rebels had fortified two strong castles to the southward, those of Corgarf and Brae-Mar—that a body of the Mackintoshes had passed by that same place about three hours before our arrival, with from twenty to thirty horses, all laden with the carcasses of sheep which they had taken up on the Duke of Gordon's lands, and were carrying to Corgarf, which they were provisioning abundantly. I asked if there were any leaders or gentlemen of the party, and was answered, that Glenfernet and Spital were both with it, and that it was likely some more, either of the Farquharsons or Mackintoshes, would be passing or repassing there that same night or next morning. This was an unwelcome piece of news to me; for, owing to the fatigue we had undergone, and the fall of snow, which had increased the whole day, we could not again reach Strath-Don that night, nor indeed any place in our rear, for if we had essayed it, the wind and drift would have been straight in our faces. It

ıppeared the most unaccountable circumstance to me I had ever seen, that the country at so short a distance ;hould be completely under the control of the different ırmies; but it was owing to the lines of road from which :here were no cross ones, or these only at great distances 'rom one another.

"Necessity has no law; we were obliged to take up ɔur quarters at this wretched hamlet all night, at the .mminent risk of our lives. We could get nothing to eat. There was not meat of any description in these cots that we could find, nor indeed have I ever seen any thing in these Highland bothies, saving sometimes a little milk or wretched cheese. We were obliged to go out a foraging, and at length, after great exertion, got hold of a she-goat, lean, and hard as wood, which we killed and began to roast on a fire of sticks. Ere ever we had tasted it, there came in a woman crying piteously, and pouring forth torrents of Gaelic, of which I could make nothing. I understood, however, that the goat had belonged to her; it had however changed proprietors, and I offered her no redress. I had no trust to put in these savages, so I took them all prisoners, men and women, and confined them in the same cot with ourselves, lest they might have conveyed intelligence to the clans of our arrival, placing the two Highlanders as sentinels at the door, to prevent all ingress or egress until next morning. We then dried our muskets, loaded them anew, fixed our bayonets, and lay down to rest with our clothes on, wet and weary as we were. The cottagers, with their wives and children, lighted sticks on the fire, and with many wild gestures babbled and spoke Gaelic all the night. I, however, fell sound asleep, and I believe so did all my companions.

"About two in the morning one of the soldiers awaked me from a sound sleep, by shaking me by the shoulder, without speaking a word. It was a good while before I could collect my senses, or remember where I was, but *all the while my ears* were stunned by the discordant *ounds of Gaelic, seemingly* issuing from an hundred

tongues. "What is all this, friend?" said I. "Hush," said he; "I suppose it is the Mackintoshes, we are all dead men, *that's all.*" "Oh! if *that be all,*" returned I, "that is a matter of small consequence; but d—n the Mackintoshes, if they shall not get as good as they give." "Hush!" whispered he again; "what a loss we cannot understand a word of their language. I think our sentinels are persuading them to pass on." With that one of our prisoners, an old man, called out, and was answered by one of the passengers, who then seemed to be going away. The old man then began a babbling and telling him something aloud, always turning a suspicious glance on me; but while he was yet in the middle of his speech, Campbell turned round, levelled his musket at the old rascal, and shot him dead.

"Such an uproar then commenced as never was before seen in so small a cot—women screaming like a parcel of she-goats; children mewing like cats; and men babbling and crying out in Gaelic, both without and within. Campbell's piece was reloaded in a moment, and need there was for expedition, for they were attacked at the door by the whole party, and at last twenty guns were all fired on them at once. The sod walls, however, sheltered us effectually, while every shot that we could get fired from the door or the holes in the wall, killed or wounded some, and whoever ventured in had two or three bayonets in each side at once. We were in a sad predicament, but it came upon us all in an instant, and we had no shift but to make the best of it we could, which we did without any dismay; and so safe did we find ourselves within our sod walls, that whenever any of them tried to break through the roof, we had such advantage, that we always beat them off at the first assault; and moreover, we saw them distinctly between us and the snow, but within all was darkness, and they could see nothing. That which plagued us most of all was the prisoners that we had *within* among us, for they were constantly in our way, and we were falling over them, and coming in violent contact with them in every corner; and though we kicked

hem and flung them from us in great wrath, to make hem keep into holes, yet there were so many of them, and the house was so small, it was impossible. We had now beat our enemies back from the door, and we took that opportunity of expelling our troublesome guests: our true Highlanders spoke something to them in Gaelic, which made them run out as for bare life. "Cresorst, cresorst," cried our guide; they ran still the faster, and were soon all out among the rebels. It was by my own express and hurried order that this was done, and never was any thing so imprudent! the whole party were so overjoyed that they set up a loud and reiterated shout, mixed with a hurra of laughter. What the devil's the matter now? thinks I to myself. I soon found that out to my sad experience. The poor cottagers had been our greatest safeguard; for the rebels no sooner knew that all their countrymen and their families were expelled and safely out, than they immediately set fire to the house on all sides. This was not very easily effected, owing to the wet snow that had fallen: besides, we had opened holes all the way round the heads of the walls, and kept them off as well as we could. It was not long, however, till we found ourselves involved in smoke, and likely to be suffocated. I gave orders instantly to sally out; but the door being triply guarded, we could not effect it. In one second we undermined the gable, which falling flat, we sallied forth into the midst of the rebels with fixed bayonets, and bore down all before us. The dogs could not stand our might, but reeled like the withered leaves of a forest that the winds whirl before them. I knew not how the combat terminated, for I soon found myself overpowered, and held fast down by at least half a dozen Highlanders. I swore dreadfully at them, but they only laughed at me, and, disarming me, tied my hands behind my back. "I'm not in a very good way now," thought I, as they were keckling and speaking Gaelic around me. Two of them stood as sentinels over me for about the space of an hour, when the troop joined us in a body and marched away, still keeping by the side of the river,

and taking me along with them. It was now the break of day, and I looked about anxiously if I could see any of my companions; but none of them were with us, so I concluded that they were all killed. We came to a large and ugly-looking village called Tamantoul, inhabited by a set of the most outlandish ragamuffins that I ever in my life saw: the men were so ragged and rough in their appearance, that they looked rather like savages than creatures of a Christian country: and the women had no shame nor sense of modesty about them, and of this the Highland soldiers seemed quite sensible, and treated them accordingly. Here I was brought in before their commander for examination. He was one of the Farquharsons, a very civil and polite gentleman, but as passionate as a wild bull, and spoke the English language so imperfectly, that I deemed it convenient not to understand a word that he said, lest I should betray some secrets of my commander.

"Surcheon," said he, "you heffing peen tahken caring te harms, tat is, te kuns and te sorts, akainst our most plessit sohofrain, and his lennochmore Prince Sharles Stehuart, she shoold pe kiffing you ofer to pe shot in te heat wit powter and te pullets of kuns till you pe teat. Not te more, if you will pe cantor of worts to all tat she shall pe asking, akainst te accustoms of war you shall not pe shot wit powter and te pullets of kuns in te heat and prains till she pe teat, put you shall pe hold in free pondage, and peated wit sticks efry tay, and efry night, and efry mhorning, till she pe answering all and mhore."

"I beg your pardon, captain," says I, "but really I dinna understand Gaelic, or Earse, or how d'ye ca't."

"Cot pe t—ming your improotence, and te hignorant of yourself, tat cannot pe tahking town hany ting into your stuhpid prain tat is not peing spohken in te vhile Lowlands prohgue. Hupupup! Cot pe tahking you for a *pase* repellioner of a Sassenach tief! Finlay Pawn Feg *Macalister* Monro, you are peing te most least of all my *men*, pe trawing hout your claymhore, and if you do not pe *cutting* hoff tat creat Sassenach repel's heat at wan plow,

shoul of Tonald Farquharson, put yours shall
r for it."
m in a waur scrape now than ever," thinks I to
f: however, I pretended to be listening attentively
that the captain was saying, and when he had done
ok my head: "I am really sorry, captain," says I,
I cannot understand a word that you are saying."
lu, shay, shay," said he, "she'll pe mhaking you to
stand petter eneugh." I was then conducted to the
of the house, with all the men, women, and children
village about me. The diminutive Finlay Bawn
ed his claymore deliberately upon a stone—the
rs bared my neck, and I was ordered to lay it flat
the stump of a tree that they had selected as a
nient block. "Captain," says I, "it is a shame for
o kill your prisoner whom you took fighting in the
or what he supposed to be right: you are doing the
and which of us is in the right let Heaven decide.
'll tell you what it is, captain, I'll bet you a guinea,
pint of aquavitae into the bargain, that if none of
end any assistance to that d—d shabby fellow, he
not be able to cut off my head in an hour." The
n swore a great oath that no one should interfere,
aughing aloud, he took my bet. My hands only
bound. I stretched myself upon the snow, and laid
ck flat upon the stump. Finlay threw off his jacket,
ised himself to the stroke. I believe the little wretch
ht that he would make my head fly away I do not
how far. I however kept a sharp look out from
rner of my eye, and just as his stroke was descending,
my head a sudden jerk to the one side towards his
on which he struck his sword several inches into
lid root of the birch tree. He tugged with all his
, but could in no wise extricate it. I lost not a
nt, but, plaiting my legs around his, I raised myself
ainst his knees, and overthrew him with ease. I
ow great need of exertion; for though I was three
as strong and heavy as he, yet my hands being
I was greatly against me. It happened that, in

trying to recover himself as he fell, he alighted with his face downward. I threw myself across his neck, and with my whole strength and weight squeezed his face and head down among the snow. The men and women shouted and clapped their hands until all the forests of Strathaven rang again. I found I now had him safe; for though he exerted himself with all his power, he could only drag himself backward through the snow, and as I kept my position firm, he was obliged to drag me along with him; so that not being able to get any breath, his strength soon failed him, and in less than five minutes he could do no more than now and then move a limb, like a frog that is crushed beneath a wagon wheel.

"None of them, however, offered to release their countryman, until I, thinking that he was clean gone, arose from above him of my own accord. I was saluted by all the women, and many of them clasped me in their arms and kissed me; and the prettiest and best dressed one among them took off my bonds and threw them away, at which the captain seemed nothing offended. I was then conducted back to the inn in triumph, while poor Finlay Bawn Beg Macalister Monro was left lying among the snow, and his sword sticking fast in the stump of the birch tree; and for any thing I know it is sticking there to this day.

"I was loaded with little presents, and treated with the best that the village could afford. The captain paid his wager; but before we had done drinking our whisky I got as drunk as a boar, and I fear behaved in a very middling way. I had some indistinct remembrance afterwards of travelling over great hills of snow, and by the side of a frozen lake, and of fighting with some Highlanders, and being dreadfully mauled, but all was like a dream; and next morning, when I awoke, I found myself lying in a dungeon vault of the castle of Brae-Mar, on a little withered heath, and all over battered with blood, while every bone of my body was aching with pain. I had some terrible days with these confounded Farquharsons and Mackintoshes, but I got a round amends of them ere

all the play was played; it is a long story, but well worth telling, and if you will have patience—"

"Andrew," said old Margaret, "the supper is waiting; when we have got that an' the prayers by, we'll then hae the story out at our ain leisure; an' Andrew, ye sal hae the best i' the house to your supper the night."

"Gudewife, ye're no just sic a fool as I thought you were," said Andrew; "that's twice i' your life ye hae spoken very good sense. I trow we'll e'en take your advice, for ye ken how the auld sang ends,

"Gin ye be for the cock to craw,
Gie him a nievfu' groats, dearie."

KATIE CHEYNE.

SCENE I.

"What are ye greetin' for, Katie Cheyne?" "I'm greetin' nane, Duncan; I wonder to hear ye." "Why, woman, ye're greetin' till your very heart's like to burst the laces of your gown—gie owre, for gudesake, else I shall greet too." "O no, Duncan Stewart, I wadna wish to see you greetin' like a wean—how can I help sobbin', when I leave my mother's house for a fremit place?" "Keep up your heart, lass—your new place will grow like a hame, and fremit folk like sisters and brothers." "Well, I trust sae; what ails that wee lamb, that it bleats sae sairly, Duncan?" "It's bleatin' for its mither; it has lost her, poor thing." "Can lambs like other creatures better than their mothers?" "Na, Katie, nor half so well either." "O they are happy, happy creatures; but I maun gang—sae gude day."

"Now that young simple lassie with the light feet, the blue een, the white hand, and sae little to say, has gaen far to gaur me make a fool of myself. She maun have magic in her feet, for her light steps go dancing through

my heart; and then her een! I think blue een will be my ruin, and black anes are little better; and then her tongue. 'Can lambs like other creatures better than their mothers, Duncan?' The lassie will drive me demented. Simple soul, now she little kenned that artless words are the best of all words for winning hearts; I think I'll step on and tell her."

"Katie Cheyne, my dow, ye're no ill to overtake." "I didna like to hurt ye wi' rinnin' after me, Duncan." "Did ye na, Katie!—simplicity again! weel, now I like simplicity: simplicity saith the proverb,—it's nae matter what the proverb saith; but I say this, that I love ye, Katie Cheyne, wi' all my heart, and with both my hands, as the daft sang says." "Men are queer creatures, Duncan Stewart, an' ye're ane o' the queerest o' them, and I'm no sure that I understand you. Did Jane Rodan and Peg Tamson understand you, when you vowed by more stars than the sky contains that ye loved them, and loved them alone? Duncan, Duncan!" "Hout, that was when I kenned nae better; love them, giggling hempies! I'd sooner bait a fox trap wi' my heart than send it sae gray a gate. But I am a man now, Katie Cheyne, and I like you, and liking you, I love you, and loving you, I fain would marry you. My heart's lighter with the confession." "And my heart's lighter too, Duncan Stewart —sae we maun e'en let twa light hearts gang thegither. But, O Duncan, this maunna be for some time yet. We maun be richer, we maun gather mair prudence; for, alas! what's two young creatures, though their hearts be full of love, when the house is empty of plenishing?" "Now this is what I call happiness, Katie Cheyne—I'm baith daft and dizzy, but we maunna wed yet, ye say, till we get gear and plenishing. Be it sae. But now, dear Katie, ye are a simple creature, and may profit by the wisdom o' man. Take care o' yoursel in the grand house ye are gaun to. Folks there have smart looks, and sly tongues, and never put half the heart into their words that an honest shepherd lad does, who watches his flocks among the mountains, with the word of God in his pocket,

ıis visible firmament above him. Be upright, and ıl, and just towards me; read at spare times, in your and beware of those creatures whose coats are of colours, and who run when the bell rings." "Ay, ake ye care of the ewe-milking lasses, Duncan. will be setting on of leglins, and happing wi' plaids, ong-singing, and whispering when Katie Cheyne's sight. But whenever you see ripe lips and roguish ıink on me, and on our solemn engagement, Duncan rt." "Solemn engagement! the lass has picked that some Cameronian sermon. It sounds like the ell. I shall set ye in sight of your new habitation, ıen farewell till Lammas fair."

SCENE II.

Veary fa' thee, Duncan Stewart. Solemn engage- what a serious sound there is in the very words. I leaped o'er the linn wi' baith een open. I have ı my head wi' my ain hand. To be married is g, a light soke is easily worn, and a light yoke is borne. But I am worse than wedded, I am chained e a fox amo' chickens, tied like a hawk amo' hen -I am fastened by a solemn engagement, and canna ısed till siller comes. I maun gang to kirk and t wi' an antenuptial collar about my neck, and Katie e's name painted on't, and all who run will read. ver can face Peg Tamson nor Nell Rodan; they'll There gangs poor Duncan Stewart, the silly lad, neither single nor married.' I like nae lass half el, but then it's the bondage o' the solemn engage- who would have thought such a simple creature ıave picked up twa such lang-nebbit, peacock-tailed ? Hoolie, Duncan! here comes thy mother."

ıncan! son Duncan! you are speakin' to yersel'. ıung man ever speaks to himsel' unless he is in "An' what an I be, dear mither, there is nought .ral in the situation." "Love, my son, is natural *hen fixed on* a proper object; you have good *nd high blood in* your veins, and if you look low,

you will lift little. Keep your mother's house in remembrance." "I never thought a thought about it. I ken ye were a lady, for ye have aye said sae, but simple blood hauds up a poor man's roof-tree, while gentle blood pulls it about his lugs." "Lugs! O that son of mine should utter that vulgar word! O that a descendant of the ancient and honourable house of Knockhoolie should speak the language of plebeian life! How will you speed in your wooing with your fair cousin of Glenpether, if you are guilty of such vulgarisms? How will a man enter with dignity upon her fair possessions, seven acres of peatmoss and a tower with a stone stair—who says, 'Lugs?'" "O mither, mither, it's all over, all these grand visions maun vanish now; I am not my own man, I am settled, tied up, tethered, side-langled—I am under a solemn engagement." "What! has a son of Knockhoolie wedded below his degree? O that shame should ever fall on an ancient house—on a house whose dowry is a long descent and spotless honour—on a house that's as good as related to that of Pudinpoke, one of the most ancient names in the south country. Duncan Stewart, there has been Knockhoolie in Knockhoolie longer than tongue can tell or history reckon." "Married! mither, marrying's nought, it's but a shoot thegither o' twa foolish things, by a man mair foolish than either. But I'm contracted, bespoke, gi'en awa'; I'm no my ain man, I'm the slave o' a solemn engagement; heard ye ever sic binding and unlooseable words? And wha wad hae thought that a simple quean, like Katie Cheyne, would have had such words in her head?" "Solemn engagement, my son; these are looseable words, keep the enchantment of the law, and the spell o' pen and ink away from them. But Katie Cheyne! a lassie who has never heard of her grandfather, a creature dropped like a flower seed in a desert, is she decreed to give an heir to the house of Knockhoolie?" "O mither, I'm a born gowk, a predestined gomeral, and doomed to be your sorrow. O can wit or wise words loose me? Try your hand, but be not severe with the lassie, for she's a simple lassie. Slide camily into the

:side o' her good opinion, and slip this antenuptial halter t o' her hand; and then I shall gang singin' wi' a free ɔt owre the hill to my cousin o' Glenpether." "Spoken e thy mother's son! O that you had ever such a sense your born dignity! O that you would leave off the lgar pursuits of the quoits, and pitch the bar, and hap, :p, and loup, and learn to speak the language of polished :. Learn to think much and say little, and look as if u knew every thing, so that the reputation of wisdom ght remain with the house of Knockhoolie."

SCENE III.

"Well, mither, what says Katie? O the simple slut! the young uninstructed innocent! 'Can lambs like her creatures better than their mothers, Duncan?' She's sweet as a handful of unpressed curd, and as new to e world as fresh kirned butter. But solemn engagement; ıat says she to the solemn engagement?" "Little, ıncan, very little; first she put one hand to her eye, d then another, and at last said, 'He made it, and he ıy undo it, but I maun hae his ain word for't, for thers are mithers, and may be wilfu'.'" "O then, I have t this matrimonial hap-shackle off, and am free. Losh, w light I am! I think I have wings on. Now I can e east, and flee wast, here a word and there a word, :p afore the lasses as crouse as a cock with a double me on. I'll make them sigh at their suppers." "You ve reason, my son, to be lifted up of heart, ye can now t as becomes your mother's house. What colour had ır cousin of Glenpether when ye steppit ben wi' the nd word and the well-bred bow?" "Colour! just the ld colour, a kind o' dun and yellow. But ye see there ıs a great deal of blushing and snirting, and bits o' made ughs, as if to keep down a thorough guffaw. I have e notion o' courting ladies." "Tell me, Duncan, how ıu demeaned yourself, and how your cousin received ɔu." "*That's a lang* story, mither, and a misred ane. I *ɔpit an' I whistlet*, and wha should come to the door *a dink and sonsie* lassie, ane Bell Macara. 'Is Miss

Mattie at home?' says I; 'Deed is she,' says the lass, as nice a lassie as well could be. So ye think, mither, that Katie Cheyne will free me?" "No doubt of it, Duncan, my child; well, what next?" "Weel, this Bell Macara says to me—I wish you had seen her, mother, a quean wi' spunk and smeddum, and then her tongue, says Bell, says she, 'Yes, sir, she is at hame, will ye walk into the kitchen till I inform her?' The kitchen, thinks I, is a step beneath me, however she gied me sic a look, sae into the kitchen went I, shoulder to shoulder wi' Bell Macara." "O son Duncan, ye will break my heart: a kitchen wench, and you a son of the house of Knockhoolie!" "'If you are not in a hurry, sir,'" says Bell Macara, 'I have a bakin' o' bread to put to the fire.' 'I *am* in a great hurry,' says I. 'No doubt on't,' said she, 'sir,'—she aye sirred me, 'they are aye in the greatest haste that hae least to do.' She's a queer weelfaur'd quean now, this Bell Macara, and has a gift at haurning bread." "Son, son, tell me what passed between you and your lady cousin, or hold your peace for ever." "O but I maun relate baith courtships, for that ane has a natural reference to the other." "Both courtships! Have you courted both maid and mistress?" "Mither, mither, be reasonable now, if ye ever saw a lass, bonnie belike, skilful wi' her een, mischievous wi' her tongue, spreading out a' her loveliness before ye, like Laird Dobie's peacock's tail." "How, Duncan, can ye speak so to me, one of the daughters of the house of Knockhoolie?" "Daughter! ay! but had ye been ane o' its sons! Or, what would please me better, were you as young as ye hae been, and as well-faur'd, wi' an auld-farrand tongue, and twa een that could look the lark out o' the lift, and you to meet a pleasant lad, wi' love strong within him, ah, mither!" "My dear son, my dear son, why remind me of other days? let all byganes be byganes." "There now, I kenned nature would speak, in spite of you: and was I to *blame for* an hour's daffin' wi' bonnie Bell Macara? I am *free to* own, but a man canna help his nature, I have a *wonderfu'* turn for fallin' in love. So, says Bell Macara

—this was the hinderend of all, says Bell to me, miss a kind reception up stairs, ye may come down and gie a poor body a fleein' bode.' 'There's my on't,' says I; and I walked up stairs wi' her, hand id. Then, ye see, she opened the door o' my lady 's room, and cried out, 'Mr Duncan Stewart, from Knockhoolie;' and in I gaed, my bonnet in nd, my best plaid wrapped about me, wi' beck binge, lookin' this way and that way." "Duncan t, are ye ravin', a grey plaid, and becking and ! had you both your dogs with you?" "I wish ad been, poor dumb creatures; but I did my best it them. Bell Macara lookit at my cousin, and my at Bell Macara—that queer kind of look when, it speaking, lasses say sic a ane's a sumph, or sic a sensible fallow. Now Bell Macara's twa een said, a comical chap, he's no a made up frae the pan and 'Be seated, cousin Duncan,' said my cousin to me; wn she sat on the sofa, and down clinked I beside Sit still, Mattie,' says I, 'for I have some queer things .' 'Say away,' she says, 'what would ye say?' no certain yet,' quoth I, 'what I'm going to say; ken brawly what I'm going to do.' And afore she kenned or cared, I had nearly given her a hearty that wad hae done her heart gude."

[a! ha! well done, Duncan. It was a bold and ight way of beginning to woo, but ladies of our love the brave and the bold, though I know such measures are opposed by many ladies of quality. theless, I approve, get on; how did she take it?" middling, she reddened up, called me rude, forward, ry-bred, till I was obliged to try my lip on her cheek and that sobered her." "Well, Duncan, well, ou should not have been quite so audacious. Men pity woman's softness, but are rude in the sight o. orld." "Na, mither, na,—I threw my plaid o'er nd under *that pleasant* screen, e'en put it to my *if she could like me*;—me rude afore the world! I *tter than that.*" "There's hope o' you yet, my son;

and what said the young lady?" "Young lady! na sae young, five and thirty, faith! Says she to me, 'I ha plaids.' 'Ye hate plaids,' says I; 'that's queer.' 'N sae queer either,' said she, 'for they make us do things would never have the face to do without them.' "' blessings on the shepherd's plaid,' cried I, 'it haps us fr the storm, it is the canopy of kindly hearts; many a swe and soft word, many a half unwilling kiss, many a we fulfilled vow have passed under it. The een o' mali canna glance through it, the stars nor the moon either it's a blessed happing.' 'Ye had better, as ye haver far to gang to grow daft, break into song at once said our cousin. 'Thank ye,' said I; and I sang sic sang, ane made o' the moment, clean aff-loof, none your long studied, dreigh-of-coming compositions. Na na! down came the words wi' me, with a gush like a mi shelling. I have verse the natural gate, and ither fol by inoculation. I sang such a song; listen now:—

The Shepherd's Plaid.

I.

"My blessings on the cozie plaid,
My blessings on the plaidie;
If I had her my plaid has happ'd
I'd be a joyfu' laddie.

II.

Sweet cakes an' wine with gentlemen
All other fare surpasses,
And sack and sugar wi' auld wives,
But bonnie lads wi' lasses.

III.

O for a bonnie lad and lass—
And better for a ladie,
There's nought in all the world worth
The shepherd's cozie plaidie."

"Really, Duncan, my dear son, there is a rustic glibnes about the verses, but do not give up your mind to s *common* an accomplishment. What said your cousin? "'Pray favour me with the chorus,' said she; 'I am fo *of choruses.*' 'This is the chorus,' said I, and I tried

p; but aha! she was up—had been disciplined before. Off hands,' quoth my cousin, 'and sit at peace till my ıther comes; else I shall ring for Bell Macara to show ou to your own room, where you may cool yourself till ıy father comes home.' 'Do sae,' says I, 'do sae, I ave no objection to the measure, if Bell bears me ompany:' so I offered to ring the bell, thinking there vould be some fun in the change. 'Stay,' said my lady Mat, 'stay,' said she, and she laid her hand on mine—'I vas going to observe,' said she, 'that Bell Macara is a uperior girl.' 'I think so too,' says I; 'shall I ring for ıer?' 'No,' says my cousin; 'all that I was going to ıay was that Bell is a good-looking young woman.' 'I old her sae,' says I, 'no an hour since. She is a thrifty girl, and a hard-working—she bakes bread weel,' said I. 'She has a very fine eye,' said my cousin. 'Twa o' them,' said I, 'and shiners.' 'Well then, she would make you ı capital wife,' says Mattie to me. 'Would she?' said I: 'I wish ye had told me sooner, for I am in a manner disposed of; a woman has a kind o' property in me, I have come under a solemn engagement. Have ye never heard that I am to be married to a certain saucy cousin o' my ain, a great heiress, who has broken the heart's o' three horse-coupers wi' drinkin' her health in brandy?' 'And who is this fair cousin o' yours?' says Miss Mattie to me: 'I never heard of such a matter.' 'That's queer again,' said I, 'for my mither has talked of it, ay, and she can talk, she talks nought but the wale o' grand words, born gifts, born gifts, and we should na be vain. But, as I said, my mither has talked, and I have talked, and the thing's next to certain.' 'But,' said my cousin, 'name her, name her, ye havena mony cousins, and they all have names.' 'And this ane has a name too,' says I; 'but she's no that young, and she's no very bonnie; but the pretty acres about her are the thing. She's rich, and ripe, and disposed to be married.' 'Now,' said she, and her rage nearly reddened her yellow complexion, 'this is some of your mother's idle dreams. She sits building palaces of the imagination. Go and tell her

from me, that, though I am *auld*, and *ugly*, and *rich*, a
disposed to be married, I am no a fool. I'm no sae simp
a bird as to big my nest with the gowk.'

"I never loot on I heard her. 'But my cousin,' sa
I, 'has a waur fault than lack o' beauty, she has a fi
gift at scolding, and she rages most delightfully. I ma
take her though—canna draw back.' 'Duncan Stewar
cried she, 'begone! Never shall your cousin give h
hand to such a lump of God's unkneaded clay as you-
never connect herself with folly, though she is *dispos*
to be married. Could I wed a clown, and see his m
mither sitting next me at my table?' 'Who was talki
o' your table? says I; 'the table will be mine, and ne
me shall my ain auld mither sit. But sit down, Mat, y
lass, dinna rin awa.' I trow I answered her." "Y
behaved very well, my dear Duncan, very well considerin
I scorn her personal insinuations. Alas! the children
this generation have not the solid qualities of those of t
last. You have other cousins, Duncan, my son; cous
with land and houses, who love your mother for her ma
and her sense of family dignity. Ye must not lay a d
in a deer's den; ye must always lay out your affectio
on birth and breeding." "My father was a shepher
mither, spelt the bible as he read it, drank hard at clippi
time and lambing-time, when the heather was in blosse
and when the snaw was on the ground. Was he a m
o' birth and breeding?" "Duncan, I doubt ye are incapa
of comprehending the feeling which influences those
ancestry and elevation of soul. I married your father
his good sense and good taste, *he* never made love
low-bred maidens." "An excellent apology for all m
ner of marriages, mither. Bell Macara, now, is a las
taste, and so is Jenny Ste'enson, and poor Katie Chey
has the best taste of a'; but I hae shaken mysel' free
Katie—I wrote her such a letter, ye never saw su
words, it will drive her to dictionar' and grammar, ne
ane o' less length than her sin words 'solemn enga
ment,' and as high sounding as 'tremendous.' 'T
were all nice, long-nebbit words, and I'm only

r, I'll awa' to Kate Cheyne—its time I were awa'."
ly is it, Duncan, and of that I am come to speak;
ids you to her bridal. She is to be wedded at
e o'clock, to a man of her own degree, Colonel
erton's grieve, Jock Hutcheson—Jenny Davidson's
—like aye draws to like." "Jock Hutcheson, mither,
at! lang Jock Hutcheson—that can never be! He's
dy, ye may say—lang, and black, and tinkler-look-
and has thrashen me twenty times—it canna be
"But it is him, Duncan, and glad I am of it; so
own the saddle wi' the plated stirrups—the silver's
;one—still they *were* plated—and catch the horse
e common, wisp it down, and ride like your ances-
of old—cock your bonnet, and wag your arm man-
" "Mither, I'll be married too—married I shall
narried if there's a willing lass in the country side,
s muckle law in the land. Married I *shaal* be—
s fixed as Queensberry, as Criffel, as Skiddaw-fell—
the names of more mountains!" "Duncan, dear
an, be guided; are ye mad?" "Yes, I'm mad;
ye think the marrying fit would ever come on me
s the mad fit came afore it?" "Now then, my son,
lled, throw not away the last child of an ancient
n nameless queans; wed in your degree. It would
pity to see an old inheritance like mine going to
en of some lass whose kin cannot be counted."
easy talking, mither; will a born lady, wi' as muckle
as a hen could haud in her steekit nieve, tak' Dun-
tewart? I maun marry them that will marry me. I
the trampling of horses." "Horses, ay, here's
s—here's your full cousin Grizel Tungtakit of
;takit, riding on her galloway nag away to Kate
ne's penny-wedding, with her lang riding habit and
nger pedigree. She's a perfect princess, and come
e years of discretion—wi' a colour in her cheek to
wind and rain. Take her, Duncan, take her!—she's
f Tungtakit; a fair inheritance—feeds six ewes in
ing year. Take her, Duncan, take her!" "Tak'
, an she were heiress of all the sun shines on

Take *her!* she has a heart that wad hunger me, and tongue that wad clatter me to death. Cousins are c sers, mither,—cousins are closers—the mad fit o' we lock's more composed sin' ye spak! I think I may sho owre till winter. I wadna thought o' marrying at a' that daft hempie Kate Cheyne hadna put it into my hea I'll owre the hill to the Elfstane Burn, and grip a diz o' trouts for our dinner, and let the bridal train ride b I wonder if Kate will be wedded in her green gown—a if Jock Young of Yetherton will be best man?"

THE LONG PACK.

year 1723, Colonel Ridley returned from India, hat, in those days, was accounted an immense for- nd retired to a country seat on the banks of North in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt and ed with every thing elegant and costly; and, st others, a service of plate supposed to be worth . He went to London annually with his family, a few of the winter months, and at these times vere but few left at his country house. At the time at of, there were only three domestics remained a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the and there were besides, an old man and a boy, the rashed the corn, and the other took care of some for the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of wn.

afternoon, as Alice was sitting spinning some yarn air of stockings to herself, a pedler entered the hall comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long and as broad a pack; but a pack equally long, and thick, she declared she never saw. It was the middle of winter, when the days were short, e nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedler handsome, well-dressed man, and very likely to be agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice, on night as that; yet Alice declared, that from the rst she did not like him greatly, and though he iced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal ery interlarded, yet when he came to ask a night's , he met with a peremptory refusal; he jested on ject, said he believed she was in the right, for that scarcely be safe to trust him under the same

roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. He then took her on his knee, caressed and kissed her, but all would not do. "No, she would not consent to his staying there." "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy, that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the finest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was portrayed in lively colours on Alice's face for a little; but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business, nor these either, unless she was well acquainted with them." "What the worse can you, or your master, or any one else be, of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I entreat you do not insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the sweet inflexible beings that ever were made, you certainly are the chief. But I cannot blame you; your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further." Alice was rather taken at her word: she wanted nothing to do with his goods: the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection; so she consented, though with much reluctance. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left together in the lar

house by themselves, she felt a kind of undefined terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it," said she to herself, "that makes it so heavy? Surely when the man carried it this length, he might have carried it farther too—It is a confoundedly queer pack; I'll go and look at it once again, and see what I think is in it; and suppose I should handle it all around, I may then perhaps have a good guess what is in it."

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlour and opened a wall-press—she wanted nothing in the press, indeed she never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it, she liked it the worse; and as to handling it, she would not have touched it for all that it contained. She came again into the kitchen and conversed with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it—of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it—They were all mysterious, and she was convinced in her own mind, that there was something *uncanny*, if not unearthly, in the pack.

What surmises will not fear give rise to in the mind of a woman! She lighted a moulded candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters, and barred them; but before she came out, she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look of the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving, as visibly as she ever saw any thing in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pismires. She hasted into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the terror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house. *Come away, Richard.*" "Why, what is the *matter, Alice? what is* wrong?" "Oh, Richard! a ped-*r came into the hall* entreating for lodgings. Well, I

would not let him stay on any account, and, behold, he has gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that," said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it, before it shall look after him." "But, oh Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack!" said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted his flail over his head to begin threshing a sheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why, the woman is mad, without all doubt." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I saw it moving as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed your brain, this is the most unfeasible, unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made up of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the deals that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and spoiled by carrying, the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. "The pack was well enough, he found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs, made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man £200, if not more. It would cost him £300 or £350 if the goods were fine. But he would make it all up again by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had

never seen him or it howsomever; for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was a right enough pack.

During this conversation in comes Edward. He was a lad about sixteen years of age, son to a coal-driver on the Border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged, in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds of various kinds, that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated *Copenhagen*, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever; but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come, in a great haste, for *Copenhagen*, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin-red-breast among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and was all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and, gliding down the passage, edged up the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is consigned to our care, and the wealth

that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot it what amends can he get of me? If there is any thing that should not be there, Lord, how I will pepper it! And if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame upon myself, and ware a shot upon it." Richard said, whatever was the consequence, he would be blameless. A half delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's face, but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so, snatching up *Copenhagen* in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hasted down the passage, and, without hesitating one moment, fired at the pack. Gracious heaven! The blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped *Copenhagen* upon the ground and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so, taking to the door, without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder, as fast as he could turn his head from the one side to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of petrifaction, but at length, after some hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries were ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that then something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned, and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than

before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak, but he only swallowed a great mouthful of air, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and in no little terror and agitation of mind unloosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible; he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor; the most of his employment consisted in gulping down mouthfuls of breath, wiping his eyes, and staring at his associates.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedler; and besides he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedler's fine haberdashery ware *Copenhagen* would drive the drops through; so that, when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration very doubtful. They made all possible speed in extricating the corpse, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late; the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas!" said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this; for he

has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody's* son, and no doubt dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat; a thought of a tender nature shot through his neart. "Alas, if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor creatures!" said Richard, weeping outright, "poor creatures! God pity them!"

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up towards his breast, and his feet and legs stuffed in a wooden box; another wooden box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him villain," said he again, softening his tone; "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver, that he was discovered, else it *is probable* that none of us should have again seen the light of day." These moral reflections, from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time *since* he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "*Faith* it was lucky that I shot then," said Edward; but *neither* of his companions answered either good or bad. *Alice*, though rather grown desperate, behaved and

assisted at this bloody affair better than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we should have all been dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of *Copenhagen* in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us, and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas, often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through and shift in the mind with as much velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night.—How he would break the leg of one—shoot another through the head—and scatter them like chaff before the wind. He would rather shoot one robber on his feet or on horseback than ten lying tied up in packs; and then what a glorious prey of pistols he would get from the dead rascals—how he would prime and load and fire away with perfect safety from within!—how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and all would go on with the noise and rapidity of a windmill, and he would acquire everlasting fame. So high was the young and ardent mind of Edward wrought up by this train of ideas, that he was striding up and down the floor, while his eyes gleamed as with a tint of madness. "Oh! if I had but plenty guns, and nothing ado but to shoot, how I would pepper the dogs!" said he with great vehemence, to the no small astonishment of his two associates, who thought him gone mad. "What can the fool mean?" said old Richard, "What can he ail at the dogs?" "Oh, it is the robbers that I mean," said

Edward. "What robbers, you young fool?" said
ard. "Why, do not you think that the pedler will
back at the dead of the night to the assistance
friend, and bring plenty of help with him too?" sai
ward. "There is not a doubt of it," said ol
chard. "There is not a doubt of it," said Alice
both stood up stiff with fear and astonishment.
merciful heaven! what is to become of us?" said
again, "What are we to do?" "Let us trust i
Lord," said old Richard. "I intend in the first pla
trust in old *Copenhagen*," said Edward, putting dow
frizzel, and making it spring up again with a loud
five or six times. "But, good Lord! what are we
ing about? I'll run and gather in all the guns i
country." The impulse of the moment was Ed
monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few
colonel's retainers, who he knew kept guns about t
these again warned others, and at eight o'clock the
twenty-five men in the house, and sixteen loaded p
including *Copenhagen*, and the four pistols found o
deceased. These were distributed amongst the
windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed
pitchforks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch b
Edward had taken care to place himself, with a con
at a window immediately facing the approach t
house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong
grew quite impatient for another chance with his red
ed *Copenhagen*. All, however remained quiet, un
hour past midnight, when it entered into his te
brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call; so wi
warning any of the rest, he set his head out at the
dow, and blew until all the hills and woods around
their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not kn
the meaning of it; but how were they astonish
hearing it answered by another at no great distance!
state of anxiety into which this sudden and unfor
circumstance threw our armed peasants, is more
conceived than described. The fate of their w
great wealth, and even their own fates, was soo

decided, and none but *he* who surveys and overrules futurity could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut short, every gun was cocked and pointed toward the court-gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached to the noise of thunder; and in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to the account given by the colonel's people, exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court-gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired *Copenhagen* in their faces: one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring towards the hall door, This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the windows. It was, however, the watchword to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception which they met with. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and gallopped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against their opening any of the doors till day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their berth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one. They saw and heard a part of their fellow-creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after this great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to

go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which after some disputes was granted. They found only four men fallen, who appeared to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the chap that I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves and trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses' feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within the gate endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood; and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains, they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision; and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and the morning's alarms by the ghost and the noise of horses had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood; so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery

of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evidently. Dr Herbert, the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel, by post, concerning the affair; but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then indeed advertisements were issued and posted up in all public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done. But certain it is, sundry of these were never seen any more in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Ballingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened and his corpse taken away. In short, not one engaged in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham. Edward was made the colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. His master afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and, *retiring on half-pay,* took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer; kind, generous, and open-hearted in all situations

I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *Long Pack*.

Alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath many years ago submitted to the conqueror of all mankind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs recline in peace on that pillow from which his head shall be raised only when time shall be no more.

A COUNTRY FUNERAL.

On the 10th of April, 1810, I went with my father to the funeral of George Mouncie, who had been removed by a sudden death, from the head of a large family, now left in very narrow circumstances. As he had, however, during his life, been held in high estimation for honesty and simplicity of character, many attended to pay the last sad duty to departed worth. We were shown one by one, as we arrived, into a little hovel where the cows were wont to stand; although it was a pleasant day, and we would have been much more comfortable on the green; but it is held highly indecorous to give the entertainment at a burial without doors, and no one will submit to it.

We got each of us a glass of whisky as we entered, and then sat conversing, sometimes about common topics, but for the most part about our respective parish ministers; what subjects they had of late been handling, and how they had succeeded. Some of them remembered all the texts with the greatest exactness for seasons by-gone, but they could only remark, on many of them, that such a one made much or little of it.

One man said, in the course of some petty argument, "I do not deny it, David, your minister is a very good man, and a very clever man too; he has no fault but one." "What is that?" said David. "It is patronage!

said the other. "Patronage!" said David, "that cannot be a fault." "Not a fault, Sir? But I say it is a fault; and one that you and every one who encourages it, by giving it your countenance, will have to answer for. Your minister can never be a good shepherd, for he was not chosen by the flock." "It is a bad simile," said David; "the flock never chooses its own shepherd, but the owner of the flock." The greatest number of the inhabitants of that district being dissenters from the established church, many severe reflections were thrown out against the dangerous system of patronage, while no one ventured to defend it save David; who said, that if one learned man was not capable of making choice for a parish, the populace was much less so; and proved, from Scripture, that man's nature was so corrupted, that he was unable to make a wise choice for himself; and maintained, that the inhabitants of this country ought to be thankful that the legislature had taken the task out of their hands.

As a further proof of the justice of his argument, he asked, whether Jesus of Nazareth or Mahomet was the best preacher? The other answered that none but a reprobate would ask the question. "Very well," said David; "Mahomet was one of your popular preachers; was followed, and adored by the multitude wherever he went, while he who spoke as never man spake was despised and rejected. Mahomet gained more converts to his religion in his life-time, than has been gained to the true religion in 1800 years. Away with your popular preachers, friend! they are bruised reeds." His antagonist was nonplus'd: he could only answer, "Ah! David, David, ye're on the braid way."

The women are not mixed with the men at these funerals, nor do they accompany the corpse to the place of interment; but in Nithsdale and Galloway, all the female friends of the family attend at the house, sitting in an apartment by themselves: The servers remark, that in their apartment, the lamentations for the family loss are generally more passionate than in the other.

The widow of the deceased, however, came in among

us, to see a particular friend, who had travelled far, to honour the memory of his old and intimate acquaintance. He saluted her with great kindness, and every appearance of heartfelt concern for her misfortunes. The dialogue between them interested me; it was the language of nature, and no other spoke a word while it lasted.

"Ah! James," said she, "I did not think, the last time I saw you, that our next meeting would be on so mournful an occasion: we were all cheerful then, and little aware of the troubles awaiting us! I have since that time suffered many hardships and losses, James, but all of them were light to this"—she wept bitterly; James endeavoured to comfort her, but he was nearly as much affected himself. "I do not repine," said she, "since it is the will of Him who orders all things for the best purposes, and to the wisest ends: but, alas! I fear I am ill fitted for the task which Providence has assigned me!" With that she cast a mournful look at two little children who were peeping cautiously into the shiel. "These poor fatherless innocents," said she, "have no other creature to look to but me for any thing; and I have been so little used to manage family affairs, that I scarcely know what I am doing; for he was so careful of us all, so kind! and so good!" "Yes," said James, wiping his eyes, "if he was not a good man, I know few who were so! Did he suffer much in his last illness?" "I knew not what he suffered," returned she, "for he never complained. I now remember all the endearing things that he said to us, though I took little heed to them then, having no thoughts of being so soon separated from him. Little did I think he was so ill! though I might easily have known that he would never murmur nor repine at what Providence appointed him to endure. No, James, he never complained of any thing. Since the time our first great worldly misfortune happened, we two have sat down to many a poor meal, but he was ever alike cheerful, and thankful to the Giver.

"He was only ill four days, and was out of his bed every day: whenever I asked him how he did, his an

swer uniformly was, 'I am not ill now.' On the day preceding the night of his death, he sat on his chair a full hour speaking earnestly all the while to the children. I was busy up and down the house, and did not hear all; but I heard him once saying, that he might soon be taken from them, and then they would have no father but God: but that he would never be taken from them, nor ever would forsake them, if they did not first forsake him. 'He is a kind indulgent Being,' continued he, 'and feeds the young ravens, and all the little helpless animals that look and cry to him for food, and you may be sure that he will never let the poor orphans, who pray to him, want.

"Be always dutiful to your mother, and never refuse to do what she bids you on any account; for you may be assured that she has no other aim than your good; confide all your cares and fears in her bosom, for a parent's love is stedfast; misfortune may heighten but cannot cool it.

"When he had finished, he drew his plaid around his head, and went slowly down to the little dell, where he used every day to offer up his morning and evening prayers, and where we have often sat together on Sabbath afternoons, reading verse about with our children in the Bible. I think he was aware of his approaching end, and was gone to recommend us to God; for I looked after him, and saw him on his knees.

"When he returned, I thought he looked extremely ill, and asked him if he was grown worse! He said he was not like to be quite well, and sat down on his chair, looking ruefully at the children, and sometimes at the bed. At length he said feebly, 'Betty, my dear, make down the bed, and help me to it—it will be the last time.' These words went through my head and heart like the knell of death.—All grew dark around me, and I knew not what I was doing.

"He spoke very little after that, saving that at night he desired *me, in a faint* voice, not to go to my bed, but *sit up with him; 'for,'* said he, 'it is likely you may *never need to do it* again.' If God had not supported me

that night, James, I could not have stood it, for I had much, much to do! A little past midnight my dear husband expired in my arms, without a groan or a struggle, save some convulsive grasps that he gave my hand. Calm resignation marked his behaviour to the last. I had only one acquaintance with me, and she was young. The beds face towards each other, you know, and little John, who was lying awake, was so much shocked by a view which he got of the altered visage of his deceased parent, that he sprung from his bed in a frenzy of horror, and ran naked into the fields, uttering the most piercing and distracted cries. I was obliged to leave the young woman with the corpse and the rest of the children, and pursue the boy; nor was it till after running nearly a mile that I was able to catch him. The young woman had been seized with a superstitious terror in my absence, and was likewise fled; for, on my return, I found no creature in my dwelling but my dead husband and five sleeping infants. The boy next day was in a burning fever. O James! well may the transactions of that night be engraved on my memory for ever; yet, so bewildered were all the powers of my mind, that on looking back, they appear little otherwise than as a confused undefined shadow of something removed at a great distance."

Her heart was full, and I do not know how long she might have run on, had not one remarked that the company were now all arrived, and there was no more time to lose. James then asked a blessing, which lasted about ten minutes:—The bread and wine were served plentifully around—the coffin was brought out, covered, and fixed on poles—the widow supported that end of it where the head of her late beloved partner lay, until it passed the gate-way—then she stood looking wistfully after it, while the tears flowed plentifully from her eyes—A turn in the wood soon hid it from her sight for ever—She gave one *short look* up to Heaven, and returned weeping into her *cottage.*

THE

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

THE

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CHAP. I.

ROB DODDS.

It was on the 13th of February 1823, on a cold stormy day, the snow lying from one to ten feet deep on the hills, and nearly as hard as ice, when an extensive store-farmer in the outer limits of the county of Peebles went up to one of his led farms, to see how his old shepherd was coming on with his flocks. A partial thaw had blackened some spots here and there on the brows of the mountains, and over these the half-starving flocks were scattered, picking up a scanty sustenance, while all the hollow parts, and whole sides of mountains that lay sheltered from the winds on the preceding week, when the great drifts blew, were heaped and over-heaped with immense loads of snow, so that every hill appeared to the farmer to have changed its form. There was a thick white haze on the sky, corresponding exactly with the wan frigid colour of the high mountains, so that in casting one's eye up to the heights, it was not apparent where the limits of the earth ended, and the heavens began. There was no horizon—no blink of the sun looking through the pale and impervious mist of heaven; but there, in that elevated and sequestered hope, the old shepherd and his flock seemed to be left out of nature and all its sympathies, and embosomed in one intermin

able chamber of waste desolation.—So his master thought; and any stranger beholding the scene, would have been still more deeply impressed that the case was so in reality.

But the old shepherd thought and felt otherwise. He saw God in the clouds, and watched his arm in the direction of the storm. He perceived, or thought he perceived, one man's flocks suffering on account of their owner's transgression; and though he bewailed the hardships to which the poor harmless creatures were reduced, yet he acknowledged in his heart the justness of the punishment. "These temporal scourges are laid upon sinners in mercy," said he, "and it will be well for them if they get so away. It will teach them in future how to drink and carouse, and speak profane things of the name of Him in whose hand are the issues of life, and to regard his servants as the dogs of their flock."

Again, he beheld from his heights, when the days were clear, the flocks of others more favourably situated, which he interpreted as a reward for their acts of charity and benevolence; for this old man believed that all temporal benefits are sent to men as a reward for good works; and all temporal deprivations as a scourge for evil ones.

"I hae been a herd in this hope, callant and man, for these fifty years now, Janet," said he to his old wife, "and I think I never saw the face o' the country look waur."

"Hout, gudeman, it is but a clud o' the despondency o' auld age come ower your een; for I hae seen waur storms than this, or else my sight deceives me. This time seven and thirty years, when you and I were married, there was a deeper, and a harder snaw baith, than this. There was mony a burn dammed up wi' dead hogs that year! And what say ye to this time nine years, gudeman?"

"Ay, ay, Janet, these were hard times when they were *present*. But I think there's something in our corrupt *nature* that gars us aye trow the present burden is the

aviest. However, it is either my strength failing, that canna won sae weel through the snaw, or I never saw lying sae deep before. I canna steer the poor creatures ie ae knowe-head to another, without rowing them ver the body. And sometimes when they wad raughle away, then I stick firm and fast mysell, and e mair I fight to get out, I gang aye the deeper. This me day, nae farther gane, at ae step up in the Gait leuch, I slumpit in to the neck. Peace be wi' us, quo' to myself, where am I now? If my auld wife wad but ok up the hill, she wad see nae mair o' her poor man ut the bannet. Ah! Janet, Janet, I'm rather feared at our Maker has a craw to pook wi' us even now!"

"I hope no, Andrew; we're in good hands; and if he hould e'en see meet to pook a craw wi' us, he'll maybe ing us baith the bouk and the feathers at the end. Ye houldna repine, gudeman. Ye're something ill for hrawing your mou' at Providence now and then."

"Na, na, Janet; far be't frae me to grumble at Providence. I ken ower weel that the warst we get is far boon our merits. But it's no for the season that I'm ae feared,—that's ruled by Ane that canna err; only, I tread that there's something rotten in the government r the religion of the country, that lays it under His urse. There's my fear, Janet. The scourge of a land ften fa's on its meanest creatures first, and advances by legrees, to gie the boonmost orders o' society warning nd time to repent. There, for instance, in the saxteen nd seventeen, the scourge fell on our flocks and our erds. Then, in aughteen and nineteen, it fell on the eavers,—they're the neist class, ye ken; then our nerchants,—they're the neist again; and last of a' it has allen on the farmers and the shepherds,—they're the irst and maist sterling class of a country. Na, ye needna mudge and laugh, Janet; for it's true. They *are* the oonmost, and hae aye been the boonmost sin' the days ' Abel; *and that's* nae date o' yesterday. And ye'll *bserve, Janet, that* whenever they began to fa' low, *y gat aye another lift* to keep up their respect. But

I see our downfa' coming on us wi' rapid strides.—' a heartlessness and apathy croppen in amang the farmers, that shows their warldly hopes to be extinct. The maist o' them seem no to care a whether their sheep die or live. There's our r for instance, when times were gaun weel, I hae se up ilka third day at the farthest in the time of a to see how the sheep were doing; and this winte never seen his face sin' it came on. He seems forgotten that there are sic creatures existing in th derness as the sheep and me.—His presence be us, gin there be nae the very man come by th dow!"

Janet sprung to her feet, swept the hearth, set on the cleanest side, and wiped it with her check all ere one could well look about him.

"Come away, master; come in by to the fire tang-lookit-for comes at length."

"How are you, Janet?—still living, I see. I pity that you had not popped off before this great came on."

"Dear, what for, master?"

"Because if you should take it into your h coup the creels just now, you know it would be the power of man to get you to a Christian burial would be obliged to huddle you up in the nook kail-yard."

"Ah, master, what's that you're saying to m wife? Aye the auld man yet, I hear! a great the leaven o' corrupt nature aye sprouting out no then. I wonder you're no feared to speak in that less manner in these judgment-looking times!"

"And you are still the old man too, Andrew; deal of cant and hypocrisy sprouting out at times tell me, you old sinner, how has your Maker bee ing you this storm? I have been right terrified *your* sheep; for I know you will have been very *tinent* with him of evenings."

"Hear to that now! There's no hope, '

thought to find you humbled wi' a' thir trials and warldly losses; but I see the heart is hardened like Pharaoh's, and you will not let the multitude of your sins go. As to the storm, I can tell you, my sheep are just at ane mae wi't. I am waur than ony o' my neighbours, as I lie higher on the hills; but I may hae been as it chanced for you; for ye hae nae never lookit near me mair than you had had no concern in the creatures."

"Indeed, Andrew, it is because neither you nor the creatures are much worth looking after now-a-days. If it hadna been the fear I was in for some mishap coming over the stock, on account of these hypocritical prayers of yours, I would not have come to look after you so soon."

"Ah, there's nae mense to be had o' you! It's a good thing I ken the heart's better than the tongue, or ane wad hae little face to pray either for you, or aught that belangs t'ye. But I hope ye hae nae been the waur o' auld Andrew's prayers as yet. An some didna pray for ye, it wad maybe be the waur for ye. I prayed for ye when ye couldna pray for yoursell, and had hopes that, when I turned auld and doited, you might say a kind word for me; but I'm fear'd that warld's wealth and warld's pleasures hae been leading you ower lang in their train, and that you hae been trusting to that which will soon take wings and flee away."

"If you mean riches, Andrew, or warld's wealth, as you call it, you never said a truer word in your life; for the little that my forbears and I have made, is actually, under the influence of these long prayers of yours, melting away from among my hands faster than ever the snow did from the dyke."

"It is perfectly true what you're saying, master. I ken the extent o' your bits o' sales weel enough, and I ken your rents; and weel I ken you're telling me nae lee. And it's e'en a hard case. But I'll tell you what I would do—*I would throw* their tacks in their teeth, *and let them mak aught* o' them they likit."

"*Why, that would* be ruin at once, Andrew, with a

vengeance. Don t you see that stocks of sheep are fal-
len so low, that if they were put to sale, they would no
pay more than the rents, and some few arrears that every
one of us have got into; and thus, by throwing up our
farms, we would throw ourselves out beggars? We are
all willing to put off the evil day as long as we can, and
rather trust to long prayers for a while."

"Ah! you're there again, are you?—canna let alone
profanity! It's hard to gar a wicked cout leave off fling-
ing. But I can tell you, master mine—An you farmers
had made your hay when the sun shone, ye might a' have
sitten independent o' your screwing lairds, wha are maistly
sair out at elbows; and ye ken, sir, a hungry louse bites
wicked sair. But this is but a just judgment come on
you for your behaviour. Ye had the gaun days o' pros-
perity for twenty years! But instead o' laying by a
little for a sair leg, or making provision for an evil day,
ye gaed on like madmen. Ye biggit houses, and ye
plantit vineyards, and threw away money as ye had been
sawing sklate-stanes. Ye drank wine, and ye drank
punch; and ye roared and ye sang, and spake unseemly
things. And did ye never think there was an ear that
heard, and an ee that saw a' thae things? And did ye
never think that they wad be visited on your heads some
day when ye couldna play paw to help yoursells? If ye
didna think sae then, ye'll think sae soon. And ye'll
maybe see the day when the like o' auld Andrew, wi' his
darned hose, and his cloutit shoon; his braid bannet
instead of a baiver; his drink out o' the clear spring
instead o' the punch bowl; and his good steeve aitmeal
parritch and his horn spoon, instead o' the draps o' tea
that cost sae muckle—I say, that sic a man wi' a' thae
and his worthless prayers to boot, will maybe keep the
crown o' the causey langer than some that carried their
heads higher."

"Hout fie, Andrew!" quoth old Janet; "Gudeness
be my help, an I dinna think shame o' you! Our mas-
ter may weel think ye'll be impudent wi' your Maker
for troth you're very impudent wi' himsell. Dinna

see that ye hae made the douce sonsy lad that he disna ken where to look?"

"Ay, Janet, your husband may weel crack. He kens he has feathered his nest aff my father and me. He is independent, let the world wag as it will."

"It's a' fairly come by, master, and the maist part o't came through your ain hands. But my bairns are a' doing for themsells, in the same way that I did; and if twa or three hunder pounds can beet a myster for you in a strait, ye sanna want it, come of a' what will."

"It is weel said of you, Andrew, and I'm obliged to you. There is no class of men in this kingdom so independent as you shepherds. You have your sheep, your cow, your meal and potatoes; a regular income of from sixteen to thirty pounds yearly, without a farthing of expenditure, except for shoes; for your clothes are all made at home. If you would even wish to spend it, you cannot get an opportunity, and every one of you is rich who has not lost money by lending it. It is therefore my humble opinion, that all the farms over this country will soon change occupants; and that the shepherds must ultimately become the store-farmers."

"I hope in God I'll never live to see that, master, for the sake of them that I and mine hae won our bread frae, as weel as some others that I hae a great respect for. But that's no a thing that hasna happened afore this day. It is little mair than a hundred and forty years sin' a' the land i' this country changed masters already; sin' every farmer in it was reduced, and the farms were a' ta'en by common people and strangers at half naething. The Welshes came here then, out o' a place they ca' Wales, in England; the Andersons came frae a place they ca' Rannoch, some gate i' the north; and your ain family came first to this country then frae some bit lairdship near Glasgow. There were a set o' MacGregors and MacDougals, said to have been great thieves, came into Yarrow then, and changed their names to Scotts; *but they didna thrive; for* they warna likit, and the hinder end o' them were in the Catslackburn. They ca'd

them aye the Pinolys, frae the place they came frae; but I dinna ken where it was. The Ballantynes came frae Galloway; and for as flourishing folks as they are now, the first o' them came out at the Birkhill-path, riding on a haltered pony, wi' a goat-skin aneath him for a saddle. The Cunninghams likewise began to spread their wings at the same time; they came a' frae a little fat curate that came out o' Glencairn to Ettrick. But that's nae disparagement to ony o' thae families; for an there be merit at a' inherent in man as to warldly things, it is certainly in raising himsell frae naething to respect. There is nae very ancient name among a' our farmers now, but the Tweedies and the Murrays; I mean of them that anciently belanged to this district. The Tweedies are very auld, and took the name frae the water. They were lairds o' Drummelzier hunders o' years afore the Hays got it, and hae some o' the best blood o' the land in their veins; and sae also have the Murrays; but the maist part o' the rest are upstarts and come-o'-wills. Now ye see, for as far outbye as I live, I can tell ye some things that ye dinna hear amang your drinking cronies."

"It is when you begin to these old traditions that I like to listen to you, Andrew. Can you tell me what was the cause of such a complete overthrow of the farmers of that age?"

"Oh, I canna tell, sir—I canna tell; some overturn o' affairs like the present, I fancy. The farmers had outher lost a' their sheep, or a' their siller, as they are like to do now; but I canna tell how it was; for the general change had ta'en place, for the maist part, afore the Revolution. My ain grandfather, who was the son of a great farmer, hired himsell for a shepherd at that time to young Tam Linton; and mony ane was wae for the downcome. But, speaking o' that, of a' the downcomes that ever a country kenn'd in a farming name, there has never been ought like that o' the Lintons. When my grandfather was a young man, and ane o' their herds, they had a' the principal store-farms o' Ettrick

Forest, and a part in this shire. They had, when the great Mr Boston came to Ettrick, the farms o' Blackhouse, Dryhope, Henderland, Chapel-hope, Scabcleuch, Shorthope, Midgehope, Meggatknowes, Buccleuch, and Gilmanscleuch, that I ken of, and likely as mony mae; and now there's no a man o' the name in a' the bounds aboon the rank of a cowherd. Thomas Linton rode to kirk and market wi' a liveryman at his back; but where is a' that pride now?—a' buried in the mools wi' the bearers o't! and the last representative o' that great overgrown family, that laid house to house, and field to field, is now sair gane on a wee, wee farm o' the Duke o' Buccleuch's. The ancient curse had lighted on these men, if ever it lighted on men in this world. And yet they were reckoned good men, and kind men, in their day; for the good Mr Boston wrote an epitaph on Thomas, in metre, when he died; and though I have read it a hunder times in St Mary's kirkyard, where it is to be seen to this day, I canna say it ower. But it says that he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and that the Lord would requite him in a day to come, or something to that purpose. Now that said a great deal for him, master, although Providence has seen meet to strip his race of a' their warldly possessions. But take an auld fool's advice, and never lay farm to farm, even though a fair opportunity should offer; for, as sure as He lives who pronounced that curse, it will take effect. I'm an auld man, and I hae seen mony a dash made that way; but I never saw ane o' them come to good! There was first, Murray of Glenrath; why, it was untelling what land that man possessed. Now his family has not a furr in the twa counties. Then there was his neighbour Simpson of Posso: I hae seen the day that Simpson had two-and-twenty farms, the best o' the twa counties, and a' stockit wi' good sheep. Now there's no a drap o' *his* blood has a furr in the twa counties. Then there was Grieve of *Willenslee*; ane wad hae thought that body *was gaun to take the haill* kingdom. He was said to have *had ten thousand sheep* a' on good farms, at ae time.

Where are they a' now? Neither *him* nor *his* hae a furr in the twa counties. Let me tell ye, master—for ye're but a young man, and I wad aye fain have ye to see things in a right line—that ye may blame the wars; ye may blame the Government; and ye may blame the Parliamenters: but there's a hand that rules higher than a' these; and gin ye dinna look to that, ye'll never look to the right source either o' your prosperity or adversity. And I sairly doubt that the pride o' the farmers has been raised to ower great a pitch, that Providence has been brewing a day of humiliation for them, and that there will be a change o' hands aince mair, as there was about this time hunder and forty years."

"Then I suppose you shepherds expect to have century about with us, or so? Well, I don't see any thing very unfair in it."

"Ay, but I fear we will be as far aneath the right medium for a while as ye are startit aboon it. We'll make a fine hand doing the honours o' the grand mansion-houses that ye hae biggit for us: the cavalry exercises; the guns and the pointers; the wine and the punch drinking; and the singing o' the deboshed sangs! But we'll just come to the right set again in a generation or twa; and then, as soon as we get ower hee, we'll get a downcome in our turn.—But, master, I say, how will you grand gentlemen tak wi' a shepherd's life? How will ye like to be turned into reeky holes like this, where ye can hardly see your fingers afore ye, and be reduced to the parritch and the horn spoon?"

"I cannot tell, Andrew. I suppose it will have some advantages—it will teach us to say long prayers to put off the time; and if we should have the misfortune afterwards to pass into *the bad place* that you shepherds are all so terrified about, why, we will scarcely know any difference. I account that a great advantage in dwelling *in* such a place as this. We'll scarcely know the one *place* from the other."

"Ay, but oh what a surprise ye will get when ye step out o' ane o' your grand palaces into hell! And gin y

dinna repent in time, ye'll maybe get a little experiment o' that sort. Ye think ye hae said a very witty thing there: but a' profane wit is sinfu'; and whatever is sinfu' is shamefu'; and therefore it never suits to be said either afore God or man. Ye are just a good standing sample o' the young tenantry o' Scotland at this time. Ye're ower genteel to be devout, and ye look ower high, and depend ower muckle on the arm o' flesh, to regard the rod and Him that hath appointed it. But it will fa' wi' the mair weight for that! A blow that is seen coming may be wardit off; but if ane's sae proud as not to regard it, it's the less scaith that he suffer."

"I see not how any man can ward off this blow, Andrew. It has gathered its overwhelming force in springs over which we have no control, and is of that nature that no industry of man can avail against it—exertion is no more than a drop in the bucket: and I greatly fear that this grievous storm is come to lay the axe to the root of the tree."

"I'm glad to hear, however, that ye hae some Scripture phrases at your tongue-roots. I never heard you use ane in a serious mode before; and I hope there will be a reformation yet. If adversity hae that effect, I shall willingly submit to my share o' the loss if the storm should lie still for a while, and cut off a wheen o' the creatures, that ye aince made eedals o', and now dow hardly bide to see. But that's the gate wi' a' things that ane sets up for warldly worship in place o' the true object; they turn a' out curses and causes o' shame and disgrace. As for warding off the blow, master, I see no resource but throwing up the farms ilk ane, and trying to save a remnant out o' the fire. The lairds want naething better than for ye to rin in arrears; then they will get a' your stocks for neist to naething, and have the land stockit themsells as they had langsyne; and you will be their keepers, or vassals, the same as we are to you at present. As to hinging on at the present rents, it is madness—the very extremity of madness. I hae been a herd here for fifty years, and I ken as weel what the ground will pay

at every price of sheep as you do, and I daresay a great deal better. When I came here first, your father paid less than the third of the rent that you are bound to pay; sheep of every description were dearer, lambs, ewes, and wedders; and I ken weel he was making no money of it, honest man, but merely working his way, with some years a little over, and some naething. And how is it possible that you can pay three times the rent at lower prices of sheep? I say the very presumption of the thing is sheer madness. And it is not only this farm, but you may take it as an average of all the farms in the country, that *before the French war began, the sheep were dearer than they are now—the farms were not above one-third of the rents at an average, and the farmers were not making any money.* They have lost their summer day during the French war, which will never return to them; and the only resource they have, that I can see, is to abandon their farms in time, and try to save a remnant.

Things will come to their true level presently, but not afore the auld stock o' farmers are crushed past rising again. And then I little wat what's to come o' ye; for an we herds get the land, we *winna* employ you as our shepherds,—that you may depend on."

"Well, Andrew, these are curious facts that you tell me about the land having all changed occupiers about a certain period. I wish you could have stated the causes with certainty. Was there not a great loss on this farm once, when it was said the burn was so dammed up with dead carcasses that it changed its course?"

"Ay, but that's quite a late story. It happened in my own day, and I believe mostly through mischance. That was the year Rob Dodds was lost in the Earny Cleuch. I remember it, but cannot tell what year it was, for I was but a little bilsh of a callant then."

"Who was Rob Dodds? I never heard of the incident before."

"Ay but your father remembered it weel; for he sent a' his men mony a day to look for the corpse, but a' to nae purpose. I'll never forget it; for it made an impre

ion on me sae deep that I couldna get rest i' my bed for nonths and days. He was a young handsome bonny ad, an honest man's only son, and was herd wi' Tam Linton in the Birkhill. The Lintons were sair come down then; for this Tam was a herd, and had Rob hired as his assistant. Weel, it sae happened that Tam's wife had occasion to cross the wild heights atween the Birkhill and Tweedsmuir, to see her mother, or sister, on some express, and Tam sent the young man wi' her to see her ower Donald's Cleuch Edge. It was in the middle o' winter, and, if I mind right, this time sixty years. At the time they set out, the morning was calm, frosty, and threatening snaw, but the ground clear of it. Rob had orders to set his mistress to the height, and return home; but by the time they had got to the height, the snaw had come on, so the good lad went all the way through Guemshope with her, and in sight of the water o' Fruid. He crossed all the wildest o' the heights on his return in safety; and on the Middle-End, west of Loch-Skene, he met with Robin Laidlaw, that went to the Highlands and grew a great farmer after that. Robin was gathering the Polmoody ewes; and as they were neighbours, and both herding to ae master, Laidlaw testified some anxiety lest the young man should not find his way hame; for the blast had then come on very severe. Dodds leugh at him, and said, 'he was nae mair feared or finding the gate hame, than he was for finding the gate o his mouth when he was hungry.'—'Weel, weel,' quo' Robin, 'keep the band o' the hill a' the way, for I hae een as clever a fellow waured on sic a day; and be sure o hund the ewes out o' the Brand-Law Scores as ye ang by.'—'Tammy charged me to bring back a backfu' ' peats wi' me,' said he; 'but I think I'll no gang near he peat stack the day.'—'Na,' quo' Robin, 'I think ye'll o be sae mad!'—'But, O man,' quo' the lad, 'hae ye ny bit bread about your pouches; for I'm unco hungry? The wife was in sic a hurry that I had to come away ithout getting ony breakfast, and I had sae far to gang 'her that I'm grown unco toom i' the inside.'—'The

fient ae inch hae I, Robie, my man, or you should hae had it,' quo' Laidlaw.—' But an that be the case, gang straight hame, and never heed the ewes, come o' them what will.'—' O there's nae fear!' said he, 'I'll turn the ewes, and be hame in good time too.' And with that he left Laidlaw, and went down the Middle-Craig-End, jumping and playing in a frolicsome way over his stick. He had a large lang nibbit staff in his hand, which Laidlaw took particular notice of, thinking it would be a good help for the young man in the rough way he had to gang.

"There was never another word about the matter till that day eight days. The storm having increased to a terrible drift, the snaw had grown very deep, and the herds, wha lived about three miles sindry, hadna met for a' that time. But that day Tam Linton and Robin Laidlaw met at the Tail Burn; and after cracking a lang time thegither, Tam says to the tither, just as it war by chance, 'Saw ye naething o' our young dinnagood this day eight days, Robin? He gaed awa that morning to set our gudewife ower the height, and has never sin' that time lookit near me, the careless rascal!'

"'Tam Linton, what's that you're saying? what's that I hear ye saying, Tam Linton?' quo' Robin, wha was dung clean stupid wi' horror. 'Hae ye never seen Rob Dodds sin' that morning he gaed away wi' your wife?'

"'Na, never,' quo' the tither.

"'Why then, sir, let me tell ye, you'll never see him again in this world alive,' quo' Robin; 'for he left me on the Middle-End on his way hame that day at eleven o'clock, just as the day was coming to the warst.—But, Tam Linton, what was't ye war saying? Ye're telling me what canna be true—Do ye say that ye haena seen Rob Dodds sin' that day?'

"'Haena I tauld ye that I hae never seen his face sinsyne?' quo' Linton.

"'Sae I hear ye saying,' quo' Robin again. 'But ye're telling me a downright made lee. The thing's no possible; for ye hae the very staff i' your hand that he had in his when he left me in the drift that day.'

[ken naething about sticks or staves, Robin Laid-
ays Tam, looking rather like ane catched in an ill
'The staff wasna likely to come hame without the
; and I can only say, I hae seen nae mair o' Rob
sin' that morning; and I had thoughts that, as the
rew sae ill, he had hadden forrit a' the length wi'
ife, and was biding wi' her folks a' this time to
her hame again when the storm had settled.'
Na, na, Tam, ye needna get into ony o' thae lang-
stories wi' me,' quo' Robin, 'for I tell ye that's the
Rob Dodds had in his hand when I last saw him;
have either seen him dead or living—I'll give my
o that.'
Ye had better take care what ye say, Robin Laid-
says Tam, very fiercely, 'or I 'll maybe make ye
to eat in your words again.'
What I hae said I'll stand to, Tam Linton,' says
.—'And mair than that,' says he, 'If that young
as come to an untimely end, I'll see his blood re-
at your hand.'
hen there was word sent away to the Hophouse to
rents, and ye may weel ken, master, what heavy
it was to them, for Rob was their only son; they
en him a good education, and muckle, muckle they
it o' him; but naething wad serve him but he wad
shepherd. His father came wi' the maist pairt o'
k parish at his back; and mony sharp and threat-
words past atween him and Linton; but what could
nake o't? The lad was lost, and nae law, nor nae
ge, could restore him again; sae they had naething
out to spread athwart a' the hills looking for the
. The haill country raise for ten miles round,
e or twa good days that happened; but the snaw
ill lying, and a' their looking was in vain. Tam
wad look nane. He took the dorts, and never
d the folk mair than they hadna been there. A'
eight atween Loch-Skene and the Birkhill was just
wi' folk for the space o' three weeks; for the twa
lk, the lad's parents, couldna get ony rest, and

folk sympatheezed unco muckle wi' them. At length the snaw gaed maistly awa', and the weather turned fine, and I gaed out ane o' the days wi' my father to look for the body. But, aih wow! I was a feared wight! whenever I saw a bit sod, or a knowe, or a grey stane, I stood still and trembled for fear it was the dead man, and no ae step durst I steer farther, till my father gaed up to a' thae things. I gaed nae mair back to look for the corpse; for I'm sure if we had found the body I would hae gane out o' my judgment.

"At length every body tired o' looking, but the auld man himsell. He travelled day after day, ill weather and good weather, without intermission. They said it was the waesomest thing ever was seen, to see that auld grey-headed man gaun sae lang by himsell, looking for the corpse o' his only son! The maist part o' his friends advised him at length to give up the search, as the finding o' the body seemed a thing a'thegither hopeless. But he declared he wad look for his son till the day o' his death; and if he could but find his bones, he would carry them away from the wild moors, and lay them in the grave where he was to lie himsell. Tam Linton was apprehended, and examined afore the Sheriff; but nae proof could be led against him, and he wan off. He swore that, as far as he remembered, he got the staff standing at the mouth o' the peat stack; and that he conceived that either the lad or himsell had left it there some day when bringing away a burden of peats. The shepherds' peats had not been led home that year, and the stack stood on a hill-head, half a mile frae the house, and the herds were obliged to carry them home as they needed them.

"But a mystery hung ower that lad's death that was never cleared up, nor ever will a'thegither. Every man was convinced, in his own mind, that Linton knew where the body was a' the time; and also, that the young man had not come by his death fairly. It was proved that the lad's dog had come hame several times, and that Tam Linton had been seen kicking it frae about his house; and as the dog could be nowhere all that time, but said

ı the body, if that had not been concealed in some than ordinary way, the dog would at least have seen. At length, it was suggested to the old man, dead-lights always hovered over a corpse by night, body was left exposed to the air; and it was a fact wo drowned men had been found in a field of whins, : the water had left the bodies, by means of the lights, a very short while before. On the first calm therefore, the old desolate man went to the Merk-Edge, to the top of a high hill that overlooked all ·ound where there was ony likelihood that the dead would be lying. He watched there the lee-lang keeping his eye constantly roaming ower the n wastes before him; but he never noticed the least ıer of the dead-lights. About midnight, however, ard a dog barking; it likewise gae twa or three choly yowls, and then ceased. Robin Dodds was ıced it was his son's dog; but it was at such a dis- being about twa miles off, that he couldna be sure it was, or which o' the hills on the opposite side glen it was on. The second night he kept watch Path Know, a hill which he supposed the howling dog cam frae. But that hill being all surrounded west and north by tremendous ravines and cata- he heard nothing o' the dog. In the course of the he saw, or fancied he saw, a momentary glimmer ıt, in the depth of the great gulf immediately below he sat; and that at three different times, always same place. He now became convinced that the ns o' his son were in the bottom of the linn, a place he conceived inaccessible to man; it being so deep the summit where he stood, that the roar o' the fall only reached his ears now and then wi' a loud ı! as if it had been a sound wandering across the ıy itsell. But sae intent was Robin on this Willie -wisp light, that he took landmarks frae the ae it *to the other, to* make sure o' the place; and as *ıs daylight* came, he set about finding a passage *o the bottom* of the linn. He effected this by

of death from the way he had been guidit, went out to the hill, and died at the peat stack, the mouth of which was a shelter from the drift-wind; and that his cruel master, conscious o' the way in which he had used him, and dreading skaith, had trailed away the body, and sunk it in some pool in these unfathomable linns, or otherwise concealed it, wi' the intention, that the world might never ken whether the lad was actually dead or had absconded. If it had not been for the dog, from which it appears he had been unable to conceal it, and the old man's perseverance, to whose search there appeared to be no end, it is probable he would never have laid the body in a place where it could have been found. But if he had allowed it to remain in the first place of concealment, it might have been discovered by means of the dog, and the intentional concealment of the corpse would then have been obvious; so that Linton all that time could not be quite at his ease, and it was no wonder he attempted to fell the dog. But where the body could have been deposited, that the faithful animal was never discovered by the searchers, during the day, for the space of ten weeks, baffled a' the conjectures that ever could be made.

"The two old people, the lad's father and mother, never got over their loss. They never held up their heads again, nor joined in society ony mair, except in attending divine worship. It might be truly said o' them, that they spent the few years that they survived their son in constant prayer and humiliation; but they soon died, a short while after ane anither. As for Tam Linton, he left this part of the country, as I told you; but it was said there was a curse hung ower him and his a' his life, and that he never mair did weel.—That was the year, master, on which our burn was dammed wi' the dead sheep; and in fixing the date, you see, I hae been led into a lang story, and am just nae farther wi' the main point than when I began."

"I wish from my heart, Andrew, that you would try to fix a great many old dates in the same manner; for I confess I am more interested in your lang stories, th

it rather appeared swollen, as if it had been lying among water.

"Conjecture was now driven to great extremities in accounting for all these circumstances. It was manifest to every one, that the body had not been all the time in that place. But then, where had it been? or what could have been the reasons for concealing it? These were the puzzling considerations. There were a hunder different things suspectit; and mony o' them, I dare say, a hunder miles frae the truth; but on the whole, Linton was sair lookit down on, and almaist perfectly abhorred by the country; for it was weel kenn'd that he had been particularly churlish and severe on the young man at a' times, and seemed to have had a peculiar dislike to him. An it hadna been the wife, wha was a kind considerate sort of a body, if Tam had gotten his will, it was reckoned he wad hae hungered the lad to death. After that, Linton left the place, and gaed away, I watna where; and the country, I believe, came gayan near to the truth o' the story at last:

"There was a girl in the Birkhill house at the time, whether a daughter o' Tam's, or no, I hae forgot, though I think otherwise. However, she durstna for her life tell a' she kenn'd as lang as the investigation was gaun on; but it at last spunkit out that Rob Dodds had got hame safe eneugh; and that Tam got into a great rage at him because he had not brought a burden o' peats, there being none in the house. The youth excused himself on the score of fatigue and hunger; but Tam swore at him, and said, 'The deil be in your teeth, gin they shall break bread, till ye gang back out to the hill-head and bring a burden o' peats!' Dodds refused; on which Tam struck him, and forced him away; and he went crying and greeting out at the door, but never came back. She also told, that after poor Rob was lost, Tam tried several times to get at his dog to fell it with a stick; but the creature was terrified for him, and made its escape. It was therefore thought, and indeed there was little doubt, that Rob, through fatigue and hunger, and reckless

of death from the way he had been guidit, went out to the hill, and died at the peat stack, the mouth of which was a shelter from the drift-wind; and that his cruel master, conscious o' the way in which he had used him, and dreading skaith, had trailed away the body, and sunk it in some pool in these unfathomable linns, or otherwise concealed it, wi' the intention, that the world might never ken whether the lad was actually dead or had absconded. If it had not been for the dog, from which it appears he had been unable to conceal it, and the old man's perseverance, to whose search there appeared to be no end, it is probable he would never have laid the body in a place where it could have been found. But if he had allowed it to remain in the first place of concealment, it might have been discovered by means of the dog, and the intentional concealment of the corpse would then have been obvious; so that Linton all that time could not be quite at his ease, and it was no wonder he attempted to fell the dog. But where the body could have been deposited, that the faithful animal was never discovered by the searchers, during the day, for the space of ten weeks, baffled a' the conjectures that ever could be made.

"The two old people, the lad's father and mother, never got over their loss. They never held up their heads again, nor joined in society ony mair, except in attending divine worship. It might be truly said o' them, that they spent the few years that they survived their son in constant prayer and humiliation; but they soon died, a short while after ane anither. As for Tam Linton, he left this part of the country, as I told you; but it was said there was a curse hung ower him and his a' his life, and that he never mair did weel.—That was the year, master, on which our burn was dammed wi' the dead sheep; and in fixing the date, you see, I hae been led into a lang story, and am just nae farther wi' the main point than when I began."

"I wish from my heart, Andrew, that you would try to fix a great many old dates in the same manner; for I confess I am more interested in your lang stories, than

n either your lang prayers, or your lang sermons about repentance and amendment. But pray, you were talking of the judgments that overtook Tam Linton—Was that the same Tam Linton that was precipitated from the Brand Law by the break of a snaw-wreath, and he and all his sheep jammed into the hideous gulf, called the Grey Mare's Tail?"

"The very same, sir; and that might be accountit ane o' the first judgments that befell him; for there were many of his ain sheep in the flock. Tam asserted all his life, that he went into the linn along with his hirsel, but no man ever believed him; for there was not one of the sheep came out alive, and how it was possible for the carl to have come safe out, naebody could see. It was, indeed, quite impossible; for it had been such a break of snaw as had scarcely ever been seen. The gulf was crammed sae fu', that ane could hae gane ower it like a pendit brig; and no a single sheep could be gotten out, either dead or living. When the thaw came, the burn wrought a passage for itself below the snaw, but the arch stood till summer. I have heard my father oft describe the appearance of that vault as he saw it on his way from Moffat fair. Ane hadna gane far into it, he said, till it turned darkish, like an ill-hued twilight; and sic a like arch o' carnage he never saw! There were limbs o' sheep hinging in a' directions, the snaw was wedged sae firm. Some entire carcasses hung by the neck, some by a spauld; then there was a hail forest o' legs sticking out in ae place, and horns in another, terribly mangled and broken; and it was a'thegither sic a frightsome-looking place, that he was blithe to get out o't again."

After looking at the sheep, tasting old Janet's best kebbuck, and oatmeal cakes, and preeing the whisky bottle, the young farmer again set out through the deep snow, on his way home. But Andrew made him promise, that if the weather did not amend, he would come back in a few days and see how the poor sheep were coming on; and, as an inducement, promised to tell him a great many old anecdotes of the shepherd's life.

CHAP. II.

MR ADAMSON OF LAVERHOPE.

One of those events that have made the deepest impression on the shepherds' minds for a century bygone, seems to have been the fate of Mr Adamson, who was tenant in Laverhope for the space of twenty-seven years. It stands in their calendar as an era from which to date summer floods, water-spouts, hail and thunder-storms, &c.; and appears from tradition to have been attended with some awful circumstances, expressive of divine vengeance. This Adamson is represented, as having been a man of an ungovernable temper—of irritability so extreme, that no person could be for a moment certain to what excesses he might be hurried. He was otherwise accounted a good and upright man, and a sincere Christian; but in these outbreakings of temper he often committed acts of cruelty and injustice, for which any good man ought to have been ashamed. Among other qualities he had an obliging disposition, there being few to whom a poor man would sooner have applied in a strait. Accordingly, he had been in the habit of assisting a less wealthy neighbour of his with a little credit for many years. This man's name was Irvine, and though he had a number of rich relations, he was never out of difficulties. Adamson, from some whim or caprice, sued this poor farmer for a few hundred merks, taking legal steps against him, even to the very last measures short of pointing and imprisonment. Irvine paid little attention to this, taking it for granted that his neighbour took these steps only for the purpose of inducing his debtor's friends to come forward and support him.

It happened one day about this period, that a thoughtless boy, belonging to Irvine's farm, hunted Adamson's cattle in a way that gave great offence to their owner, on which the two farmers differed, and some hard words

passed between them. The next day Irvine was seized and thrown into jail; and shortly after his effects were poinded, and sold by auction for ready money. They were consequently thrown away, as the neighbours, not having been forewarned, were wholly unprovided with ready money, and unable to purchase at any price. Mrs Irvine came to the enraged creditor with a child in her arms, and implored him to put off the sale for a month, that she might try what could be done amongst her friends to prevent a wreck so irretrievable. He was at one time on the very point of yielding; but some bitter recollections coming over his mind at the moment, stimulated his spleen against her husband, and he resolved that the sale should go on. William Carruders of Grindiston heard the following dialogue between them; and he said that his heart almost trembled within him; for Mrs Irvine was a violent woman, and her eloquence did more harm than good.

"Are ye really gaun to act the part of a devil, the day, Mr Adamson, and turn me and thae bairns out to the bare high-road, helpless as we are? Oh, man, if your bowels binna seared in hell-fire already, take some compassion; for an ye dinna, they *will* be seared afore baith men and angels yet, till that hard and cruel heart o' yours be nealed to an izle."

"I'm gaun to act nae part of a devil, Mrs Irvine; I'm only gaun to take my ain in the only way I can get it. I'm no baith gaun to tine my siller, and hae my beasts abused into the bargain."

"Ye sall neither lose plack nor bawbee o' your siller, man, if you will gie me but a month to make a shift for it—I swear to you, ye sall neither lose, nor rue the deed. But if ye winna grant me that wee wee while, when the bread of a haill family depends on it, ye're waur than ony deil that's yammering and cursing i' the bottomless pit."

"Keep your ravings to yoursell, Mrs Irvine, for I hae made up my mind what I'm to do; and I'll do it; sae it's needless for ye to pit yoursell into a bleeze; for he surest promisers are aye the slackest payers. It

isna likely that your bad language will gar me alter my purpose."

"If that *be* your purpose, Mr Adamson, and if you put that purpose in execution, I wadna change conditions wi' you the day for ten thousand times a' the gear ye are worth. Ye're gaun to do the thing that ye'll repent only aince—for a' the time that ye hae to exist baith in this world and the neist, and that's a lang lang forrit and ayond. Ye have assisted a poor honest family for the purpose of taking them at a disadvantage, and crushing them to beggars; and when ane thinks o' that, what a heart you must hae? Ye hae first put my poor man in prison, a place where he little thought, and less deserved ever to be; and now ye are reaving his sackless family out o' their last bit o' bread. Look at this bit bonny innocent thing in my arms, how it is smiling on ye? Look at a' the rest standing leaning against the wa's, ilka ane wi' his een fixed on you by way o' imploring your pity! If ye reject thae looks, ye'll see them again in some trying moments, that will bring this ane back to your mind; ye will see them i' your dreams; ye will see them on your death-bed, and ye will *think* ye see them gleaming on ye through the reek o' hell,—but it winna be them."

"Haud your tongue woman, for ye make me feared to hear ye."

"Ay, but better be feared in time, than torfelled for ever? Better conquess your bad humour for aince, than be conquessed for it through sae mony lang ages. Ye pretend to be a religious man, Mr Adamson, and a great deal mair sae than your neighbours—do you think that religion teaches you acts o' cruelty like this? Will ye hae the face to kneel afore your Maker the night, and pray for a blessing on you and yours, and that He will forgive you your debts as you forgive your debtors? I hae nae doubt but you will. But aih! how sic an appeal will heap the coals o' divine vengeance on your head, and tighten the belts o' burning yettlin ower your hard heart! Come forrit, bairns, and speak for yourselfs, ilk ane o' ye."

"O, Maister Adamson, ye maunna turn my father and mother out o' their house and their farm; or what think ye is to come o' us?" said Thomas.

No consideration, however, was strong enough to turn Adamson from his purpose. The sale went on; and still, on the calling off of every favourite animal, Mrs Irvine renewed her anathemas.

"Gentlemen, this is the mistress's favourite cow, and gives thirteen pints of milk every day. She is valued in my roup-roll at fifteen pounds; but we shall begin her at ten. Does any body say ten pounds for this excellent cow? ten pounds—ten pounds? Nobody says ten pounds? Gentlemen, this is extraordinary? Money is surely a scarce article here to-day. Well, then, does any gentleman say five pounds to begin this excellent cow that gives twelve pints of milk daily? Five pounds—only five pounds!—Nobody bids five pounds? Well, the stock must positively be sold without reserve. Ten shillings for the cow—ten shillings—ten shillings—Will nobody bid ten shillings to set the sale agoing?"

"I'll gie five-and-twenty shillings for her," cried Adamson.

"Thank you, sir. One pound five—one pound five, and just a-going. Once—twice—*thrice*. Mr Adamson, one pound five."

Mrs Irvine came forward, drowned in tears, with the babe in her arms, and patting the cow, she said, "Ah, poor lady Bell, this is my last sight o' you, and the last time I'll clap your honest side! And hae we really been deprived o' your support for the miserable sum o' five-and-twenty shillings?—my curse light on the head o' him that has done it! In the name of my destitute bairns I curse him; and does he think that a mother's curse will sink fizzenless to the ground? Na, na! I see an ee that's looking down here in pity and in anger; and I see a hand that's gathering the bolts o' Heaven thegither, *for some purpose* that I could divine, but daurna utter. *But that hand* is unerring, and where it throws the bolt, *there it will* strike. Fareweel, puir beast, ye

hae supplied us wi' mony a meal, but ye will never supply us wi' another."

This sale at Kirkheugh was on the 11th of July. On the day following, Mr Adamson went up to the folds in the hope, to shear his sheep, with no fewer than twenty-five attendants, consisting of all his own servants and cottars, and about as many neighbouring shepherds whom he had collected; it being customary for the farmers to assist one another reciprocally on these occasions. Adamson continued more than usually capricious and unreasonable all that forenoon. He was discontented with himself; and when a man is ill pleased with himself, he is seldom well pleased with others. He seemed altogether left to the influences of the Wicked One; running about in a rage, finding fault with every thing, and every person, and at times cursing bitterly, a practice to which he was not addicted; so that the sheep-shearing, that used to be a scene of hilarity among so many young and old shepherds, lads, lasses, wives, and callants, was that day turned into one of gloom and dissatisfaction.

After a number of other provoking outrages, Adamson at length, with the buisting-iron which he held in his hand, struck a dog belonging to one of his own shepherd boys, till the poor animal fell senseless on the ground, and lay sprawling as in the last extremity. This brought matters to a point which threatened nothing but anarchy and confusion; for every shepherd's blood boiled with indignation, and each almost wished in his heart that the dog had been his own, that he might have retaliated on the tyrant. At the time the blow was struck, the boy was tending one of the fold-doors, and perceiving the plight of his faithful animal, he ran to its assistance, lifted it in his arms, and holding it up to recover its breath, he wept and lamented over it most piteously. "My poor little Nimble!" he cried; "I am feared that mad body has killed ye, and then what am I to do wanting ye? I wad ten times rather he had strucken mysell!"

He had scarce said the words ere his master caught him by the hair of the head with the one hand, and b

› drag him about, while with the other he struck
ost unmercifully. When the boy left the fold-door,
ıshorn sheep broke out, and got away to the hill
the lambs and the clippies; and the farmer being
› of his "mad tantrums," as the servants called
the mischance had almost put him beside himself;
ıat boy, or man either, is in a ticklish case who is
hands of an enraged person far above him in
ıth.

› sheep-shearers paused, and the girls screamed,
they saw their master lay hold of the boy. But
; Johnston, a shepherd from an adjoining farm, flung
eep from his knee, made the shears ring against the
ke, and in an instant had the farmer by both wrists,
ıese he held with such a grasp, that he took the
out of his arms; for Johnston was as far above the
in might, as the latter was above the boy.

[r Adamson, what are ye about?" he cried; "hae
; your reason a'thegither, that ye are gaun on ram-
g like a madman that gate? Ye hae done the
sir, in your ill-timed rage, that ye ought to be
ed of baith afore God and man."

re ye for fighting, Rob Johnston?" said the farmer,
ling to free himself. "Do ye want to hae a fight,
Because if ye do, I'll maybe gie you enough o'

a, sir, I dinna want to fight; but I winna let you
ither, unless wi' ane that's your equal; sae gie ower
hling, and stand still till I speak to ye, for an ye
stand to hear reason, I'll gar ye lie till ye hear it.
consider what ye hae been doing even now? Do
ısider that ye hae been striking a poor orphan cal-
vha has neither father nor mother to protect him, or
ıt his wrangs? and a' for naething, but a bit start o'
.l affection? How wad ye like, sir, an ony body
to guide a bairn o' yours that gate? and ye as little
hat they are to come to afore their deaths, as that
parents did when they were rearing and fondling
m. Fie for shame, Mr Adamson! fie for shame!

Ye first strak his poor dumb brute, which was a greater sin than the tither, for it didna ken what ye were striking it for; and then, because the callant ran to assist the only creature he has on the earth, and I'm feared the only true and faithfu' friend beside, ye claught him by the hair o' the head, and fell to the dadding him as he war your slave! Od, sir, my blood rises at sic an act o' cruelty and injustice; and gin I thought ye worth my while, I wad tan ye like a pellet for it."

The farmer struggled and fought so viciously, that Johnston was obliged to throw him down twice over, somewhat roughly, and hold him by main force. But on laying him down the second time, Johnston said, "Now, sir, I just tell ye, that ye deserve to hae your banes weel throoshen; but ye're nae match for me, and I'll scorn to lay a tip on ye. I'll leave ye to Him who has declared himself the stay and shield of the orphan; and gin some visible testimony o' his displeasure dinna come ower ye for the abusing of his ward, I am right sair mista'en."

Adamson, finding himself fairly mastered, and that no one seemed disposed to take his part, was obliged to give in, and went sullenly away to tend the hirsel that stood beside the fold. In the mean time the sheep-shearing went on as before, with a little more of hilarity and glee. It is the business of the lasses to take the ewes, and carry them from the fold to the clippers; and now might be seen every young shepherd's sweetheart, or favourite, waiting beside him, helping him to clip, or holding the ewes by the hind legs to make them lie easy, a great matter for the furtherance of the operator. Others again, who thought themselves slighted, or loved a joke, would continue to act in a different manner, and plague the youths by bringing them such sheep as it was next to impossible to clip.

"Aih, Jock lad, I hae brought you a grand ane this time! Ye will clank the shears ower her, and be the first *done* o' them a'!"

"My truly, Jessy, but ye hae gi'en me ane! I declare the beast is woo to the cloots and the een holes; and

afore I get the fleece broken up, the rest will be done. Ah, Jessy, Jessy! ye're working for a mischief the day; and ye'll maybe get it."

"She's a braw sonsie sheep, Jock. I ken ye like to hae your arms weel filled. She'll amaist fill them as weel as Tibby Tod."

"There's for it now! there's for it! What care I for Tibby Tod, dame? Ye are the most jealous elf, Jessy, that ever drew coat ower head. But wha was't that sat half a night at the side of a grey stane wi' a crazy cooper? And wha was't that gae the poor precentor the whiskings, and reduced a' his sharps to downright flats? An ye cast up Tibby Tod ony mair to me, I'll tell something that will gar thae wild een reel i' your head, Mistress Jessy."

"Wow, Jock, but I'm unco wae for ye now. Poor fellow! It's really very hard usage! If ye canna clip the ewe, man, gie me her, and I'll tak her to anither; for I canna bide to see ye sae sair put about. I winna bring ye anither Tibby Tod the day, take my word on it. The neist shall be a real May Henderson o' Firthhope-cleuch—ane, ye ken, wi' lang legs, and a good lamb at her fit."

"Gudesake, lassie, haud your tongue, and dinna affront baith yoursell and me. Ye are fit to gar ane's cheek burn to the bane. I'm fairly quashed, and daurna say anither word. Let us therefore hae let-a-be for let-a-be, which is good bairns' agreement, till after the close o' the day sky; and then I'll tell ye my mind."

"Ay, but whilk o' your minds will ye tell me, Jock? For ye will be in five or six different anes afore that time. Ane, to ken your mind, wad need to be tauld it every hour o' the day, and then cast up the account at the year's end. But how wad she settle it then, Jock? I fancy she wad hae to multiply ilk year's minds by dozens, and divide by four, and then we a' ken what wad be the quotient."

"Aih wow sirs! heard ever ony o' ye the like o' that? *For three things the sheep-fauld is disquieted, and there are four which it cannot bear.*"

"And what are they, Jock?"

"A witty wench, a woughing dog, a waukit-w wedder, and a pair o' shambling shears."

After this manner did the gleesome chat go on, that the surly goodman had withdrawn from the s But this was but one couple; every pair being eng according to their biasses, and after their kind— settling the knotty points of divinity; others telling warld stories about persecutions, forays, and fairy r and some whispering, in half sentences, the soft br ings of pastoral love.

But the farmer's bad humour, in the mean while only smothered, not extinguished; and, like a flame is kept down by an overpowering weight of fuel, wa but a breath to rekindle it; or like a barrel of gun der, that the smallest spark will set in a blaze. spark unfortunately fell upon it too soon. It can the form of an old beggar, ycleped Patie Maxwe well-known, and generally a welcome guest, over all district. He came to the folds for his annual prese a fleece of wool, which had never before been denied and the farmer being the first person he came to, h proached him as in respect bound, accosting him i wonted obsequious way.

"Weel, gudeman, how's a' wi' ye the day?"— answer.)—"This will be a thrang day w'ye? How ye getting on wi' the clipping?"

"Nae the better o' you, or the like o' you. G away back the gate ye came. What are you co doiting up through amang the sheep that gate for, pu them a' tersyversy?"

"Tut, gudeman, what does the sheep mind an creeping body like me? I hae done nae ill to your p sheep; and as for ganging back the road I cam, I that whan I like, and no till than."

"But I'll make you blithe to turn back, auld vagab *Do* ye imagine I'm gaun to hae a' my clippers and *pers*, buisters and binders, laid half idle, gaffing and *gling* wi' you?"

"Why, then, speak like a reasonable man and a courteous Christian, as ye used to do, and I'se crack wi' yoursell, and no gang near them."

"I'll keep my Christian cracks for others than auld Papist dogs, I trow."

"Wha do ye ca' auld Papist dogs, Mr Adamson?—Wha is it that ye mean to denominate by that fine-sounding title?"

"Just you, and the like o' ye, Pate. It is weel kenn'd that ye are as rank a Papist as ever kissed a crosier, and that ye were out in the very fore-end o' the unnatural Rebellion, in order to subvert our religion, and place a Popish tyrant on the throne. It is a shame for a Protestant parish like this to support ye, and gie you as liberal awmosses as ye were a Christian saint. For me, I can tell you, ye'll get nae mae at my hand; nor nae rebel Papist loun amang ye."

"Dear sir, ye're surely no yoursell the day? Ye hae kenn'd I professed the Catholic religion these thretty years—it was the faith I was brought up in, and that in which I shall dee; and ye kenn'd a' that time that I was out in the Forty-Five wi' Prince Charles, and yet ye never made mention o' the facts nor refused me my awmos till the day. But as I hae been obliged t'ye, I'll haud my tongue; only, I wad advise ye as a friend, whenever ye hae occasion to speak of ony community of brother Christians, that ye will in future hardly make use o' siccan harsh terms. Or, if ye will do't, tak care wha ye use them afore, and let it no be to the face o' an auld veteran."

"What, ye auld profane wafer-eater and worshipper of graven images, dare ye heave your pikit kent at me?"

"I hae heaved baith sword and spear against mony a better man; and, in the cause o' my religion, I'll do it again."

He was proceeding, but Adamson's choler rising to an *ungovernable height*, he drew a race, and, running against *the gaberlunzie with* his whole force, made him fly heels-*over-head down the* hill. The old man's bonnet flew

off, his meal-pocks were scattered about, and his mantle with two or three small fleeces of wool in it, rolled dowi into the burn.

The servants observed what had been done, and one elderly shepherd said, "In troth, sirs, our master is no himself the day. He maun really be looked to. It appears to me, that sin' he roupit out yon poor family yesterday, the Lord has ta'en his guiding arm frae about him. Rob Johnston, ye'll be obliged to rin to the assistance o' the auld man."

"I'll trust the auld Jacobite for another shake wi' him yet," said Rob, "afore I steer my fit; for it strikes me if he hadna been ta'en unawares, he wad hardly hae been sae easily coupit."

The gaberlunzie was considerably astounded and stupified when he first got up his head; but find ng all his bones whole, and his old frame disencumbered of every superfluous load, he sprung to his feet, shook his grey burly locks, and cursed the aggressor in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Mother of our Lord, and all the blessed Saints above. Then approaching him with his cudgel heaved, he warned him to be on his guard, or make out of his reach, else he would send him to eternity in the twinkling of an eye. The farmer held up his staff across to defend his head against the descent of old Patie's piked kent, and at the same time, made a break in, with intent to close with his assailant; but, in so doing, he held down his head for a moment, on which the gaberlunzie made a swing to one side, and lent Adamson such a blow over the neck, or back part of the head, that he fell violently on his face, after running two or three steps precipitately forward. The beggar, whose eyes gleamed with wild fury, while his grey locks floated over them like a winter cloud over two meteors of the night, was about to follow up his blow with another more efficient one on his prostrate foe; but the farmer, perceiving these unequivocal symptoms of danger, wisely judged that there was no time to lose in providing for his own safety, and, rolling himself rapidly two or three times

over, he got to his feet, and made his escape, though not before Patie had hit him what he called "a stiff lounder across the rumple.

The farmer fled along the brae, and the gaberlunzie pursued, while the people at the fold were convulsed with laughter. The scene was highly picturesque, for the beggar could run none, and still the faster that he essayed to run, he made the less speed. But ever and anon he stood still, and cursed Adamson in the name of one or other of the saints or apostles, brandishing his cudgel, and stamping with his foot. The other, keeping still at a small distance, pretended to laugh at him, and at the same time uttered such bitter abuse against the Papists in general, and old Patie in particular, that, after the latter had cursed himself into a proper pitch of indignation, he always broke at him again, making vain efforts to reach him one more blow. At length, after chasing him by these starts about half a mile, the beggar returned, gathered up the scattered implements and fruits of his occupation, and came to the fold to the busy group.

Patie's general character was that of a patient, jocular, sarcastic old man, whom people liked, but dared not much to contradict; but that day his manner and mien had become so much altered, in consequence of the altercation and conflict which had just taken place, that the people were almost frightened to look at him; and as for social converse, there was none to be had with him. His countenance was grim, haughty, and had something Satanic in its lines and deep wrinkles; and ever and anon, as he stood leaning against the fold, he uttered a kind of hollow growl, with a broken interrupted sound, like a war-horse neighing in his sleep, and then muttered curses on the farmer.

The old shepherd before-mentioned ventured, at length, to caution him against such profanity, saying, "Dear Patie, man, dinna sin away your soul, venting sic-*can curses as these.* They will a' turn back on your sin *head; for what harm* can the curses of a poor sinfu' worm *lo to our master?"*

"My curse, sir, has blasted the hopes of better men than either you or him," said the gaberlunzie in an earthquake voice, and shivering with vehemence as he spoke. "Ye may think the like o' me can hae nae power wi' Heaven; but an I hae power wi' hell, it is sufficient to cow ony that's here. I sanna brag what effect my curse will have, but I shall say this, that either your master, or ony o' his men, had as good have auld Patie Maxwell's blessing as his curse ony time, Jacobite and Roman Catholic though he be."

It now became necessary to bring into the fold the sheep that the farmer was tending; and they were the last hirsel that was to shear that day. The farmer's face was reddened with ill-nature; but yet he now appeared to be somewhat humbled, by reflecting on the ridiculous figure he had made. Patie sat on the top of the fold-dike, and from the bold and hardy asseverations that he made, he seemed disposed to provoke a dispute with any one present who chose to take up the cudgels. While the shepherds, under fire of the gaberlunzie's bitter speeches, were sharping their shears, a thick black cloud began to rear itself over the height to the southward, the front of which seemed to be boiling—both its outsides rolling rapidly forward, and again wheeling in toward the centre. I have heard old Robin Johnston, the stout young man mentioned above, but who was a very old man when I knew him, describe the appearance of the cloud as greatly resembling a whirlpool made by the eddy of a rapid tide or flooded river; and he declared, to his dying day, that he never saw aught in nature have a more ominous appearance. The gaberlunzie was the first to notice it, and drew the attention of the rest towards that point of the heavens by the following singular and profane remark:—"Aha, lads! see what's coming yonder. Yonder's Patie Maxwell's curse coming rowing and reeling on ye already; and what will ye say an the *the curse of* God be coming backing it?"

"*Gudesake*, haud your tongue, ye profane body; ye *mak me feared* to hear ye," said one.—"It's a strange

delusion to think that a Papish can hae ony influence wi' the Almighty, either to bring down his blessing or his curse."

"Ye speak ye ken nae what, man," answered Pate; "ye hae learned some rhames frae your poor cauld-rife Protestant Whigs about Papists and Antichrist and children of perdition; yet it is plain that ye haena ae spark o' the life or power o' religion in your whole frame, and dinna ken either what's truth or what's falsehood.—Ah! yonder it is coming, grim and gurly! Now I hae called for it, and it is coming, let me see if a' the Protestants that are of ye can order it back, or pray it away again! Down on your knees, ye dogs, and set your mou's up against it, like as many spiritual cannon, and let me see if you have influence to turn aside ane o' the hailstanes that the deils are playing at chucks wi' in yon dark chamber!"

"I wadna wonder if our clipping were cuttit short," said one.

"Na, but I wadna wonder if something else were cuttit short," said Patie; "What will ye say an some o' your weazons be cuttit short? Hurraw! yonder it comes! Now, there will be sic a hurly-burly in Laverhope as never was sin' the creation o' man!"

The folds of Laverhope were situated on a gently sloping plain, in what is called "the forkings of a burn." Laver-burn runs to the eastward, and Widehope-burn runs north, meeting the other at a right angle, a little below the folds. It was around the head of this Widehope that the cloud first made its appearance, and there its vortex seemed to be impending. It descended lower and lower, with uncommon celerity, for the elements were in a turmoil. The cloud laid first hold of one height, then of another, till at length it closed over and around the pastoral group, and the dark hope had the appearance of a huge chamber hung with sackcloth. The big clear drops of rain soon began to descend, on which the shepherds covered up the wool with blankets, then huddled together under their plaids at the side of the fold, to eschew the

spent, which they saw was going to be a terrible one. Patie still kept undauntedly to the top of the dike, and Mr Adamson stood cowering at the side of it, with his plaid over his head, at a little distance from the rest. The hail and rain mingled, now began to descend in a way that had been seldom witnessed; but it was apparent to them all that the tempest raged with much greater fury in Widehope-head to the southward.—Anon a whole volume of lightning burst from the bosom of the darkness, and quivered through the gloom, dazzling the eyes of every beholder;—even old Maxwell clapped both his hands on his eyes for a space; a crash of thunder followed the flash, that made all the mountains chatter, and shook the firmament so, that the density of the cloud was broken up; for, on the instant that the thunder ceased, a rushing sound began in Widehope, that soon increased to a loudness equal to the thunder itself; but it resembled the noise made by the sea in a storm. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Patie Maxwell, "What is this? What is this? I declare we're a' ower lang here, for the dams of heaven are broken up;" and with that he flung himself from the dyke, and fled toward the top of a rising ground. He knew that the sound proceeded from the descent of a tremendous waterspout; but the rest, not conceiving what it was, remained where they were. The storm increased every minute, and in less than a quarter of an hour after the retreat of the gaberlunzie, they heard him calling out with the utmost earnestness; and when they eyed him, he was jumping like a madman on the top of the hillock, waving his bonnet, and screaming out, "Run, ye deil's buckies! Run for your bare lives!" One of the shepherds, jumping up on the dyke, to see what was the matter, beheld the burn of Widehope coming down in a manner that could be compared to nothing but an ocean, whose boundaries had given way, descending into the abyss. It came with a cataract front more than twenty feet deep, as was afterwards ascertained by measurement; for it left sufficient marks to enable men to do this with precision. The

shepherd called for assistance, and leaped into the fold to drive out the sheep; and just as he got the foremost of them to take the door, the flood came upon the head of the fold, on which he threw himself over the side-wall, and escaped in safety, as did all the rest of the people.

Not so Mr Adamson's ewes; the greater part of the hirsel being involved in this mighty current. The large fold nearest the burn was levelled with the earth in one second. Stones, ewes, and sheep-house, all were carried before it, and all seemed to bear the same weight. It must have been a dismal sight to see so many fine animals tumbling and rolling in one irresistible mass. They were strong, however, and a few plunged out, and made their escape to the eastward; a greater number were carried headlong down, and thrown out on the other side of Laver-burn, upon the side of a dry hill, to which they all escaped, some of them considerably maimed; but the greatest number of all were lost, being overwhelmed among the rubbish of the fold, and entangled so among the falling dykes, and the torrent wheeling and boiling amongst them, that escape was impossible. The wool was totally swept away, and all either lost or so much spoiled, that, when afterwards recovered, it was unsaleable.

When first the flood broke in among the sheep, and the women began to run screaming to the hills, and the despairing shepherds to fly about, unable to do any thing, Patie began a-laughing with a loud and hellish guffaw, and in that he continued to indulge till quite exhausted. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! what think ye o' the auld beggar's curse now? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I think it has been backit wi' Heaven's and the deil's baith. Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And then he mimicked the thunder with the most outrageous and ludicrous jabberings, turning occasionally up to the cloud streaming with lightning and hail, and calling out,—"Louder yet, deils! louder yet! Kindle up your crackers and yerk away! Rap, rap, rap, rap—Ro-ro, ro, ro—Roo—Whush."

"I daresay that body's the vera deevil himsell in the

shape o' the auld Papish beggar!" said one, not thinking that Patie could hear at such a distance.

"Na, na, lad, I'm no the deil," cried he in answer, "but an I war, I would let you see a stramash! It is a sublime thing to be a Roman Catholic among sae mony weak apostates; but it is a sublimer thing still to be a deil—a master-spirit in a forge like yon. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Take care o' your heads, ye cock-chickens o' Calvin—take care o' the auld Coppersmith o' the Black Cludd!"

From the moment that the first thunder-bolt shot from the cloud, the countenance of the farmer was changed. He was manifestly alarmed in no ordinary degree; and when the flood came rushing from the dry mountains, and took away his sheep and his folds before his eyes, he became as a dead man, making no effort to save his store, or to give directions how it might be done. He ran away in a cowering posture, as he had been standing, and took shelter in a little green hollow, out of his servants' view.

The thunder came nearer and nearer the place where the astonished hinds were, till at length they perceived the bolts of flame striking the earth around them in every direction; at one time tearing up its bosom, and at another splintering the rocks. Robin Johnston, in describing it, said that "the thunnerbolts came shimmering out o' the cludd sae thick, that they appeared to be linkit thegither, and fleeing in a' directions. There war some o' them blue, some o' them red, and some o' them like the colour o' the lowe of a candle; some o' them diving into the earth, and some o' them springing up out o' the earth and darting into the heaven." I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I am sure my informer thought it true, or he would not have told it; and he said farther, that when old Maxwell saw it, he cried—"Fie, tak care, cubs o' hell! fie, tak care! cower laigh, and sit sicker; for your auld dam is aboon ye, and aneath ye, and a' round about ye. O for a good wat nurse to spean ye, like John Adamson's lambs! Ha, ha, ha!"—The lamb

it must be observed, had been turned out of the fold at first, and none of them perished with their dams.

But just when the storm was at the height, and apparently passing the bounds ever witnessed in these northern climes; when the embroiled elements were in the state of hottest convulsion, and when our little pastoral group were every moment expecting the next to be their last, all at once a lovely "blue bore," fringed with downy gold, opened in the cloud behind, and in five minutes more the sun appeared, and all was beauty and serenity. What a contrast to the scene so lately witnessed!

The most remarkable circumstance of the whole was perhaps the contrast between the two burns. The burn of Laverhope never changed its colour, but continued pure, limpid, and so shallow, that a boy might have stepped over it dry-shod, all the while that the other burn was coming in upon it like an ocean broken loose, and carrying all before it. In mountainous districts, however, instances of the same kind are not infrequent in times of summer speats. Some other circumstances connected with this storm were also described to me: The storm coming from the south, over a low-lying, wooded, and populous district, the whole of the crows inhabiting it posted away up the glen of Laverhope to avoid the fire and fury of the tempest. "There were thoosands and thoosands came up by us," said Robin, "a' laying theirsells out as they had been mad. And then, whanever the bright bolt played flash through the darkness, ilk ane o' them made a dive and a wheel to avoid the shot: For I was persuaded that they thought a' the artillery and musketry o' the haill country were loosed on them, and that it was time for them to tak the gate. There were likewise several colly dogs came by us in great extremity, hinging out their tongues, and looking aye ower their shouthers, rinning straight on they kenn'dna where; and amang other things, there was a black Highland cow came roaring up the glen, wi' her stake hanging at her neck."

When the gush of waters subsided, all the group, men

and women, were soon employed in pulling out de sheep from among rubbish of stones, banks of gravel, a pools of the burn; and many a row of carcasses was l out, which at that season were of no use whatever, a of course utterly lost. But all the time they were engaged, Mr Adamson came not near them; at whi they wondered, and some of them remarked, that "th thought their master was fey the day, mae ways th ane."

"Ay, never mind him," said the old shepherd, "h come when he thinks it his ain time; he's a right s humbled man the day, and I hope by this time he been brought to see his errors in a right light. But t gaberlunzie is lost too. I think he be sandit in the yi for I hae never seen him sin' the last great crash o' th ner."

"He'll be gane into the howe to wring his duds," s Robert Johnston, "or maybe to make up matters your master. Gude sauf us, what a profane wretch t auld creature is! I didna think the muckle horned d himsell could hae set up his mou' to the heaven, a braggit and blasphemed in sic a way. He gart heart a' grue within me, and dirle as it had been bo wi' reid-het elsins."

"Oh, what can ye expect else of a Papish?" said old shepherd, with a deep sigh. "They're a' de bairns ilk ane, and a' employed in carrying on th father's wark. It is needless to expect gude branc frae sic a stock, or gude fruit frae siccan branches."

"There's ae wee bit text that folks should never l sight o'," said Robin, "and it's this,—'Judge not, that be not judged.' I think," remarked Robin, when he the story, "I think that steekit their gabs!"

The evening at length drew on; the women had g away home, and the neighbouring shepherds had scatte here and there to look after their own flocks. Adamson's men alone remained, lingering about the b and the folds, waiting for their master. They ha him go into the little green hollow, and they k

was gone to his prayers, and were unwilling to disturb him. But they at length began to think it extraordinary that he should continue at his prayers the whole afternoon. As for the beggar, though acknowledged to be a man of strong sense and sound judgment, he had never been known to say prayers all his life, except in the way of cursing and swearing a little sometimes; and none of them could conjecture what was become of him. Some of the rest, as it grew late, applied to the old shepherd before oft mentioned, whose name I have forgot, but he had herded with Adamson twenty years—some of the rest, I say, applied to him to go and bring their master away home, thinking that perhaps he was taken ill.

"O, I'm unco laith to disturb him," said the old man; "he sees that the hand o' the Lord has fa'en heavy on him the day, and he's humbling himsell afore him in great bitterness o' spirit, I daresay. I count it a sin to brik in on sic devotions as thae."

"Na, I carena if he should lie and pray yonder till the morn," said a young lad, "only I wadna like to gang hame and leave him lying on the hill, if he should hae chanced to turn no weel. Sae, if nane o' ye will gang and bring him, or see what ails him, I'll e'en gang mysell;" and away he went, the rest standing still to await the issue.

When the lad went first to the brink of the little slack where Adamson lay, he stood a few moments, as if gazing or listening, and then turned his back and fled. The rest, who were standing watching his motions, wondered at this; and they said one to another, that their master was angry at being disturbed, and had been threatening the lad so rudely, that it had caused him to take to his heels. But what they thought most strange was, that the lad did not fly towards them, but straight to the hill; nor did he ever so much as cast his eyes in their direction; so deeply did he seem to be impressed with what had passed between him and his master. Indeed, it rather appeared that he did not know what he was doing; for, after running a space with great violence, he stood

and looked back, and then broke to the hill again—always looking first over the one shoulder, and then over the other. Then he stopped a second time, and returned cautiously towards the spot where his master reclined; and all the while he never so much as once turned his eyes in the direction of his neighbours, or seemed to remember that they were there. His motions were strikingly erratic; for all the way, as he returned to the spot where his master was, he continued to advance by a zigzag course, like a vessel beating up by short tacks; and several times he stood still, as on the very point of retreating. At length he vanished from their sight in the little hollow.

It was not long till the lad again made his appearance, shouting and waving his cap for them to come likewise; on which they all went away to him as fast as they could, in great amazement what could be the matter. When they came to the green hollow, a shocking spectacle presented itself: There lay the body of their master, who had been struck dead by the lightning; and, his right side having been torn open, his bowels had gushed out, and were lying beside the body. The earth was rutted and ploughed close to his side, and at his feet there was a hole scooped out, a full yard in depth, and very much resembling a grave. He had been cut off in the act of prayer, and the body was still lying in the position of a man praying in the field. He had been on his knees, with his elbows leaning on the brae, and his brow laid on his folded hands; his plaid was drawn over his head, and his hat below his arm; and this affecting circumstance proved a great source of comfort to his widow afterwards, when the extremity of her suffering had somewhat abated.

No such awful visitation of Providence had ever been witnessed, or handed down to our hinds on the ample records of tradition, and the impression which it made, and the interest it excited, were also without a parallel. Thousands visited the spot, to view the devastations made by the flood, and the furrows formed by the electrical matter; and the smallest circumstances were

quired into with the most minute curiosity: above all, the still and drowsy embers of superstition were rekindled by it into a flame, than which none had ever burnt brighter, not even in the darkest days of ignorance; and by the help of it a theory was made out and believed, that for horror is absolutely unequalled. But as it was credited in its fullest latitude by my informant, and always added by him at the conclusion of the tale, I am bound to mention the circumstances, though far from vouching them to be authentic.

It was asserted, and pretended to have been proved, that old Peter Maxwell *was not in the glen of Laverhope that day*, but at a great distance in a different county, and that it was the devil who attended the folds in his likeness. It was farther believed by all the people at the folds, that it was the last explosion of the whole that had slain Mr Adamson; for they had at that time observed the side of the brae, where the little green slack was situated, covered with a sheet of flame for a moment. And it so happened, that thereafter the profane gaberlunzie had been no more seen; and therefore they said—and here was the most horrible part of the story—there was no doubt of his being the devil, waiting for his prey, and that he fled away in that sheet of flame, carrying the soul of John Adamson along with him.

I never saw old Pate Maxwell,—for I believe he died before I was born; but Robin Johnston said, that to his dying day, he denied having been within forty miles of the folds of Laverhope on the day of the thunder-storm, and was exceedingly angry when any one pretended to doubt the assertion. It was likewise reported, that at six o'clock afternoon a stranger had called on Mrs Irvine, and told her, that John Adamson and a great part of his stock, had been destroyed by the lightning and the hail. Mrs Irvine's house was five miles distant from the folds; and more than that, the farmer's death was not so much as known of by mortal man until two hours after Mrs Irvine received this information. The storm exceeded any thing remembered, either for its violence or consequences, an

these mysterious circumstances having been bruited abroad, gave it a hold on the minds of the populace, never to be erased but by the erasure of existence. It fell out on the 12th of July, 1753.

The death of Mr Copland of Minnigapp, in Annandale, forms another era of the same sort. It happened, if I mistake not, on the 18th of July, 1804. It was one of those days by which all succeeding thunder-storms have been estimated, and from which they are dated, both as having taken place so many years before, and so long after.

Adam Copland, Esquire, of Minnigapp, was a gentleman esteemed by all who knew him. Handsome in his person, and elegant in his manners, he was the ornament of rural society, and the delight of his family and friends; and his loss was felt as no common misfortune. As he occupied a pastoral farm of considerable extent, his own property, he chanced likewise to be out at his folds on the day above-mentioned, with his own servants, and some neighbours, weaning a part of his lambs, and shearing a few sheep. About mid-day the thunder, lightning, and hail came on, and deranged their operations entirely; and, among other things, a part of the lambs broke away from the folds, and being in great fright, they continued to run on. Mr Copland and a shepherd of his, named Thomas Scott, pursued them, and, at the distance of about half a mile from the folds, they turned them, mastered them, after some running, and were bringing them back to the fold, when the dreadful catastrophe happened. Thomas Scott was the only person present, of course; and though he was within a few steps of his master at the time, he could give no account of any thing. I am well acquainted with Scott, and have questioned him about the particulars fifty times; but he could not so much as tell me how he got back to the fold; whether he brought the lambs with him or not; how long the storm continued; nor, indeed, any thing after the time that his master and he turned the lambs. That circumstance he remembered perfectly, but thenceforward his mind seemed

ave become a blank. I should likewise have men-
ed, as an instance of the same kind of deprivation of
ciousness, that when the young lad who went first
he body of Adamson was questioned why he fled
the body at first, he denied that ever he fled; he
not conscious of having fled a foot, and never would
believed it, if he had not been seen by four eye-wit-
es. The only things of which Thomas Scott had
impressions were these: that when the lightning
k his master, he sprung a great height into the air,
a higher, he thought, than it was possible for any
to leap by his own exertion. He also thinks, that
place where he fell dead was at a considerable distance
that on which he was struck and leaped from the
nd; but when I inquired if he judged that it would
venty yards or ten yards, he could give no answer—
ould not tell. He only had an impression that he
his master spring into the air, all on fire; and, on
ing up to him, he found him quite dead. If Scott
correct in this, (and he being a man of plain good
e, truth and integrity, there can scarce be a reason
oubting him,) the circumstance would argue that the
ric matter by which Mr Copland was killed issued
of the earth. He was speaking to Scott with his
last breath; but all that the survivor could do, he
l never remember what he was saying. Some melted
s of silver were standing on the case of his watch,
ell as on some of the buttons of his coat, and the body
r stiffened like other corpses, but remained as supple
every bone had been softened to jelly. He was a
ied man, scarcely at the prime of life, and left a young
w and only son to lament his loss. On the spot
e he fell there is now an obelisk erected to his
ory, with a warning text on it, relating to the short-
and uncertainty of human life.

CHAP. III.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"Bring me my pike-staff, daughter Matilda,—the one with the head turned round like crummy's horn; I find it easiest for my hand. And do you hear, Matty?—Stop, I say; you are always in such a hurry.—Bring me likewise my best cloak,—not the tartan one, but the grey marled one, lined with green flannel. I go over to Shepherd Gawin's to-day, to see that poor young man who is said to be dying."

"I would not go, father, were I you. He is a great reprobate, and will laugh at every good precept; and, more than that, you will heat yourself with the walk, get cold, and be confined again with your old complaint."

"What was it you said, daughter Matilda? Ah, you said that which was very wrong. God only knows who are reprobates, and who are not. We can judge from nought but external evidence, which is a false ground to build calculations upon; but He knows the heart, with all our motives of action, and judges very differently from us. You said very wrong, daughter. But women will always be speaking unadvisedly. Always rash! always rash!—Bring me my cloak, daughter, for as to my being injured by my walk, I am going on my Master's business; my life and health are in his hands, and let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight; I will devote all to his service the little while I have to sojourn here."

"But this young man, father, is not only wicked himself, but he delights in the wickedness of others. He has ruined all his associates, and often not without toiling for it with earnest application. Never did your own *heart* yearn more over the gaining of an immortal soul to *God* and goodness, than this same young profligate's *bosom* has yearned over the destruction of one."

"Ah! it is a dismal picture, indeed! but not, perha

ad as you say. Women are always disposed to
gerate, and often let their tongues outrun their judg-
s. Bring me my cloak and my staff, daughter Mat.
igh God withdraw his protecting arm from a fellow-
ure for a time, are we to give up all for lost! Do
not know that his grace aboundeth to the chief of
rs?"

I know more of this youth than you do, my dear
r; would to Heaven I knew less! and I advise you
ay at home, and leave him to the mercy of that God
n he has offended. Old age and decrepitude are
erision, and he will mock at and laugh you to scorn,
dd still more pangs to the hearts of his disconsolate
ts. It was he who, after much travail, overturned
principles of your beloved grandson, which has cost
so much grief, and so many tears."

That is indeed a bitter consideration; nevertheless
all be got over. I will not say, The Lord reward
according to his works, although the words almost
led on my tongue; but I will say, in the sincerity
Christian disposition, May the Lord of mercy forgive
and open his eyes to his undone state before it be
ate, and the doors of forgiveness be eternally shut!
nks to my Maker, I now feel as I ought! Go bring
ny cloak, daughter Matilda; not that tartan one,
the gaudy spangles, but my comfortable grey marled
with the green flannel lining."

Stay till I tell you one thing more, father."

Well, what is it? Say on, daughter, I'll hear you.
ly you are not desirous that this young man's soul
ld perish? Women's prejudices are always too
g, either one way or another. But I will hear you,
hter—I will hear you. What is it?"

You knew formerly somewhat of the evil this profli-
youth did to your grandson, but you do not know
he has most basely betrayed his sister, your darling
emia."

d Isaac's head sunk down, while some tears invol-
ly dropped on his knee; and to conceal his emotion,

he remained silent, save that he uttered a few sti groans. Natural affection and duty were at strife wit him, and for a time neither of them would yield. daughter perceived the struggle, and contented her with watching its effects.

"Where is my cloak, daughter Matilda?" said he, length, without raising his head.

"It is hanging on one of the wooden knags in the g ret, sir," said she.

"Ay. Then you may let it hang on the knag wh it is all day. It is a weary world this! and we are guilty creatures! I fear I cannot converse and pray w the ruthless seducer of both my children."

"Your resolution is prudent, sir. All efforts to reg such a one are vain. He is not only a reprobate, and outcast from his Maker, but a determined and avow enemy to his laws and government."

"You do not know what you say, daughter," said Isaac, starting to his feet, and looking her sternly in t face. "If I again hear you presume to prejudge a accountable and immortal being in such a manner, I sh be more afraid of your own state than of his. While remains, we are in a land where repentance is to be h and hoped for, and I will not hear the mercy of G arraigned. Bring me my cloak and my staff instant without another word. When I think of the coun beyond the grave, and of the eternal fate that awaits t hapless prodigal, all my injuries vanish, and my trust the Lord is strengthened anew. I shall at least pray w him, and for him; if he will not hear me, my Father w is in heaven may hear me, and haply He will open victim's eyes to the hope that is set before him; for hearts of all the children of men are in his hands, and the rivers of water He turneth them whithersoever pleaseth."

So old Isaac got his staff in his hand that had the h turned round like the horn of a cow, and also his cl round his shoulders, not the tartan one with its g spangles, but the grey marled one lined with gree

nel. Well might old Isaac be partial to that cloak, for it was made for him by a beloved daughter who had been removed from him and from her family at the age of twenty-three. She was the mother of his two darlings, Isaac and Euphemia, mentioned before; and the feelings with which he put on the mantle that day can only be conceived by those who have learned to count all things but loss save Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and how few are the number who attain this sublime and sacred neight

"The blessing of him that is ready to perish shall light on the head of my father," said Matilda, as she followed with her eye the bent figure of the old man hasting with tottering steps over the moor, on the road that led to Shepherd Gawin's; and when he vanished from her view on the height, she wiped her eyes, drew the window screen, and applied herself to her work.

Isaac lost sight of his own home, and came in view of Shepherd Gawin's at the same instant; but he only gave a slight glance back to his own, for the concern that lay before him dwelt on his heart. It was a concern of life and death, not only of a temporal, but of a spiritual and eternal nature; and where the mortal concerns are centred, on that place, or towards that place, will the natural eye be turned. Isaac looked only at the dwelling before him: All wore a solemn stillness about the place that had so often resounded with rustic mirth: the cock crowed not at the door as was his wont, nor strutted on the top of his old dunghill, that had been accumulating there for ages, and had the appearance of a small green mountain; but he sat on the kailyard dike, at the head of his mates, with his feathers ruffled, and every now and then his one eye turned up to the sky, as if watching some appearance there of which he stood in dread. The blithesome collies came not down the green to bark and frolic half in kindness and half in jealousy; they lay coiled up on the shelf of the haystack, and as a stranger approached, lifted up their heads and viewed him with a sullen and sleepy eye, then, uttering a low and stifled growl, muffled their heads

again between their hind feet, and shrouded their soc
natures in the very depth of sullenness.

"This is either the abode of death, or deep mournii
or perhaps both," said old Isaac to himself, as he
proached the house; "and all the domestic animals
affected by it, and join in the general dismay. If t
young man has departed with the eyes of his understa
ing blinded, I have not been in the way of my duty.
is a hard case that a blemished lamb should be cast
of the flock, and no endeavour made by the shepherd
heal or recall it; that the poor stray thing should
left to perish, and lost to its Master's fold. It behov
not a faithful shepherd to suffer this; and yet—Isa
thou art the man! May the Lord pardon his servant
this thing!"

The scene continued precisely the same until Is
reached the solitary dwelling. There was no passing
or out by the door, nor any human creature to be s
stirring, save a little girl, one of the family, who had b
away meeting the carrier to procure some medicines,
who approached the house by a different path. Isaac
first at the door, and on reaching it he heard a confu
noise within, like the sounds of weeping and pray
commingled. Unwilling to break in upon them, ignor
as he was how matters stood with the family, he paus
and then with a soft step retreated to meet the little
that approached, and make some inquiries of her.
tried to elude him by running past him at a little distan
but he asked her to stop and tell him how all was wit
She did not hear what he said, but guessing the purp
of his inquiry, answered, "He's nae better, sir."—"
me! still in the same state of suffering?"—"Aih no
no ae grain,—I tell ye he's nae better ava." And
that she stepped into the house, Isaac following close
hind her, so that he entered without being either see
announced. The first sounds that he could distingu
were the words of the dying youth; they had a ho
whistling sound, but they were the words of truth
indignation. As he crossed the hallan he percei

sick man's brother, the next to him in age, sitting at the window with his elbow leaning on the table, and his head on his closed fist, while the tints of sorrow and anger seemed mingled on his blunt countenance. Farther on stood his mother and elder sister leaning on each other, and their eyes shaded with their hands, and close by the sick youth's bedside; beyond these kneeled old Gawin the shepherd, his fond and too indulgent father. He held the shrivelled hand of his son in his, and with the other that of a damsel who stood by his side: And Isaac heard him conjuring his son in the name of the God of heaven. Here old Isaac's voice interrupted the affecting scene. "Peace be to this house,—may the peace of the Almighty be within its walls," said he with an audible voice. The two women uttered a stifled shriek, and the dying man a "Poh! poh!" of abhorrence. Old Gawin, though he did not rise from his knees, gazed round with amazement in his face; and looking first at his dying son, and then at old Isaac, he drew a full breath, and said, with a quivering voice, "Surely the hand of the Almighty is in this!"

There was still another object in the apartment well worthy of the attention of him who entered—it was the damsel who stood at the bedside; but then she stood with her back to Isaac, so that he could not see her face, and at the sound of his voice, she drew her cloak over her head, and retired behind the bed, sobbing so, that her bosom seemed like to rend. The cloak was similar to one worn that day by old Isaac, for, be it remembered, he had not the gaudy tartan one about him, but the russet grey plaid made to him by his beloved daughter. Isaac saw the young woman retiring behind the bed, and heard her weeping; but a stroke like that of electricity seemed to have affected the nerves of all the rest of the family on the entrance of the good old man, so that his attention was attracted by those immediately under his eye. The mother and daughter whispered to each other in great perplexity. Old Gawin rose from his knees; and not knowing well what to say or do, he diligently wiped the

dust from the knee-caps of his corduroy breeches, descending to the minutiæ of scraping away some sp more adhesive than the rest, with the nail of his finger. No one welcomed the old man, and the d youth on the bed grumbled these bitter words, "I now on what errand Ellen was sent! Confound officiousness!"

"No, Graham, you are mistaken. The child w T——r to meet the carrier for your drogs," said Gawin.

"Poh! poh! all of a piece with the rest of the you have told me. Come hither, Ellen, and let me what the doctor has sent."—The girl came near, and some vials with a sealed direction.

"So you got these at T——r, did you?"

"Yes, I got them from Jessy Clapperton; the ca was away."

"Lying imp! who told you to say that? An me!"—The child was mute and looked frightene "Oh! I see how it is! You have done very well dear, very cleverly, you give very fair promise. me some clothes, pray—I will try if I can leave house."

"Alas, my good friends, what is this?" said Is "the young man's reason, I fear, is wavering. (Gawin, why do you not give me your hand? I am tremely sorry for your son's great bodily sufferings, for what you and your family must suffer mentally o account. How are you?"

"Right weel, sir—as weel as may be expected," Gawin, taking old Isaac's hand, but not once lifting eyes from the ground to look the good man in the fa

"And how are you, good dame?" continued I shaking hands with the old woman.

"Right weel, thanks t'ye, sir. It is a cauld day Ye'll be cauld?"

"Oh no, I rather feel warm."

"Ay, ye have a comfortable plaid for a day lik a good plaid it is."

"I like to hear you say so, Agnes, for that plaid was a Christmas present to me, from one who has now been several years in the cold grave. It was made to me by my kind and beloved daughter Euphy. But enough of this—I see you have some mantles in the house of the very same kind."

"No; not the same. We have none of the same here."

"Well, the same or nearly so,—it is all one. My sight often deceives me now."—The family all looked at one another.—"But enough of this," continued old Isaac, "I came not thus far to discuss such matters. The sick young man, from what I heard, I fear, is incapable of spiritual conversation?"

"Yes, I am," said he, from the bed, with a squeaking voice, "and I would this moment that I were dead! Why don't you give me my clothes? Sure never was a poor unfortunate being tormented as I am! Won't you have pity on me, and let me have a little peace for a short time! It is not long I will trouble you. Is it not mean and dastardly in you all to combine against an object that cannot defend himself?"

"Alack, alack!" said old Isaac, "the calmness of reason is departed for the present. I came to converse a little with him on that which concerns his peace here, and his happiness hereafter: to hold the mirror up to his conscience, and point an object to him, of which, if he take not hold, all his hope is a wreck."

"I knew it! I knew it!" vociferated the sick man. "A strong and great combination: but I'll defeat it, —ha, ha, ha! I tell you, Father Confessor, I have no right or part in the object you talk of. I will have no farther concern with her. She shall have no more of me than you shall have. If the devil should have all, that is absolute—Will that suffice?"

"Alas! he is not himself," said old Isaac, "and has nearly been guilty of blasphemy. We must not irritate him farther. All that we can do is to join in prayer that the Lord will lay no more upon him than he is able to

bear, that he will heal his wounded spirit and restore hi to the use of reason; and that, in the midst of his wa derings, should he blaspheme, the sin may not be laid his charge."

Gawin was about to speak, and explain something th apparently affected him; the dying youth had likewi raised himself on his elbow, and, with an angry count nance, was going to reply; but when the old man too off his broad-brimmed hat, and discovered the wrinkle forehead and the thin snowy hair waving around it, th sight was so impressive that silence was imposed o every tongue. He sung two stanzas of a psalm, read chapter of the New Testament, and then kneeling by th bedside, prayed for about half an hour with such fervenc of devotion, that all the family were deeply affected. was no common-place prayer, nor one so general that suited any case of distress; every sentence of it spok home to the heart, and alluded particularly to the ver state of him for whom the petitions were addressed t heaven. Old Gawin gave two or three short sighs, whic his wife hearing, she wiped her eyes with her apron Their fair daughter made the same sort of noise tha one does who takes snuff, and the innocent youth, thei second son, who leaned forward on the table instead o kneeling, let two tears fall on the board, which he forme with his forefinger into the initials of his name; the litt girl looked from one to another, and wondered wha ailed them all, then casting down her eyes, she tried t look devout, but they would not be restrained. Th dying youth, who at the beginning testified the utmos impatience, by degrees became the most affected of all His features first grew composed, then rueful, and finally he turned himself on his face in humble prostration. Isaac pleaded fervently with the Almighty that the suf ferer's days might be lengthened, and that he might not be cut off in the bloom of youth and exuberance of levity —at that season when man is more apt to speak than calculate, and to act than consider, even though speec should be crime, and action irretrievable ruin. "S

and recover him, O merciful Father, yet for a little while," said he, "that he may have his eyes opened to see his ruined state both by nature and by wicked works; for who among us liveth and sinneth not, and what changes may be made in his dispositions in a few years or a few months by thy forbearance? Thou takest no pleasure in the death of sinners, but rather that all should repent, and turn unto thee, and live; therefore, for his immortal soul's sake, and for the sake of what thy Son hath suffered for ruined man, spare him till he have time and space to repent. Should his youthful mind have been tainted with the prevailing vice of infidelity, so that he hath been tempted to lift up his voice against the most sacred truths; and should he, like all the profane, have been following his inclinations rather than his judgment, how is he now prepared to abide the final result? or to be ushered into the very midst of those glorious realities which he hath hitherto treated as a fiction? And how shall he stand before thee, when he discovers too late, that there is indeed a God, whose being and attributes he hath doubted, a Saviour whom he hath despised, a heaven into which he cannot enter, and a hell which he can never escape? Perhaps he hath been instrumental in unhinging the principles of others, and of misleading some unwary being from the paths of truth and holiness; and in the flush of reckless depravity, may even have deprived some innocent, loving, and trusting being of virtue, and left her a prey to sorrow and despair; and with these and more grievous crimes on his head,—all unrepented and unatoned for,—how shall he appear before thee?"

At this part of the prayer the sobs behind the bed became so audible, that it made the old man pause in the midst of his fervent supplications; and the dying youth was heard to weep in suppressed breathings. Isaac went on, and prayed still for the sufferer as one insensible to all that passed; but he prayed so earnestly for his forgiveness, for the restoration of his right reason, and for health and space for repentance and amendment, that the

sincerity of his heart was apparent in every wo
every tone.

When he rose from his knees there was a deep s
no one knew what to say, or to whom to addres
self; for the impression made on all their min
peculiarly strong. The only motion made for
while was by the soft young man at the table, w
on his bonnet as he was wont to do after prayer
remembering that the Minister was present, he sli
off again by the ear, as if he had been stealing it f
own head. At that instant the dying youth stretc
his hand. Isaac saw it, and looking to his mother,
wanted something. "It is yours—your hand
want," said the youth, in a kind and expressiv
Isaac started, he had judged him to be in a state
lirium, and his surprise may be conceived when h
nim speak with calmness and composure. He gr
his hand, but from what he had heard fall from
before, knew not how to address him. "You
good man," said the youth, "God in heaven
you!"

"What is this I hear?" cried Isaac, breathle
astonishment. "Have the disordered senses be
lied in one moment? Have our unworthy
indeed been heard at the throne of Omnipoten
answered so suddenly? Let us bow ourselv
gratitude and adoration. And for thee, my dear
friend, be of good cheer; for there are better
intended towards thee. Thou shalt yet live to re
thy sins, and to become a chosen vessel of mercy
house of him that saved thee."

"If I am spared in life for a little while," s
youth, "I shall make atonement for some of m
gressions, for the enormity of which I am smitten
heart."

"Trust to no atonement you can make of yo
cried Isaac fervently. "It is a bruised reed, to
if you lean, it will go into your hand and pie
shelter that will not break the blast. You mu

a higher atonement, else your repentance shall be as stubble, or as chaff that the wind carrieth away."

"So disinterested!" exclaimed the youth. "Is it my wellbeing alone over which your soul yearns. This is more than I expected to meet with in humanity! Good father, I am unable to speak more to you to-day, but give me your hand, and promise to come back to see me on Friday. If I am spared in life, you shall find me all that you wish, and shall never more have to charge me with ingratitude."

In the zeal of his devotion, Isaac had quite forgot all personal injuries; he did not even remember that there were such beings as his grandchildren in existence at that time; but when the young man said, that "he should find him all that he wished, and that he would no more be ungrateful," the sobs and weeping behind the bed grew so audible, that all farther exchange of sentiments was interrupted. The youth grasped old Isaac's hand, and motioned for him to go away; and he was about to comply, out of respect for the feelings of the sufferer, but before he could withdraw his hand from the bed, or rise from the seat on which he had just sat down, the weeping fair one burst from behind the bed; and falling on his knees with her face, she seized his hand with both hers, kissed it a hundred times, and bathed it all over with her tears. Isaac's heart was at all times soft, and at that particular time he was in a mood to be melted quite; he tried to soothe the damsel, though he himself was as much affected as she was—but as her mantle was still over her head, how could he know her? His old dim eyes were, moreover, so much suffused with tears, that he did not perceive that mantle to be the very same with his own, and that one hand must have been the maker of both. "Be comforted," said old Isaac; "he will mend—he will mend, and be yet a stay to you and to them all—be of good comfort, dear love."

When he had said this, he wiped his eyes hastily and impatiently with the lap of his plaid, seized his old pike-staff; and as he tottered across the floor, drawing up his

plaid around his waist, its purple rustic colours caught his eye, dim as it was; and he perceived that it was not his tartan one with the gaudy spangles, but the grey marled one that was made to him by his beloved daughter. Who can trace the links of association in the human mind? The chain is more angled, more oblique, than the course marked out by the bolt of heaven—as momentarily formed, and as quickly lost. In all cases, they are indefinable, but on the mind of old age they glance like dreams and visions of something that have been, and are for ever gone. The instant that Isaac's eye fell on his mantle, he looked hastily and involuntarily around him, first on the one side and then on the other, his visage manifesting trepidation and uncertainty. "Pray what have you lost, sir?" said the kind and officious dame. "I cannot tell what it was that I missed," said old Isaac, "but methought I felt as if I had left something behind me that was mine." Isaac went away, but left not a dry eye in the dwelling which he quitted.

On leaving the cottage he was accompanied part of the way by Gawin, in whose manner there still remained an unaccountable degree of embarrassment. His conversation laboured under a certain restraint, insomuch that Isaac, who was an observer of human nature, could not help taking notice of it; but those who have never witnessed, in the same predicament, a homebred, honest countryman, accustomed to speak his thoughts freely at all times, can form no conception of the appearance that Gawin made. From the time that the worthy old man first entered his cot, till the time they parted again on the height, Gawin's lips were curled, the one up, and the other down, leaving an inordinate extent of teeth and gums displayed between them; whenever his eyes met those of his companion, they were that instant withdrawn, and, with an involuntary motion, fixed on the summit of some of the adjacent hills; and when they stopped to converse, Gawin was always laying on the ground with his staff, or beating some unfortunate thistle all to pieces. The one family had suffered an injury from the other of

a nature so flagrant in Gawin's eyes, that his honest heart could not brook it; and yet so delicate was the subject, that when he essayed to mention it, his tongue refused the office. "There has a sair misfortune happened," said he once, "that ye aiblins dinna ken o'—But it's nae matter ava! And with that he fell on and beat a thistle or some other opposing shrub most unmercifully.

There was, however, one subject on which he spoke with energy, and that was the only one in which old Isaac was for the time interested. It was his son's religious state of mind. He told Isaac that he had formed a correct opinion of the youth, and that he was indeed a scoffer at religion, because it had become fashionable in certain college classes, where religion was never mentioned but with ridicule; but that his infidelity sprung from a perverse and tainted inclination, in opposition to his better judgment, and that if he could have been brought at all to think or reason on the subject, he would have thought and reasoned aright; this, however, he had avoided by every means, seeming horrified at the very mention of the subject, and glad to escape from the tormenting ideas that it brought in its train.—"Even the sight of your face to-day," continued Gawin, "drove him into a fit of temporary derangement. But from the unwonted docility he afterwards manifested, I have high hopes that this visit of yours will be accompanied by the blessing of Heaven. He has been a dear lad to me; for the sake of getting him forret in his lair, I hae pinched baith mysell and a' my family, and sitten down wi' them to mony a poor and scrimpit meal. But I never grudged that, only I hae whiles been grieved that the rest o' my family hae gotten sae little justice in their schooling. And yet, puir things, there has never ane o' them grieved my heart,—which he has done aftener than I like to speak o'. It has pleased Heaven to punish me for my partiality to him; but I hae naething for it but submission.—*Ha! do ye ken*, sir, that that day I first saw him *mount a poopit*, and heard him begin a discourse to a *croudit congregation*, I thought a' my pains and a' my

pinching poverty overpaid. For the first quarter of a hour I was sae upliftit, that I hardly kenn'd whether was sitting, standing, or flying in the air, or whether th kirk was standing still, or rinning round about. Bu alake! afore the end o' his twa discourses, my hea turned as cauld as lead, and it has never again hett i my breast sinsyne. They were twa o' thae cauldri moral harangues, that tend to uplift poor wrecked, de generate human nature, and rin down divine grac There was nae dependence to be heard tell o' there beyond the weak arm o' sinful flesh; and oh, I though to mysell, that will afford sma' comfort, my man, to eithe you or me, at our dying day!"

Here the old shepherd became so much overpowered that he could not proceed, and old Isaac took up th discourse and administered comfort to the sorrowin father: then shaking him kindly by the hand, he pro ceeded on his way, while Gawin returned slowly home ward, still waging war with every intrusive and superfluou shrub in his path. He was dissatisfied with himse because he had not spoken his mind to a person who s well deserved his confidence, on a subject that most o all preyed on his heart.

Matilda, who sat watching the path by which he father was to return home, beheld him as soon as he cam in view, and continued to watch him all the way wit that tender solicitude which is only prompted by the mo sincere and disinterested love.—"With what agility h walks!" exclaimed she to herself; "bless me, sirs, he running! He is coming pacing down yon green swar as if he were not out of his teens yet. I hope he h been successful in his mission, and prevailed with th abandoned profligate to make some amends to my haples niece."

How different are the views of different persons! an how various the objects of their pursuit! Isaac though of no such thing. He rejoiced only in the goodness a mercy of his Maker, and had high hopes that he wo make him (unworthy as he was) instrumental in ga

over an immortal soul to Heaven and happiness. He sung praises to Heaven in his heart, and the words of gratitude and thankfulness hung upon his tongue. His daughter never took her eye from him, in his approach to his little mansion. Her whole dependence was on her father—her whole affection was centred in him: she had been taught from her infancy to regard him as the first and best of men; and though she had now lived with him forty years, he had never in one instance done an action to lessen that esteem, or deface that pure image of uprightness and sincerity, which her affectionate heart had framed. When he came in, her watchful kindness assailed him in a multitude of ways—every thing was wrong; she would have it that his feet were damp, although he assured her of the contrary—his right-hand sleeve was wringing wet; and there was even a dampness between his shoulders, which was exceedingly dangerous, as it was so nearly opposite the heart. In short, old Isaac's whole apparel had to be shifted piecemeal, though not without some strong remonstrances on his part, and the good-natured quotation, several times repeated, from the old song:

> Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
> Unless ye gie her a' the plea."

When she had got him all made comfortable to her mind, and his feet placed in slippers well-toasted before the fire, she then began her inquiries. "How did you find all at Gawin's to-day, now when I have gotten time to spier?"

"Why, daughter Matty, poorly enough, very poorly. But, thanks be to God, I think I left them somewhat better than I found them."

"I am so glad to hear that! I hope you have taken Graham over the coals about Phemy."

"Eh! about Phemy?"

"You know what I told you before you went away? *You were not so unnatural as to forget your own flesh and blood, in communing with the man who has wronged her?*"

"I did not think more of the matter; and if I had, there would have been no propriety in mentioning it, as none of the family spoke of it to me. And how was I assured that there was no mis-statement? Women are always so rash-spoken and so fond of exaggeration that I am afraid to trust them at the first word; and besides, my dear Matty, you know they are apt to see things double sometimes."

"Well, my dear father, I must say that your wit, or raillery, is very ill timed, considering whom it relates to. Your grand-daughter has been most basely deceived, under a pretence of marriage; and yet you will break your jokes on the subject!"

"You know, Matty, I never broke a joke on such a subject in my life. It was you whom I was joking; for your news cannot always be depended on. If I were to take up every amour in the parish upon the faith of your first hints, and to take the delinquents over the coals, as you recommend, I should often commit myself sadly."

Matilda was silenced. She asked for no instances, in order to deny the insinuation; but she murmured some broken sentences, like one who has been fairly beat in an argument, but is loath to yield. It was rather a hard subject for the good lady; for ever since she had bidden adieu to her thirtieth year, she had become exceedingly jealous of the conduct of the younger portion of her sex. But Isaac was too kind-hearted to exult in a severe joke; he instantly added, as a palliative, "But I should hold my tongue. You have many means of hearing, and coming to the truth of such matters that I have not."

"I wish this were false, however," said Matilda, turning away her face from the fire, lest the flame should scorch her cheek; "but I shall say no more about it, and neither, I suppose, will you, till it be out of time. Perhaps it may not be true, for I heard, since you went away, that she was to be there to-day, by appointment of his parents, to learn his final determination, which may be as much without foundation as the other part of

story. If she had been there, you must have seen her, you know."

"Eh?" said Isaac, after biting his lip, and making a long pause; "What did you say, daughter Matty? Did you say my Phemy was to have been there to-day?"

"I heard such a report, which must have been untrue, because, had she been there, you would have met with her."

"There was a lass yonder," said Isaac. "How many daughters has Gawin?"

'Only one who is come the length of woman, and whom you see in the kirk every day capering with her bobbs of crimson ribbons, and looking at Will Ferguson."

"It is a pity women are always so censorious," said Isaac—"always construing small matters the wrong way. It is to be hoped these little constitutional failings will not be laid to their charge.—So Gawin has but one daughter?"

"I said, one that is a grown-up woman. He has, besides, little Ellen; a pert idle creature, who has an eye in her head that will tell tales some day."

"Then there was indeed another damsel," said old Isaac, "whom I did not know, but took her for one of the family. Alake, and woe is me! Could I think it was my own dear child hanging over the couch of a dying man! The girl that I saw was in tears, and deeply affected. She even seized my hand and bathed it with tears. What could she think of me, who neither named nor kissed her, but that I had cast her off and renounced her? But no, no, I can never do that; I will forgive her as heartily as I would beg for her forgiveness at the throne of mercy. We are all fallible and offending creatures; and a young maid, that grows up as a willow by the water-courses, and who is in the flush of youth and beauty, ere ever she has had a moment's time for serious reflection, or one trial of worldly experience—that such a one should fall a victim to practised guilt, is a conse-

quence so natural, that, however deeply to be regre
it is not matter of astonishment. Poor misgu
Phemy! Did you indeed kneel at my knee, and b
my hand with your affectionate tears, without my
deigning to acknowledge you? And yet how pow
are the workings of nature! They are indeed the w
ings of the Deity himself: for when I arose, all un
scious of the presence of my child, and left her wee
I felt as if I had left a part of my body and blood be
me."

"So she was indeed there, whining and whimpe
over her honourable lover?" said Matilda. "I wi
had been there, to have told her a piece of my m
The silly, inconsiderate being, to allow herself to be
prived of fair fame and character by such a wortl
profligate, bringing disgrace on all connected with
And then to go whimpering over his sick-bed!—O
love, you must marry me, or I am undone! I
loved you with all my heart, you know, and you
make me your wife. I am content to beg my b
with you, now that I have *loved* you so dearly!
you must marry me. Oh dear! Oh dear! what
become of me else!"

"Dear daughter Matilda, where is the presumpt
being of the fallen race of Adam who can say, Here
I stand in my own strength? What will the best o
do, if left to ourselves, better than the erring, inex
enced being, whose turning aside you so bitterly cens
It is better that we lament the sins and failings of
relatives, my dear Matty, than rail against them, pu
ourselves into sinful passions, and thereby adding
iniquity to another."

The argument was kept up all that evening, an
next day, with the same effect; and if either of the
putants had been asked what it was about, neither c
have told very precisely: the one attached a bl
which the other did not deny; only there were diff
ways of speaking about it. On the third day, whi
Friday, old Isaac appeared at breakfast in his

clothes, giving thus an intimation of a second intended visit to the house of Gawin the shepherd. The first cup of tea was scarcely poured out, till the old subject was renewed, and the debate seasoned with a little more salt than was customary between the two amiable disputants. Matilda disapproved of the visit, and tried, by all the eloquence she was mistress of, to make it appear indecorous. Isaac defended it on the score of disinterestedness and purity of intention; but finding himself hard pressed, he brought forward his promise, and the impropriety of breaking it. Matty would not give up her point; she persisted in it, till she spoiled her father's breakfast, made his hand shake so, that he could scarcely put the cup to his head, and, after all, staggered his resolution so much, that at last he sat in silence, and Matty got all to say herself. She now accounted the conquest certain, and valuing herself on the influence she possessed, she began to overburden her old father with all manner of kindness and teasing officiousness. Would he not take this, and refrain from that, and wear one part of dress in preference to another that he had on? There was no end of controversy with Isaac, however kind might be the intent. All that he said at that time was, "Let me alone, dear Matty; let me have some peace. Women are always over wise—always contrary."

When matters were at this pass, the maid-servant came into the room, and announced that a little girl of shepherd Gawin's wanted to speak with the Minister. "Alas, I fear the young man will be at his rest!" said Isaac. Matilda grew pale, and looked exceedingly alarmed, and only said, "she hoped not." Isaac inquired of the maid, but she said the girl refused to tell her any thing, and said she had orders not to tell a word of aught that had happened about the house.

"Then something *has* happened," said Isaac. "It must be as I feared! Send the little girl ben."

Ellen came into the parlour with a beck as quick and *as low as that made* by the water ouzel, when standing *on a stone in the* middle of the water; and, without

waiting for any inquiries, began her speech on the instant, with, "Sir—hem—heh—my father sent me, sir—hem—to tell ye that ye warna to forget your promise to come owre the day, for that there's muckle need for yer helping hand yonder—sir; that's a', sir."

"You may tell your father," said Isaac, "that I will come as soon as I am able. I will be tnere by twelve o'clock, God willing."

"Are you wise enough, my dear father, to send such a message?" remonstrated Matilda. "You are not able to go a journey to-day. I thought I had said enough about that before.—You may tell your father," continued she, turning to Ellen, "that my father cannot come the length of his house to-day."

"I'll tell my father what the Minister bade me," replied the girl. "I'll say, sir, that ye'll be there by twall o'clock;—will I, sir?"

"Yes, by twelve o'clock," said Isaac.

Ellen had no sooner made her abrupt courtesy, and left the room, than Matilda, with the desperation of a general who sees himself on the point of being driven from a position which it had cost him much exertion to gain, again opened the fire of her eloquence upon her father. "Were I you," said she, "I would scorn to enter their door, after the manner in which the profligate villain has behaved: first, to make an acquaintance with your grandson at the College—pervert all his ideas of rectitude and truth—then go home with him to his father's house, during the vacation, and there live at heck and manger, no lady being in the house save your simple and unsuspecting Phemy, who now is reduced to the necessity of going to a shepherd's cottage, and begging to be admitted to the alliance of a family, the best of whom is far beneath her, to say nothing of the unhappy individual in question. Wo is me, that I have seen the day!"

"If the picture be correctly drawn, it is indeed very bad; but I hope the recent sufferings of the young man will have the effect of restoring him to the principles in whic he was bred, and to a better sense of his heinous offen

I must go and see how the family fares, as in duty and promise bound. Content yourself, dear daughter. It may be that the unfortunate youth has already appeared at that bar from which there is no appeal."

This consideration, as it again astounded, so it put to silence the offended dame, who suffered her father to depart on his mission of humanity without farther opposition; and old Isaac again set out, meditating as he went, and often conversing with himself, on the sinfulness of man, and the great goodness of God. So deeply was he wrapt in contemplation, that he scarcely cast an eye over the wild mountain scenery by which he was surrounded, but plodded on his way, with eyes fixed on the ground, till he approached the cottage. He was there aroused from his reverie, by the bustle that appeared about the door. The scene was changed indeed from that to which he introduced himself two days before. The collies came yelping and wagging their tails to meet him, while the inmates of the dwelling were peeping out at the door, and as quickly vanishing again into the interior. There were also a pair or two of neighbouring shepherds sauntering about the side of the kail-yard dike, all dressed in their Sunday apparel, and every thing bespeaking some "occasion," as any uncommon occurrence is generally denominated.

"What can it be that is astir here to-day?" said Isaac to himself.—"Am I brought here to a funeral or corpse-chesting, without being apprised of the event? It must be so. What else can cause such a bustle about a house where trouble has so long prevailed? Ah! there is also old Robinson, my session-clerk and precentor. He is the true emblem of mortality: then it is indeed all over with the poor young man!"

Now Robinson had been at so many funerals all over the country, and was so punctual in his attendance on all within his reach, that to see him pass, with his staff, and black coat without the collar, was the very same thing as if a coffin had gone by. A burial was always a good excuse for giving the boys the play, for a refreshing walk int

the country, and was, besides, a fit opportunity for moral contemplation, not to say any thing of hearing the country news. But there was also another motive, which some thought was the most powerful inducement of any with the old Dominie. It arose from that longing desire after pre-eminence which reigns in every human breast, and which no man fails to improve, however small the circle may be in which it can be manifested. At every funeral, in the absence of the Minister, Robinson was called on to say grace; and when they were both present, whenever the Parson took up his station in one apartment, the Dominie took up his in another, and thus had an equal chance, for the time, with his superior. It was always shrewdly suspected, that the Clerk tried to outdo the Minister on such occasions, and certainly made up in length what he wanted in energy. The general remarks on this important point amounted to this, "that the Dominie was langer than the Minister, and though he was hardly just sae conceese, yet he meant as weel;" and that, "for the maist part, he was *stronger on the grave.*" Suffice it, that the appearance of old Robinson, in the present case, confirmed Isaac in the belief of the solemnity of the scene awaiting him; and as his mind was humbled to acquiesce in the divine will, his mild and reverend features were correspondent therewith. He thought of the disappointment and sufferings of the family, and had already begun in his heart to intercede for them at the throne of Mercy.

When he came near to the house, out came old Gawin himself. He had likewise his black coat on, and his Sunday bonnet, and a hand in each coat-pocket; but for all his misfortune and heavy trials, he strode to the end of the house with a firm and undismayed step,—Ay, he is quite right, thought Isaac to himself; that man has his trust where it should be, fixed on the Rock of Ages; and he has this assurance, that the Power on whom he trusts *can do nothing* wrong. Such a man can look death in *the face,* undismayed, in all his steps and inroads.

Gawin spoke to some of his homely guests, then turned

round, and came to meet Isaac, whom he saluted, by taking off his bonnet, and shaking him heartily by the hand.—The bond of restraint had now been removed from Gawin's lips, and his eyes met the Minister's with the same frankness it was wont. The face of affairs was changed since they had last parted.

"How's a' w'ye the day, sir?—How's a' w'ye?—I'm unco blythe to see ye," said Gawin.

"Oh, quite well, thank you. How are you yourself; And how are all within?"

"As weel as can be expectit, sir—as weel as can be expectit."

"I am at a little loss, Gawin—Has any change taken place in family circumstances since I was here?"

"Oh, yes; there has indeed, sir; a material change—I hope for the better."

Gawin now led the way, without further words, into the house, desiring the Minister to follow him, and "tak' care o' his head and the bauks, and no fa' owre the bit stirk, for it was sure to be lying i' the dark."

When Isaac went in, there was no one there but the goodwife, neatly dressed in her black stuff gown, and check apron, with a close 'kerchief on her head, well crimped in the border, and tied round the crown and below the chin with a broad black ribbon. She also saluted the Minister with uncommon frankness—"Come away, sir, come away. Dear, dear, how are ye the day? It's but a slaitery kind o' day this, as I was saying to my man, there; Dear, dear, Gawin, says I, I wish the Minister may be nae the waur o' coming owre the muir the day. That was joost what I said. And dear, dear, sir, how's Miss Matty, sir? Oh, it is lang sin' I hae seen her. I like aye to see Miss Matty, ye ken, to get a rattle frae her about the folk, ye ken, and a' our neighbours, that fa' into sinfu' gates; for there's muckle sin gangs on i' the parish. Ah, ay! I wat weel that's very true, Miss Matty, says I. But what can folk help it? ye ken, folk are no a made o' the same metal, as the airn tangs,—like you——"

—"Bless me with patience!" said Isaac in his heart "this poor woman's misfortunes have crazed her! Wha a salutation for the house of mourning!" Isaac looked t the bed, at the side of which he had so lately kneeled i devotion, and he looked with a reverent dread, but th corpse was not there! It was neatly spread with a clea coverlid.—It is best to conceal the pale and ghostly fea tures of mortality from the gazer's eye, thought Isaac It is wisely done, for there is nothing to be seen in then but what is fitted for corruption.

"Gawin, can nae ye tak' the Minister ben the house or the rest o' the clanjamphrey come in?" said the talk ative dame.—"Hout, ay, sir, step your ways ben th house. We hae a ben end and a but end the day, a weel as the best o' them. And ye're ane o' our ain folk ye ken. Ah, ay! I wat weel that's very true! As I sai to my man, Gawin, quo' I, whenever I see our Minister' face, I think I see the face of a friend."

"Gudewife, I hae but just ae word to say, by way o remark," said Gawin; folk wha count afore the change keeper, hae often to count twice, and sae has the herd wha counts his hogs afore Beltan.—Come this way, sir follow me, and tak' care o' your head and the bauks."

Isaac followed into the rustic parlour, where he wa introduced to one he little expected to see sitting there This was no other than the shepherd's dying son, who had so long been attended on as a dying person, and with whom Isaac had so lately prayed, in the most fervent devotion, as with one, of whose life little hope was entertained. There he sat with legs like two poles, hands like the hands of a skeleton; yet his emaciated features were lighted up with a smile of serenity and joy. Isaac was petrified. He stood still on the spot, even though the young man rose up to receive him. He deemed he had come there to see his lifeless form laid in the coffin, and to speak words of comfort to the survivors. He was taken by surprise, and his heart thrilled with unexpected joy.

"My dear young friend, do I indeed see you thus" he said, taking him kindly and gently by the hand, "

has been merciful to you, above others of your race. I hope, in the mercy that has saved you from the gates of death, that you feel grateful for your deliverance; for, trust me, it behoves you to do so, in no ordinary degree."

"I shall never be able to feel as I ought, either to my deliverer or to yourself," said he. "Till once I heard the words of truth and seriousness from your mouth, I have not dared, for these many years, to think my own thoughts, speak my own words, or perform the actions to which my soul inclined. I have been a truant from the school of truth; but have now returned, with all humility, to my Master, for I feel that I have been like a wayward boy, groping in the dark, to find my way, though a path splendidly lighted up lay open for me. But of these things I long exceedingly to converse with you, at full length and full leisure. In the mean time, let me introduce you to other friends who are longing for some little notice. This is my sister, sir; and—shake hands with the Minister, Jane—And do you know this young lady, sir, with the mantle about her, who seems to expect a word from you, acknowledging old acquaintance?"

"My eyes are grown so dim now," said old Isaac, "that it is with difficulty I can distinguish young people from one another, unless they speak to me. But she will not look up. Is this my dear young friend, Miss Mary Sibbet?"

"Nay, sir, it is not she. But I think, as you two approach one another, your plaids appear very nearly the same."

"Phemy! My own child Phemy! Is it yourself? Why did you not speak?—But you have been an alien of late, and a stranger to me. Ah, Phemy! Phemy! I have been hearing bad news of you. But I did not believe them—no, I *would not* believe them."

Euphemia for a while uttered not a word, but keeping fast hold of her grandfather's hand, she drew it under her mantle, and crept imperceptibly a degree nearer to his breast. The old man waited for some reply, standing as in the act of listening; till at length, in a trembling whis

per, scarcely audible, she repeated these sacred words—"Father, forgive me, for I knew not what I did!" The expression had the effect desired on Isaac's mind. It brought to his remembrance that gracious petition, the most fully fraught with mercy and forgiveness that ever was uttered on earth, and bowed his whole soul at once to follow the pattern of his great Master. His eye beamed with exultation in his Redeemer's goodness, and he answered, "Yes, my child, yes. He whose words you have unworthily taken, will not refuse the petition of any of his repentant children, however great their enormities may have been; and why should such a creature as I am presume to pretend indignation and offence, at aught further than his high example warrants? May the Almighty forgive you as I do!"

"May Heaven bless and reward you!" said the young man. "But she is blameless—blameless as the babe on the knee. I alone am the guilty person who infringed the rights of hospitality, and had nearly broken the bonds of confidence and love. But I am here to-day to make, or offer at least, what amends is in my power—to offer her my hand in wedlock; that whether I live or die, she may live without dishonour. But, reverend sir, all depends on your fiat. Without your approbation she will consent to nothing; saying, that she had offended deeply by taking her own will once, but nought should ever induce her to take it unadvisedly again. It was for this purpose that we sent for you so expressly to-day, namely, that I might entreat your consent to our union. I could not be removed from home, so that we could not all meet, to know one another's mind, in any other place. We therefore await your approbation with earnest anxiety, as that on which our future happiness depends."

After some mild and impressive reprehensions, Isaac's consent was given in the most unqualified manner, and the names were given in to the old Dominie's hand, with proper vouchers, for the publication of the bans. The whole party dined together at old Gawin's. I was there among the rest, and thought to enjoy the party exceed

ingly; but the party was too formal, and too much on the reserve before the Minister. I noted down, when I went home, all the conversation, as far as I could remember it, but it is not worth copying. I see that Gawin's remarks are all measured and pompous, and, moreover, delivered in a sort of bastard English, a language which I detest. He considered himself as now to be nearly connected with the *Manse Family*, and looking forward to an eldership in the church, deemed it incumbent on him to talk in a most sage and instructive manner. The young shepherd, and an associate of his, talked of dogs, Cheviot tups, and some remarkably bonny lasses that sat in the west gallery of the church. John Grierson of the Hope recited what they called "lang skelps o' metre," a sort of homely rhymes, that some of them pronounced to be "far ayont Burns's fit." And the goodwife ran bustling about; but whenever she could get a little leisure, she gave her tongue free vent, without regard either to Minister or Dominie. She was too well trained in the old homely Scotch, to attempt any of the flights, which to Gawin, who was more sparing in his speech, were more easy to be accomplished. "Dear, dear, sirs, can nae ye eat awa'? Ye hae nae the stamacks o' as mony cats. Dear, dear, I'm sure an the flesh be nae good, it sude be good, for it never saw either braxy or breakwind, bleer-ee nor Beltan pock, but was the cantiest crock o' the Kaim-law. Dear, dear, Johnie Grierson, tak' another rive o't, and set a good example; as I said to my man there, Gawin, says I, it's weel kenn'd ye're nae flae-bitten about the gab; and I said very true too."

Many such rants did she indulge in, always reminding her guests that "it was a names-gieing-in, whilk was, o' a' ither things, the ane neist to a wedding," and often hinting at their new and honourable alliance, scarcely even able to keep down the way in which it was brought about; for she once went so far as to say, "As I said to my gudeman, Gawin, says I, for a' the fy-gae-to ye hae made, it's weel kenn'd faint heart never won fair

lady. Ay, weel I wat, that's very true, says I; a bird in the hand is worth twa on the bush.—Won a' to and fill yoursells, sirs; there's routh o' mair where that came frae. It's no aye the fattest foddering that mak's the fu'est aumry—and that's nae lee."

Miss Matilda, the Minister's maiden daughter, was in towering indignation about the marriage, and the connexion with a shepherd's family; and it was rumoured over all the parish that she would never countenance her niece any more. How matters went at first it is perhaps as well for Miss Matilda's reputation, in point of good-nature, that I am not able to say; but the last time I was at the Manse, the once profligate and freethinking student had become Helper to old Isaac, and was beloved and revered by all the parish, for the warmth of his devotion, and soundness of his principles. His amiable wife Euphemia had two sons, and their aunt Matty was nursing them with a fondness and love beyond that which she bore to life itself.

In conclusion, I have only further to remark, that I have always considered the prayers of that good old man as having been peculiarly instrumental in saving a wretched victim, not only from immediate death, but from despair of endless duration.

CHAP. IV.

THE SCHOOL OF MISFORTUNE.

The various ways in which misfortunes affect different minds, are often so opposite, that in contemplating them, we may well be led to suppose the human soul animated and directed in some persons by corporeal functions, formed after a different manner from those of others—persons of the same family frequently differing most widely in this respect.

:t will appear, on a philosophic scrutiny of human ings, that the extremes of laughing and crying are re nearly allied than is sometimes believed. With idren, the one frequently dwindles, or breaks out into other. I once happened to sit beside a negro, in pit of the Edinburgh theatre, while the tragedy of uglas was performing. As the dialogue between Old rval and Lady Randolph proceeded, he grew more and re attentive; his eyes grew very large, and seemed immovably in one direction; the tears started from m; his features went gradually awry; his under-lip led and turned to one side; and just when I expected t he was going to cry outright, he burst into the st violent fit of laughter.

have a female friend, on whom unfortunate accidents e the singular effect of causing violent laughter, ch, with her, is much better proportioned to the cal- ty, than crying is with many others of the sex. I e seen the losing of a rubber at whist, when there was ry probability that her party would gain it, cause her augh till her eyes streamed with tears. The break- of a tureen, or set of valuable china would quite con- se her. Danger always makes her sing, and misfor- es laugh. If we hear her in any apartment of the n-house, or the offices, singing very loud and very ck, we are sure something is on the point of going ng with her; but if we hear her burst out a-laughing, know that it is past redemption. Her memory is remely defective; indeed she scarcely seems to retain perfect recollection of past events; but her manners gentle, easy, and engaging; her temper good, and humour inexhaustible; and, with all her singularities, certainly enjoys a greater share of happiness than chequered fortune could possibly have bestowed on ind differently constituted.

have another near relation, who, besides being pos- ed of an extensive knowledge in literature, and a ed taste, is endowed with every qualification requi- o constitute the valuable friend, the tender parent,

and the indulgent husband; yet his feeling
powers of conception are so constructed, as to
a constant prey to corroding care. No man
many days in his company without saying in
"that man was made to be unhappy." W
view as slight misfortunes, affect him deeply;
event of any such happening to himself, or tho
dear to him, he will groan from his inmost so
for a whole evening after it first comes to his
and occasionally for many days afterwards a
recurs to him. Indeed, he never wants so
make him miserable; for, on being made acqu
any favourable turn of fortune, the only mark
it produces is an involuntary motion of the o
scratch the other elbow; and his fancy almost
eously presents to him such a number of
dangers, and bad consequences attending it, t
I have often hoped to awake him to joy by m
always left him more miserable than I found h

I have another acquaintance whom we
"the Knight," who falls upon a method total
to overcome misfortunes. In the event of an
cident, or vexatious circumstance, happening
makes straight towards his easy chair—sits ca
upon it—clenches his right hand, with the e
his fore-finger, which is suffered to continue
strikes his fist violently against his left shoul
it in that position, with his eyes fixed on one
point, till he has cursed the event and all conne
most heartily,—then, with a countenance of pe
humour, he indulges in a pleasant laugh, and
sible to draw a comical or ridiculous inference
whole, or any part of the affair, he is sure to
the laugh may be kept up. If he fails in eff
he again resumes his former posture, and c
connected with the vexatious circumstance to
then takes another good hearty laugh; and in
utes the affair is no more heard or thought

John Leggat is a lad about fifteen, a cha

ingularity, whom nature seems to have formed in one of er whims. He is not an entire idiot, for he can perform any offices about his master's house—herd the cows, nd run errands too, provided there be no dead horses on he road, nor any thing extremely ugly; for, if there be, he time of his return is very uncertain. Among other nomalies in his character, the way that misfortunes ffect him is not the least striking. He once became 'armly attached to a young hound, which was likewise ery fond of him, paying him all the grateful respect so ften exhibited by that faithful animal. John loved him bove all earthly things—some even thought that he ved him better than his own flesh and blood. The ound one day came to an untimely end. John never ot such sport in his life; he was convulsed with laughter hen he contemplated the features of his dead friend. When about his ordinary business, he was extremely elancholy; but whenever he came and looked at the rcass, he was transported with delight, and expressed by the most extravagant raptures. He next attached imself to a turkey-cock, which he trained to come at his ll, and pursue and attack such people as he pointed out r that purpose. John was very fond of this amuse- ent; but it proved fatal to his favourite—an irritated assenger knocked it dead at a stroke. This proved nother source of unbounded merriment to John; the iff half-spread wing, the one leg stretched forward, and e other back, were infinitely amusing; but the abrupt rook in his neck—his turned up eye and open bill were uite irresistible—John laughed at them till he was quite xhausted. Few ever loved their friends better than ohn did while they were alive; no man was ever so uch delighted with them after they were dead.

The most judicious way of encountering misfortunes f every kind, is to take up a firm resolution never to hrink from them when they cannot be avoided, nor yet e tamely overcome by them, or add to our anguish by eless repining, but, by a steady and cheerful perse- ance, endeavour to make the best of whatever unto-

ward event occurs. To do so, still remains in
power; and it is a grievous loss indeed, with rega
fortune or favour, that perseverance will not, soon
later, overcome. I do not recommend a stupid ins
ble apathy with regard to the affairs of life, nor yet
listless inactive resignation which persuades a man t
his hands in his bosom, and saying, It is the wi
Heaven, sink under embarrassments without a stru
The contempt which is his due will infallibly ove
such a man, and poverty and wretchedness will
hard upon his declining years.

I had an old and valued friend in the country,
on any cross accident happening that vexed his asso
made always the following observations: "There are
two kinds of misfortunes, gentlemen, at which it is
either to be grieved or angry; and these are, things
can be remedied, and things that cannot be remed
He then proved, by plain demonstration, that the
under consideration belonged to one or other of
classes, and showed how vain and unprofitable it w
be grieved or angry at it. This maxim of my fri
may be rather too comprehensive; but it is neverth
a good one; for a resolution to that effect cannot fa
leading a man to the proper mode of action. It in
comprehends all things whatsoever, and is as much
say, that a man should never suffer himself to
angry at all; and, upon the whole, I think, if the m
be candidly weighed, it will appear, that the man
suffers himself to be transported with anger, or teas
regret, is commonly, if not always, the principal su
by it, either immediately or in future. Rage is
censed and runs without a curb. It lessens a
respectability among his contemporaries; grieves
hurts the feelings of those connected with him; ha
his own soul; and transforms a rational and accoun
creature into the image of a fiend.

Impatience under misfortunes is certainly one
failings of our nature, which contributes more t
other to imbitter the cup of life, and has been t

diate cause of more acts of desperate depravity than any passion of the human soul. The loss of fortune or favour is particularly apt to give birth to this tormenting sensation; for, as neither the one nor the other occurs frequently without some imprudence or neglect of our own having been the primary cause, so the reflection on that always furnishes the gloomy retrospect with its principal sting.

So much is this the case that I hold it to be a position almost incontrovertible, that out of every twenty worldly misfortunes, nineteen occur in consequence of our own imprudence. Many will tell you it was owing to such and such a friend's imprudence that they sustained all their losses. No such thing. Whose imprudence or want of foresight was it that trusted such a friend, and put it in his power to ruin them, and reduce the families that depended on them for support, from a state of affluence to one of penury and bitter regret? If the above position is admitted, then there is, as I have already remarked, but one right and proper way in which misfortunes ought to affect us; namely, by stirring us up to greater circumspection and perseverance. Perseverance is a noble and inestimable virtue! There is scarcely any difficulty or danger that it will not surmount. Whoever observes a man bearing up under worldly misfortunes, with undaunted resolution, will rarely fail to see that man ultimately successful. And it may be depended on, that circumspection in business is a quality so absolutely necessary, that without it the success of any one will only be temporary.

The present Laird of J—s—y, better known by the appellation of Old Sandy Singlebeard, was once a common hired shepherd, but he became master of the virtues above recommended, for he had picked them up in the severe school of misfortune. I have heard him relate the circumstances myself, oftener than once. "My father had bought me a stock of sheep," said he, "and fitted me out as a shepherd; and from the profits of these, I had plenty of money to spend, and lay out on good

clothes; so that I was accounted a thriving l
rather a dashing blade among the lasses. Char
change my master at a term, I sold my sheep to
who came in my place, and bought those of the s
that went from the flock to which I was engage
when the day of payment came, the man who
my sheep could not pay them, and without that
I had not wherewith to pay mine own. He put
from week to week, until the matter grew quite
ing; for, as the price of shepherds' stock goes
onward from one hand to another, probably tw
perhaps forty people, were all kept out of their
this backwardness of my debtor. I craved him
money every two or three days, grumbled, and th
a prosecution, till at last my own stock was
Thinking I should be disgraced beyond recover
erted what little credit I had, and borrowed as
relieved my stock; and then, being a good deal
ated, resorted immediately to legal measures, as
called, in order to recover the debt due to me, t
payment of which had alone occasioned my own dif
Notwithstanding every exertion, however, I coul
draw a farthing from my debtor, and only got de
deeper into expenses to no purpose. Many a da
me bare and busy before I could clear my feet, a
myself as free and independent as I was before.
the beginning of my misfortunes, but it was but
ginning; year after year I lost and lost, until my
was as good as three times sold off at the ground
last I was so reduced, that I could not say the
wore were my own.

"This will never do, thought I; they shall cr
that persuade me to sell at random again.—Acco
I thenceforth took good care of all my sales that
any amount. My rule was, to sell my little thin
as wool, lambs, and fat sheep, worth the money;
to part with them till I got the price in my hand.
I never rued; and people finding how the case
had always plenty of merchants; so that I wo

mend it to every man who depends for procuring the means of living on business such as mine. What does it signify to sell your stock at a great price, merely for a boast, if you never get the money for it? It will be long ere that make any one rich or independent! This did all very well, but still I found, on looking over my accounts at the end of the year, that there were a great many items in which I was regularly taken in. My shoemaker charged me half-a-crown more for every pair of shoes than I could have bought them for in a market for ready money; the smith, threepence more for shoeing them. My haberdasher's and tailor's accounts were scandalous. In shirts, stockings, knives, razors, and even in shirt-neck buttons, I found myself taken in to a certain amount. But I was never so astonished, as to find out, by the plain rules of addition and subtraction, assisted now and then by the best of all practical rules—(I mean the one that says, 'if such a thing will bring such a thing, what will such and such a number bring?') —to find, I say, that the losses and profits in small things actually come to more at the long-run, than any casual great slump loss, or profit, that usually chances to a man in the course of business. Wo to the man who is not aware of this! He is labouring for that which will not profit him. By a course of strict economy, I at length not only succeeded in clearing off the debt I had incurred, but saved as much money as stocked the farm of Windlestrae-knowe. That proved a fair bargain; so, when the lease was out, I took Doddysdamms in with it; and now I am, as you see me, the Laird of J—s—y, and farmer of both these besides. My success has been wholly owing to this:—misfortune made me cautious—caution taught me a lesson which is not obvious to every one, namely, *the mighty importance of the two right-hand columns in addition.* The two left-hand ones, those of pounds and shillings, every one knows the value of. With a man of any common abilities, those will take *care of themselves*; but he that neglects the pence and *farthings is a goose!*"—

Any one who reads this will set down old Singlebeard as a miser; but I scarcely know a man less deserving the character. If one is present to hear him settling an account with another, he cannot help thinking him niggardly, owing to his extraordinary avidity in small matters; but there is no man whom customers like better to deal with, owing to his high honour and punctuality. He will not pocket a farthing that is the right of any man living, and he is always on the watch lest some designing fellow overreach him in these minute particulars. For all this, he has assisted many of his poor relations with money and credit, when he thought them deserving it, or judged that it could be of any benefit to them; but always with the strictest injunctions of secrecy, and an assurance, that, if ever they hinted the transaction to any one, they forfeited all chance of farther assistance from him. The consequence of this has always been, that while he was doing a great deal of good to others by his credit, he was railing against the system of giving credit all the while; so that those who knew him not, took him for a selfish, contracted, churlish old rascal.

He was once applied to in behalf of a nephew, who had some fair prospects of setting up in business. He thought the stake too high, and declined it; for it was a rule with him, never to credit any one so far as to put it in his power to distress him, or drive him into any embarrassment. A few months afterwards, he consented to become bound for one half of the sum required, and the other half was made up by some less wealthy relations in conjunction. The bonds at last became due, and I chanced to be present on a visit to my old friend Singlebeard, when the young man came to request his uncle's quota of the money required. I knew nothing of the matter, but I could not help noticing the change in old Sandy's look, the moment that his nephew made his appearance. I suppose he thought him too foppish to be entirely dependent on the credit of others, and perhaps judged his success in business, on that account, rather doubtful. At all events, the old Laird had a certai

quizzical, dissatisfied look, that I never observed before; and all his remarks were in conformity with it. In addressing the young man, too, he used a degree of familiarity which might be warranted by his seniority and relationship, and the circumstances in which his nephew stood to him as an obliged party; but it was intended to be as provoking as possible, and obviously did not fail to excite a good deal of uneasy feeling.

"That's surely a very fine horse of yours, Jock?" said the Laird.—"Hech, man, but he is a sleek ane! How much corn does he eat in a year, this hunter of yours, Jock?"

"Not much, sir, not much. He is a very fine horse that, uncle. Look at his shoulder; and see what limbs he has; and what a pastern!—How much do you suppose such a horse would be worth, now, uncle?"

"Why, Jock, I cannot help thinking he is something like Geordy Dean's daughter-in-law,—nought but a spindle-shankit devil! I would not wonder if he had cost you eighteen pounds, that greyhound of a creature?"

"What a prime judge you are! Why, uncle, that horse cost eighty-five guineas last autumn. He is a real blood horse that; and has won a great deal of valuable plate."

"Oh! that indeed alters the case! And have you got all that valuable plate?"

"Nay, nay; it was before he came to my hand."

"That was rather a pity now, Jock—I cannot help thinking that was a great pity; because if you had got the plate, you would have had something you could have called your own.—So, you don't know how much corn that fellow eats in a year?"

"Indeed I do not; he never gets above three feeds in a day, unless when he is on a journey, and then he takes five or six."

"Then take an average of four: four feeds are worth *two shillings at least*, as corn is selling. There is fourteen *shillings a-week*: fourteen times fifty-two—why, *ock, there is L.36, 8s.* for horse's corn; and there will

be about half as much, or more, for hay, besides: o
whole, I find he will cost you about L.50 a-year a
ery.—I suppose there is an absolute necessity t
manufacturer should keep such a horse?"

"O! God bless you, sir, to be sure. We must p
in money and orders, you know. And then, co
the ease and convenience of travelling on such a cre
as that, compared with one of your vile lowbred h
one goes through the country as he were flying, o
animal."

Old Sandy paddled away from the stable, towar
house, chuckling and laughing to himself; but
turned round, before he got half-way.—"Right,
quite right. Nothing like gathering in plenty of
and orders. But, Jock, hark ye—I do not think
is any necessity for *flying* when one is on such
mission. You should go leisurely and slowly th
the towns and villages, keeping all your eyes abou
and using every honest art to obtain good cust
How can you do this, Jock, if you go as you were
through the country? People, instead of giving
good order, will come to their shop-door, and say—
goes the Flying Manufacturer!—Jock, they say a
stone never gathers any moss. How do you think a
one should gather it?"

The dialogue went on in the same half-hum
half-jeering tone all the forenoon, as well as durin
ner, while a great number of queries still continue
put to the young man; as—How much his lodgin
him a-year! The answer to this astounded old
His comprehension could hardly take it in; he ope
eyes wide, and held up his hands, exclaiming, with
burst of breath, "What enormous profits there m
in your business!" and then the Laird proceede
his provoking interrogatories—How much did
phew's fine boots and spurs cost? what was his
bill yearly? and every thing in the same manner
the young gentleman had come from a foreign
of which Sandy Singlebeard wished to note d

ılar. The nephew was a little in the fidgets, but
ng the ground on which he stood, he answered all
cle's queries but too truly, impressing on his frugal
a far greater idea of his own expenditure than was
ary, and which my old friend could not help view-
utterly extravagant.

nediately on the removal of the cloth, the young
man withdrew into another room, and sending for
cle to speak with him, he there explained the na-
of his errand, and how absolutely necessary it was
n to have the money, for the relief of his bond.
andy was off in a twinkling. He had no money
n—not one copper!—not the value of a hair of his
rey beard should he have from him! He had other
or his money, and had won it too hardly to give it
y one to throw away for him on grand rooms and
s, upon flying horses, and four-guinea boots!

ey returned to the parlour, and we drank some
y toddy together. There was no more gibing and
ishness. The old man was civil and attentive, but
ce of the young one exhibited marks of anger and
ir. He took his leave, and went away abruptly
h; and I began to break some jests on the Flying
facturer, in order to try the humour of my enter-
. I soon found it out; old Singlebeard's shaft was
and he now let me know he had a different opinion
s nephew from what had been intimated by the
course of his conversation with the young man
lf. He said he was a good lad; an ingenious and
t one; that he scarcely knew a better of his years;
e wanted to curb a little that *upsetting spirit* in him,
ich every young man new to business was too much
ted.

e young gentleman went to his other friends in a sad
, and represented himself to them as ruined beyond
dress; reprobating all the while the inconsistency
uncle, and his unaccountable and ill-timed penury.
most part of the young gentleman's relations were
dismay, in consequence of the Laird's refusal to

perform his engagement. But one of them, after listening seriously to the narration, instead of being vexed, only laughed immoderately at the whole affair, and said he had never heard any thing so comic and truly ludicrous. "Go your ways home, and mind your business," said he; "you do not know any thing of old uncle Sandy: leave the whole matter to me, and I shall answer for his share of the concern."

"You will be answerable at your own cost, then," said the nephew. "If the money is not paid till he advance it, the sum will never be paid on this side of time.—You may as well try to extract it from the rock on the side of the mountain."

"Go your ways," said the other. "It is evident that you can do nothing in the business; but were the sum three times the amount of what it is, I shall be answerable for it."

It turned out precisely as this gentleman predicted; but no man will conceive old Sandy's motive for refusing that which he was in fact bound to perform: He could not bear to have it known that he had done so liberal and generous an action, and wished to manage matters so, that his nephew might believe the money to have been raised in some other way attended with the utmost difficulty. He could not put his nephew to the same school in which he himself had been taught, namely, the School of Actual Adversity; but he wanted to give him a touch of Ideal Misfortune; that he might learn the value of independence.

CHAP. V.

GEORGE DOBSON'S EXPEDITION TO HELL.

There is no phenomenon in nature less understood, and about which greater nonsense is written than dreams

ing. It is a strange thing. For my part I do not understand it, nor have I any desire to do so; and I firmly believe that no philosopher that ever wrote knows a particle more about it than I do, however elaborate and subtle the theories he may advance concerning it. He knows not even what sleep is, nor can he define its nature, so as to enable any common mind to comprehend him; and how, then, can he define that ethereal part of it, wherein the soul holds intercourse with the external world?—how, in that state of abstraction, some ideas force themselves upon us, in spite of all our efforts to get rid of them; while others, which we have resolved to bear about with us by night as well as by day, refuse us their fellowship, even at periods when we most require their aid?

No, no; the philosopher knows nothing about either; and if he says he does, I entreat you not to believe him. He does not know what mind is; even his own mind, to which one would think he has the most direct access: far less can he estimate the operations and powers of that of any other intelligent being. He does not even know, with all his subtlety, whether it be a power distinct from his body, or essentially the same, and only incidentally and temporarily endowed with different qualities. He sets himself to discover at what period of his existence the union was established. He is baffled; for Consciousness refuses the intelligence, declaring, that she cannot carry him far enough back to ascertain it. He tries to discover the precise moment when it is dissolved, but on this Consciousness is altogether silent; and all is darkness and mystery; for the origin, the manner of continuance, and the time and mode of breaking up of the union between soul and body, are in reality undiscoverable by our natural faculties—are not patent, beyond the possibility of mistake: but whosoever can read his Bible, and solve a dream, can do either, without being subjected to *any material error.*

It is on this ground that I like to contemplate, not *the theory of dreams,* but the dreams themselves; because

they prove to the unlettered man, in a very forcible manner, a distinct existence of the soul, and its lively and rapid intelligence with external nature, as well as with a world of spirits with which it has no acquaintance, when the body is lying dormant, and the same to the soul as if sleeping in death.

I account nothing of any dream that relates to the actions of the day; the person is not sound asleep who dreams about these things; there is no division between matter and mind, but they are mingled together in a sort of chaos—what a farmer would call compost—fermenting and disturbing one another. I find that in all dreams of that kind, men of every profession have dreams peculiar to their own occupations; and, in the country, at least, their import is generally understood. Every man's body is a barometer. A thing made up of the elements must be affected by their various changes and convulsions; and so the body assuredly is. When I was a shepherd, and all the comforts of my life depended so much on good or bad weather, the first thing I did every morning was strictly to overhaul the dreams of the night; and I found that I could calculate better from them than from the appearance and changes of the sky. I know a keen sportsman who pretends that his dreams never deceive him. If he dream of angling, or pursuing salmon in deep waters, he is sure of rain; but if fishing on dry ground, or in waters so low that the fish cannot get from him, it forebodes drought; hunting or shooting hares is snow, and moorfowl wind, &c. But the most extraordinary professional dream on record is, without all doubt, that well-known one of George Dobson, coach-driver in Edinburgh, which I shall here relate; for though it did not happen in the shepherd's cot, it has often been recited there.

George was part proprietor and driver of a hackney-coach in Edinburgh, when such vehicles were scarce; and one day a gentleman, whom he knew, came to him and said:—"George, you must drive me and my son here out to ——," a certain place that he named, somewhere in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

'Sir," said George, "I never heard tell of such a :e, and I cannot drive you to it unless you give me y particular directions."

'It is false," returned the gentleman; there is no ı in Scotland who knows the road to that place better ı you do. You have never driven on any other road rour life; and I insist on you taking us."

'Very well, sir," said George, "I'll drive you to hell, ou have a mind; only you are to direct me on the l."

'Mount and drive on, then," said the other; "and no of the road."

Jeorge did so, and never in his life did he see his ıes go at such a noble rate; they snorted, they ıced, and they flew on; and as the whole road ap- red to lie down-hill, he deemed that he should soon ıe to his journey's end. Still he drove on at the same , far, far down-hill,—and so fine an open road he er travelled,—till by degrees it grew so dark that he ld not see to drive any farther. He called to the tleman, inquiring what he should do; who answered ; this was the place they were bound to, so he might w up, dismiss them, and return. He did so, alighted n the dickie, wondered at his foaming horses, and hwith opened the coach-door, held the rim of his hat ı the one hand, and with the other demanded his

'You have driven us in fine style, George," said the ır gentleman, "and deserve to be remembered; but ı needless for us to settle just now, as you must :t us here again to-morrow precisely at twelve ock."

'Very well, sir," said George; "there is likewise an account, you know, and some toll-money;" which ıed there was.

It shall be all settled to-morrow, George, and more- r, I *fear there will* be some toll-money to-day."

I perceived no tolls to-day, your honour," said ge.

"But I perceived one, and not very far back neither, which I suspect you will have difficulty in repassing without a regular ticket. What a pity I have no change on me!"

"I never saw it otherwise with your honour," said George, jocularly; "what a pity it is you should always suffer yourself to run short of change!"

"I will give you that which is as good, George," said the gentleman; and he gave him a ticket written with red ink, which the honest coachman could not read. He, however, put it into his sleeve, and inquired of his employer where that same toll was which he had not observed, and how it was that they did not ask toll from him as he came through? The gentleman replied, by informing George that there was no road out of that domain, and that whoever entered it must either remain in it, or return by the same path; so they never asked any toll till the person's return, when they were at times highly capricious; but that the ticket he had given him would answer his turn. And he then asked George if he did not perceive a gate, with a number of men in black standing about it.

"Oho! Is yon the spot?" says George; "then, I assure your honour, yon is no toll-gate, but a private entrance into a great man's mansion; for do not I know two or three of the persons yonder to be gentlemen of the law, whom I have driven often and often? and as good fellows they are too as any I know—men who never let themselves run short of change! Good day.—Twelve o'clock to-morrow?"

"Yes, twelve o'clock noon, precisely;" and with that, George's employer vanished in the gloom, and left him to wind his way out of that dreary labyrinth the best way he could. He found it no easy matter, for his lamps were not lighted, and he could not see an ell before him—he could not even perceive his horses' ears; and what was worse, there was a rushing sound, like that of a town on fire, all around him, that stunned his senses, so that he could not tell whether his horses were moving or

standing still. George was in the greatest distress imaginable, and was glad when he perceived the gate before him, with his two identical friends, men of the law, still standing. George drove boldly up, accosted them by their names, and asked what they were doing there; they made him no answer, but pointed to the gate and the keeper. George was terrified to look at this latter personage, who now came up and seized his horses by the reins, refusing to let him pass. In order to introduce himself, in some degree, to this austere toll-man, George asked him, in a jocular manner, how he came to employ his two eminent friends as assistant gate-keepers?

"Because they are among the last comers," replied the ruffian, churlishly. "You will be an assistant here to-morrow."

"The devil I will, sir!"

"Yes, the devil you will, sir."

"I'll be d—d if I do then—that I will!"

"Yes, you'll be d—d if you do—that you will."

"Let my horses go in the mean time, then, sir, that I may proceed on my journey."

"Nay."

"Nay!—Dare you say nay to me, sir? My name is George Dobson, of the Pleasance, Edinburgh, coach-driver, and coach-proprietor too; and no man shall say *nay* to me, as long as I can pay my way. I have his Majesty's license, and I'll go and come as I choose—and that I will. Let go my horses there, and tell me what is your demand."

"Well, then, I'll let your horses go," said the keeper: "But I'll keep yourself for a pledge." And with that he let go the horses, and seized honest George by the throat, who struggled in vain to disengage himself, and swore, and threatened, according to his own confession, most bloodily. His horses flew off like the wind, so swift, that the coach seemed flying in the air, and scarcely bounding on the earth once in a quarter of a mile. George was in furious wrath, for he saw that his grand

coach and harness would all be broken to pieces, and his gallant pair of horses maimed or destroyed; and how was his family's bread now to be won!—He struggled, threatened, and prayed in vain;—the intolerable toll-man was deaf to all remonstrances. He once more appealed to his two genteel acquaintances of the law, reminding them how he had of late driven them to Roslin on a Sunday, along with two ladies, who, he supposed, were their sisters, from their familiarity, when not another coachman in town would engage with them. But the gentlemen, very ungenerously, only shook their heads, and pointed to the gate. George's circumstances now became desperate, and again he asked the hideous toll-man what right he had to detain him, and what were his charges.

"What right have I to detain you, sir, say you? Who are you that make such a demand here? Do you know where you are, sir?"

"No, faith, I do not," returned George; "I wish I did. But I *shall* know, and make you repent your insolence too. My name, I told you, is George Dobson, licensed coach-hirer in Pleasance, Edinburgh; and to get full redress of you for this unlawful interruption, I only desire to know where I am."

"Then, sir, if it can give you so much satisfaction to know where you are," said the keeper, with a malicious grin, "you *shall* know, and you may take instruments by the hands of your two friends there, instituting a legal prosecution. Your redress, you may be assured, will be most ample, when I inform you that you are in HELL! and out at this gate you pass no more."

This was rather a damper to George, and he began to perceive that nothing would be gained in such a place by the strong hand, so he addressed the inexorable toll-man, whom he now dreaded more than ever, in the following terms: "But I must go home at all events, you know, sir, to unyoke my two horses, and put them up, and to inform Chirsty Halliday, my wife, of my engagement. And, bless me! I never recollected till this moment

that I am engaged to be back here to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and see, here is a free ticket for my passage this way."

The keeper took the ticket with one hand, but still held George with the other. "Oho! were you in with our honourable friend, Mr R—— of L——y?" said he. "He has been on our books for a long while;—however, this will do, only you must put your name to it likewise; and the engagement is this—You, by this instrument, engage your soul, that you will return here by to-morrow at noon."

"Catch me there, billy!" says George. "I'll engage no such thing, depend on it;—that I will not."

"Then remain where you are," said the keeper, "for there is no other alternative. We like best for people to come here in their own way,—in the way of their business;" and with that he flung George backwards, heels-over-head down hill, and closed the gate.

George finding all remonstrance vain, and being desirous once more to see the open day, and breathe the fresh air, and likewise to see Chirsty Halliday, his wife, and set his house and stable in some order, came up again, and in utter desperation, signed the bond, and was suffered to depart. He then bounded away on the track of his horses, with more than ordinary swiftness, in hopes to overtake them; and always now and then uttered a loud Wo! in hopes they might hear and obey, though he could not come in sight of them. But George's grief was but beginning; for at a well-known and dangerous spot, where there was a tan-yard on the one hand, and a quarry on the other, he came to his gallant steeds overturned, the coach smashed to pieces, Dawtie with two of her legs broken, and Duncan dead. This was more than the worthy coachman could bear, and many degrees worse than being in hell. There, his pride and manly spirit bore him up against the worst of treatment; but here his heart entirely failed him, and he laid himself down, with his face on his two hands, and wept bitterly, bewailing, in the most deplorable terms, his two gallant horses, Dawtie and Duncan.

While lying in this inconsolable state, some one took hold of his shoulder, and shook it; and a well-known voice said to him, "Geordie! what is the matter wi' ye, Geordie?" George was provoked beyond measure at the insolence of the question, for he knew the voice to be that of Chirsty Halliday, his wife. "I think you needna ask that, seeing what you see," said George. "O, my poor Dawtie, where are a' your jinkings and prancings now, your moopings and your wincings? I'll ne'er be a proud man again—bereaved o' my bonny pair!"

"Get up, George; get up, and bestir yourself," said Chirsty Halliday, his wife. "You are wanted directly, to bring in the Lord President to the Parliament House. It is a great storm, and he must be there by nine o' clock. —Get up—rouse yourself, and make ready—his servant is waiting for you."

"Woman, you are demented!" cried George. "How can I go and bring in the Lord President, when my coach is broken in pieces, my poor Dawtie lying with twa of her legs broken, and Duncan dead? And, moreover, I have a previous engagement, for I am obliged to be in hell before twelve o'clock."

Chirsty Halliday now laughed outright, and continued long in a fit of laughter; but George never moved his head from the pillow, but lay and groaned,—for, in fact, he was all this while lying snug in his bed; while the tempest without was roaring with great violence, and which circumstance may perhaps account for the rushing and deafening sound which astounded him so much in hell. But so deeply was he impressed with the idea of the reality of his dream, that he would do nothing but lie and moan, persisting and believing in the truth of all he had seen. His wife now went and informed her neighbours of her husband's plight, and of his singular engagement with Mr R——of L——y at twelve o'clock. She persuaded one friend to harness the horses, and go for the Lord President; but all the rest laughed immoderately at poor coachy's predicament. It was, however

aughing to him; he never raised his head, and his becoming at last uneasy about the frenzied state of mind, made him repeat every circumstance of his nture to her, (for he would never believe or admit it was a dream,) which he did in the terms above ated; and she perceived or dreaded that he was ming somewhat feverish. She went out, and told Wood of her husband's malady, and of his solemn gement to be in hell at twelve o'clock.

He maunna keep it, dearie. He maunna keep that gement at no rate," said Dr Wood. "Set back the k an hour or twa, to drive him past the time, and ca' in the course of my rounds. Are ye sure he a been drinking hard?—She assured him he had not. Weel, weel, ye maun tell him that he maunna keep engagement at no rate. Set back the clock, and I'll e and see him. It is a frenzy that maunna be trifled . Ye maunna laugh at it, dearie,—maunna laugh . Maybe a nervish fever, wha kens."

he Doctor and Chirsty left the house together, and ıeir road lay the same way for a space, she fell a- ng him of the two young lawyers whom George saw ding at the gate of hell, and whom the porter had ribed as two of the last comers. When the Doctor d this, he stayed his hurried, stooping pace in one ıent, turned full round on the woman, and fixing his on her, that gleamed with a deep unstable lustre, aid, "What's that ye were saying, dearie? What's ye were saying? Repeat it again to me, every l." She did so. On which the Doctor held up his ls, as if palsied with astonishment, and uttered some ent ejaculations. "I'll go with you straight," said "before I visit another patient." This is wonderfu'! terrible! The young gentlemen are both at rest— lying corpses at this time! Fine young men—I nded them both—died of the same exterminating ase—*Oh, this is* wonderful; this is wonderful!"

he *Doctor kept* Chirsty half running all the way *the High* Street and St Mary's Wynd, at such a

pace did he walk, never lifting his eyes from the pavement, but always exclaiming now and then, "It is wonderfu'! most wonderfu'!" At length, prompted by woman's natural curiosity, Chirsty inquired at the Doctor if he knew any thing of their friend Mr R—— of L——y. But he shook his head, and replied, "Na, na, dearie,—ken naething about him. He and his son are baith in London,—ken naething about him; but the tither is awfu'—it is perfectly awfu'!"

When Dr Wood reached his patient he found him very low, but only a little feverish; so he made all haste to wash his head with vinegar and cold water, and then he covered the crown with a treacle plaster, and made the same application to the soles of his feet, awaiting the issue. George revived a little, when the Doctor tried to cheer him up by joking him about his dream; but on mention of that he groaned, and shook his head. "So you are convinced, dearie, that it is nae dream?" said the Doctor.

"Dear sir, how could it be a dream?" said the patient. "I was there in person, with Mr R—— and his son; and see, here are the marks of the porter's fingers on my throat."—Dr Wood looked, and distinctly saw two or three red spots on one side of his throat, which confounded him not a little.—"I assure you, sir," continued George, "it was no dream, which I know to my sad experience. I have lost my coach and horses,—and what more have I?—signed the bond with my own hand, and in person entered into the most solemn and terrible engagement."

"But ye're no to keep it, I tell ye," said Dr Wood; "ye're no to keep it at no rate. It is a sin to enter into a compact wi' the deil, but it is a far greater ane to keep it. Sae let Mr R—— and his son bide where they are yonder, for ye sanna stir a foot to bring them out the day."

"Oh, oh, Doctor!" groaned the poor fellow, "this is not a thing to be made a jest o'! I feel that it is an engagement that I cannot break. Go I must, and the

very shortly. Yes, yes, go I must, and go I will, although I should borrow David Barclay's pair." With that he turned his face towards the wall, groaned deeply, and fell into a lethargy, while Dr Wood caused them to let him alone, thinking if he would sleep out the appointed time, which was at hand, he would be safe; but all the time he kept feeling his pulse, and by degrees showed symptoms of uneasiness. His wife ran for a clergyman of famed abilities, to pray and converse with her husband, in hopes by that means to bring him to his senses; but after his arrival, George never spoke more, save calling to his horses, as if encouraging them to run with great speed; and thus in imagination driving at full career to keep his appointment, he went off in a paroxysm, after a terrible struggle, precisely within a few minutes of twelve o'clock.

A circumstance not known at the time of George's death made this singular professional dream the more remarkable and unique in all its parts. It was a terrible storm on the night of the dream, as has been already mentioned, and during the time of the hurricane, a London smack went down off Wearmouth about three in the morning. Among the sufferers were the Hon. Mr R—— of L——y, and his son! George could not know aught of this at break of day, for it was not known in Scotland till the day of his interment; and as little knew he of the deaths of the two young lawyers, who both died of the small-pox the evening before.

CHAP. VI.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

I have heard an amusing story of a young man whose name happened to be the same as that of the hero of the preceding chapter—George Dobson. He was a shoemaker, a very

honest man, who lived at the foot of an old street, ca the Back Row, in the town of Selkirk. He was upw of thirty, unmarried, had an industrious old stepmot who kept house for him, and of course George was wh called "a bein bachelor," or "a chap that was gayan to leeve." He was a cheerful happy fellow, and q sober, except when on the town-council, when he so times took a glass with the magistrates of his native borough, of whose loyalty, valour, and antiquity t was no man more proud.

Well, one day, as George was sitting in his *shop*, a called it, (though no man now-a-days would call th shop in which there was nothing to sell), sewing awa boots and shoes for his customers, whom he could half hold in whole leather, so great was the demand all the country for George Dobson's boots and shoes— was sitting, I say, plying away, and singing with g glee,—

> "Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
> And down wi' the Earl o' Hume,
> And up wi' a' the brave billies
> That sew the single-soled shoon!
> And up wi' the yellow, the yellow;
> The yellow and green hae done weel;
> Then up wi' the lads of the Forest,
> But down wi' the Merse to the deil!"

The last words were hardly out of George's mo when he heard a great noise enter the Back Row, among the voices one making loud proclamation, as lows:—

> "Ho yes!—Ho yes!
> Souters ane, Souters a'
> Souters o' the Back Raw,
> There's a gentleman a-coming
> Wha will ca' ye *Souters* a'

"I wish he durst," said George. "That will be Earl o' Hume wha's coming. He has had us at ill for several generations. Bring my aik staff into shop, callant, and set it down beside me here—a may bring ane to yoursell too.—I say, callant Bring my grandfather's auld sword wi' ye. I

ɔ see the Earl o' Hume, or ony o' his cronies, come and ast up our honest calling and occupation till us!"

George laid his oak staff on the cutting-board before im, and leaned the old two-edged sword against the wall, t his right hand. The noise of the proclamation went ut at the head of the Back Row, and died in the disance; and then George began again, and sung the louters of Selkirk with more obstreperous glee than ever. —The last words were not out of his mouth when a rand gentleman stepped into the shop, clothed in light rmour, with a sword by his side and pistols in his breast. He had a livery-man behind him, and both the master nd man were all shining in gold.—This is the Earl o' Hume in good earnest, thought George to himself; but, nevertheless, he shall not danton me.

"Good morrow to you, Souter Dobson," said the gentleman. "What song is that you were singing?"

George would have resented the first address with a vengeance, but the latter question took him off it unawares, and he only answered, "It is a very good sang, sir, and ane of the auldest—What objections have you to it?"

"Nay, but what is it about?" returned the stranger; "I want to hear what you say it is about."

"I'll sing you it over again, sir," said George, "and then you may judge for yoursell. Our sangs up hereawa dinna speak in riddles and parables; they're gayan downright;" and with that George gave it him over again full birr, keeping at the same time a sharp look-out on all his guest's movements; for he had no doubt now that it was to come to an engagement between them, but he was determined not to yield an inch, for the honour of old Selkirk.

When the song was done, however, the gentleman commended it, saying, it was a spirited old thing, and, without doubt, related to some of the early Border feuds. "But how think you the Earl of Hume would like to hear this?" added he. George, who had no doubt all is while that the Earl of Hume was speaking to him,

said good-naturedly, "We dinna care muckle, sir, whether the Earl o' Hume take the sang ill or weel. I'se warrant he has heard it mony a time ere now, and, if he were here, he wad hear it every day when the school loses, and Wattie Henderson wad gie him it every night."

"Well, well, Souter Dobson, that is neither here nor there. That is not what I called about. Let us to business. You must make me a pair of boots in your very best style," said the gentleman, standing up, and stretching forth his leg to be measured.

"I'll make you no boots, sir," said George, nettled at being again called Souter. "I have as many regular customers to supply as hold me busy from one year's end to the other. I cannot make your boots—you may get them made where you please."

"You *shall* make them, Mr Dobson," said the stranger; "I am determined to try a pair of boots of your making, cost what they will. Make your own price, but let me have the boots by all means; and, moreover, I want them before to-morrow morning."

This was so conciliatory and so friendly of the Earl, that George, being a good-natured fellow, made no farther objection, but took his measure and promised to have them ready. "I will pay them now," said the gentleman, taking out a purse of gold; but George refused to accept of the price till the boots were produced. "Nay, but I will pay them now," said the gentleman; "for, in the first place, it will ensure me of the boots, and, in the next place, I may probably leave town to-night, and make my servant wait for them. What is the cost?"

"If they are to be as good as I can make them, sir, they will be twelve shillings,"

"Twelve shillings, Mr Dobson! I paid thirty-six for these I wear, in London, and I expect yours will be a great deal better. Here are two guineas, and be sure to make them good."

"I cannot, for my life, make them worth the half of that money," said George. "We have no materials to

Selkirk that will amount to one-third of it in value." However, the gentleman flung down the gold, and went away singing the Souters of Selkirk.

"He is a most noble fellow that Earl of Hume," said George to his apprentice. "I thought he and I should have had a battle, but we have parted on the best possible terms."

"I wonder how you could bide to be *Souter'd* yor gate!" said the boy.

George scratched his head with the awl, bit his lip, and looked at his grandfather's sword. He had a great desire to follow the insolent gentleman; for he found that he had inadvertently suffered a great insult without resenting it.

After George had shaped the boots with the utmost care, and of the best and finest Kendal leather, he went up the Back Row to seek assistance, so that he might have them ready at the stated time; but never a stitch of assistance could George obtain, for the gentleman had trysted a pair of boots in every shop in the Row, paid for them all, and called every one of the shoemakers Souter twice over.

Never was there such a day in the Back Row of Selkirk! What could it mean? Had the gentleman a whole regiment coming up, all of the same size, and the same measure of leg? Or was he not rather an army agent, come to take specimens of the best workmen in the country? This last being the prevailing belief, every Selkirk Souter threw off his coat and fell a-slashing and cutting of Kendal leather; and such a forenoon of cutting, and sewing, and puffing, and roseting, never was in Selkirk since the battle of Flodden-field.

George's shop was the nethermost of the street, so that the stranger guests came all to him first; so, scarcely had he taken a hurried dinner, and begun to sew again, and, of course, to sing, when in came a fat gentleman, exceedingly well mounted with sword and pistols; he had fair curled hair, red cheeks that hung over his stock, and a liveryman behind him. "Merry be your heart,

Mr Dobson! but what a plague of a song is that you are singing?" said he. George looked very suspicious-like at him, and thought to himself, Now I could bet any man two gold guineas that this is the Duke of Northumberland, another enemy to our town; but I'll not be cowed by him neither, only I could have wished I had been singing another song when his Grace came into the shop. These were the thoughts that ran through George's mind in a moment, and at length he made answer—"We reckon it a good sang, my lord, and ane o' the auldest."

"Would it suit your convenience to sing that last verse over again?" said the fat gentleman; and at the same time he laid hold of his gold-handled pistols.

"O certainly, sir," said George; "but at the same time I must take a lesson in manners from my superiors;" and with that he seized his grandfather's cut-and-thrust sword, and cocking that up by his ear, he sang out with fearless glee—

> "The English are dolts, to a man, a man—
> Fat puddings to fry in a pan, a pan—
> Their Percys and Howards
> We reckon but cowards—
> But turn the Blue Bonnets wha can, wha can!"

George now set his joints in such a manner, that the moment the Duke of Northumberland presented his pistol, he might be ready to cleave him, or cut off his right hand, with his grandfather's cut-and-thrust sword; but the fat gentleman durst not venture the issue—he took his hand from his pistol, and laughed till his big sides shook. "You are a great original, Dobson," said he, "but you are nevertheless a brave fellow—a noble fellow—a Souter among a thousand, and I am glad I have met with you in this mood too. Well then, let us proceed to business. You must make me a pair of boots in your very *best* style, George, and that without any loss of time."

"O Lord, sir, I would do that with the greatest pleasure, but it is a thing entirely out of my power," said George, with a serious face.

"Pooh, pooh! I know the whole story," said the fat gentleman. "You are all hoaxed and made fools of this morning; but the thing concerns me very much, and I'll give you five guineas, Mr Dobson, if you will make me a pair of good boots before to-morrow at this time."

"I wad do it cheerfully for the fifth part o' the price, my lord," said George; "but it is needless to speak about that, it being out of my power. But what way are we hoaxed? I dinna count ony man made a fool of wha has the cash in his pocket as weel as the goods in his hand."

"You are all made fools of together, and I am the most made a fool of, of any," said the fat gentleman. "I betted a hundred guineas with a young Scottish nobleman last night, that he durst not go up the Back Row of Selkirk, calling all the way,

'Souters ane, Souters a,'
Souters o' the Back Raw;'

and yet, to my astonishment, you have let him do so, and insult you all with impunity; and he has won."

"Confound the rascal!" exclaimed George. "If we had but taken him up! But we took him for our friend, come to warn us, and lay all in wait for the audacious fellow who was to come up behind."

"And a good amends you took of him when he came!" said the fat gentleman. "Well, after I had taken the above bet, up speaks another of our company, and he says—'Why make such account of a few poor cobblers, or Souters, or how do you call them? I'll bet a hundred guineas, that I'll go up the Back Row after that gentleman has set them all agog, and I'll call every one of them *Souter* twice to his face.' I took the bet in a moment; 'You dare not for your blood, sir,' says I. 'You do not know the spirit and bravery of the men of Selkirk. They will knock you down at once, if not tear you to pieces.' But I trusted too much to your spirit, and have lost my two hundred guineas, it would appear. Tell me, in truth, Mr Dobson, did you suffer him to call you Souter twice to your face without resenting it?"

George bit his lip, scratched his head with the awl, and gave the lingles such a yerk, that he made them both crack in two. "D—n it! we're a' affrontit thegither!" said he, in a half whisper, while the apprentice-boy was like to burst with laughter at his master's mortification.

"Well, I have lost my money," continued the gentleman; "but I assure you, George, the gentleman wants no boots. He has accomplished his purpose, and has the money in his pocket; but as it will avail me, I may not say how much, I entreat that you will make me a pair. Here is the money,—here are five guineas, which I leave in pledge; only let me have the boots. Or suppose you make these a little wider, and transfer them to me; that is very excellent leather, and will do exceedingly well; I think I never saw better;" and he stood leaning over George, handling the leather. "Now, do you consent to let me have them?"

"I can never do that, my lord," says George, "having the other gentleman's money in my pocket. If you should offer me ten guineas, it would be the same thing."

"Very well, I will find those who will," said he, and off he went, singing,

"Turn the Blue Bonnets wha can, wha can."

"This is the queerest day about Selkirk that I ever saw," said George; "but really this Duke of Northumberland, to be the old hereditary enemy of our town, is a real fine, frank fellow."

"Ay, but he *Souter'd* ye, too," said the boy.

"It's a lee, ye little blackguard."

"I heard him ca' you a Souter amang a thousand, master; and that taunt will be heard tell o' yet."

"I fancy, callant, we maun let that flee stick to the wa'," said George; and sewed away, and sewed away, and got the boots finished next day at twelve o'clock. Now, thought he to himself, I have thirty shillings by this bargain, and so I'll treat our magistrates to a hearty glass this afternoon; I hae muckle need o' a slockening, and the Selkirk bailies never fail a friend.—George pu

his hand into his pocket to clink his two gold guineas; but never a guinea was in George's pocket, nor plack either? His countenance changed, and fell so much, that the apprentice noticed it, and suspected the cause; but George would confess nothing, though, in his own mind, he strongly suspected the Duke of Northumberland of the theft, *alias*, the fat gentleman with the fair curled hair, and the red cheeks hanging over his stock.

George went away up among his brethren of the awl in the Back Row, and called on them every one; but he soon perceived, from their blank looks, and their disinclination to drink that night, that they were all in the same predicament with himself. The fat gentleman with the curled hair had visited every one of them, and got measure for a pair of ten-guinea boots, but had not paid any of them; and, somehow or other, every man had lost the price of the boots which he had received in the morning. Whom to blame for this, nobody knew; for the whole day over, and a good part of the night, from the time the proclamation was made, the Back Row of Selkirk was like a cried fair; all the idle people in the town and the country about were there, wondering after the man who had raised such a demand for boots. After all, the Souters of Selkirk were left neither richer nor poorer than they were at the beginning, and every one of them had been four times called a *Souter* to his race,—a title of great obloquy in that town, although the one of all others that the townsmen ought to be proud of. And it is curious that they are proud of it when used collectively; but apply it to any of them as a term of reproach, and you had better call him the worst name under heaven.

This was the truth of the story; and the feat was performed by the late duke of Queensberry, when Earl of March, and two English noblemen then on a tour through this country. Every one of them gained his bet, through the simplicity of the honest Souters; but certainly the last had a difficult part to play, having staked two hundred guineas that he would take all the money

from the Souters that they had received from the gentleman in the morning, and call every one of them *Souter* to his face. He got the price entire from every one, save Thomas Inglis, who had drunk the half of his before he got to him; but this being proved, the English gentleman won.

George Dobson took the thing most amiss. He had been the first taken in all along, and he thought a good deal about it. He was, moreover, a very honest man, and in order to make up the boots to the full value of the money he had received, he had shod them with silver, which took two Spanish dollars, and he had likewise put four silver tassels to the tops, so that they were splendid boots, and likely to remain on his hand. In short, though he did not care about the loss, he took the hoax very sore to heart.

Shortly after this, he was sitting in his shop, working away, and not singing a word, when in comes a fat gentleman, with fair curled hair, and red cheeks, but they were *not* hanging over his cravat; and he says, "Good morning, Dobson. You are very quiet and contemplative this morning."

"Ay, sir; folk canna be aye alike merry."

"Have you any stomach for taking measure of a pair of boots this morning?"

"Nah! I'll take measure o' nae mae boots to strangers; I'll stick by my auld customers."—He is very like my late customer, thought George, but his tongue is not the same. If I thought it were he, I would nick him!

"I have heard the story of the boots, George," said the visitor, "and never heard a better one. I have laughed very heartily at it; and I called principally to inform you, that if you will call at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick, you will get the price of your boots."

"Thank you, sir," said George; and the gentleman went away; Dobson being now persuaded he was *not* the Duke of Northumberland, though astonishingly like him. George had not sewed a single yerking, ere the gentleman came again into the shop, and said, "You had better

measure me for these boots, Dobson. I intend to be your customer in future."

"Thank you, sir, but I would rather not, just now."

"Very well; call then at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick, and you shall get *double* payment for the boots you have made."—George thanked him again, and away he went; but in a very short space he entered the shop again, and again requested George to measure him for a pair of boots. George became suspicious of the gentleman, and rather uneasy, as he continued to haunt him like a ghost; and so, merely to be quit of him, he took the measure of his leg and foot. "It is very near the measure of these fine silver-mounted ones, sir," said George; "you had better just take them."

"Well, so be it," said the stranger. "Call at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick, and you shall have *triple* payment for your boots. Good day."

"O, this gentleman is undoubtedly wrong in his mind," said George to himself. "This beats all the customers I ever met with! Ha—ha—ha! Come to Widow Wilson's, and you shall have payment for your boots,—double payment for your boots,—*triple* payment for your boots! Oh! the man's as mad as a March hare! He—he—he—he!"

"Hilloa, George," cried a voice close at his ear, "what's the matter wi' ye? Are ye gane daft? Are ye no gaun to rise to your wark the day?"

"Aich! Gudeness guide us, mother, am I no up yet!" cried George, springing out of his bed; for he had been all the while in a sound sleep, and dreaming. "What gart ye let me lie sae lang? I thought I had been i' the shop!"

"Shop!" exclaimed she; "I daresay, then, you thought you had found a fiddle in't. What were ye guffawing and laughing at?"

"O! I was laughing at a fat man, and the payment of a *pair o' boots* at Widow Wilson's, in Hawick."

"*Widow Wilson's*, i' Hawick!" exclaimed his mother, *holding up both* her hands; "Gude forgie me for a great

leear, if I hae dreamed about ony body else, frae the tae end o' the night to the tither!"

"Houts, mother, haud your tongue; it is needless to heed your dreams, for ye never gie ower dreaming about somebody."

"And what for no, lad? Hasna an auld body as good a right to dream as a young ane? Mrs Wilson's a throughgaun quean, and clears mair than a hunder a-year by the Tannage. I'se warrant there sall something follow thir dreams; I get the maist o' my dreams redd."

George was greatly tickled with his dream about the fat gentleman and the boots, and so well convinced was he that there was some sort o' meaning in it, that he resolved to go to Hawick the next market day, and call on Mrs Wilson, and settle with her; although it was a week or two before his usual term of payment, he thought the money would scarcely come wrong. So that day he plied and wrought as usual; but instead of his favourite ditties relating to the Forest, he chanted the whole day over one as old as any of them; but I am sorry I recollect only the chorus and a few odd stanzas of it.

ROUND ABOUT HAWICK.

We'll round about Hawick, Hawick,
Round about Hawick thegither;
We'll round about Hawick, Hawick,
And in by the bride's gudemither.
Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

And as we gang by we will rap,
And drink to the luck o' the bigging
For the bride has her tap in her lap,
And the bridegroom his tail in his rigging.
Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

There's been little luck i' the deed;
We're a' in the dumps thegither;
Let's gie the bridegroom a sheep's head,
But gie the bride brose and butter.
Sing, Round about Hawick &c.

Then a' the gudewives i' the land
Came flocking in droves thegither,

A' bringing their bountith in hand
  To please the young bride's gudemither.
    Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

The black gudewife o' the Braes
  Gae baby-clouts no worth a button;
But the auld gudewife o' Penchrice
  Cam in wi' a shouder o' mutton.
    Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

Wee Jean o' the Coate gae a pun
  A penny, a plack, and a boddle;
But the wife at the head o' the town
  Gae nought but a lang pin-todle.*
    Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

The mistress o' Bortugh cam ben,
  Aye blinking sae couthy and canny;
But some said she had in her han
  A kipple o' bottles o' branny.
    Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

And some brought dumples o' woo,
  And some brought flitches o' bacon,
And kebbucks and cruppocks enow;
  But Jenny Muirhead brought a capon.
    Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

Then up cam the wife o' the Mill,
  Wi' the cog, and the meal, and the water;
For she likit the joke sae weel
  To gie the bride brose and butter.
    Sing, Round about Hawick, &c.

And first she pat in a bit bread,
  And then she pat in a bit butter,
And then she pat in a sheep's head,
  Horns and a' thegither
    Sing, Round about Hawick, Hawick,
      Round about Hawick thegither;
    Round about Hawick, Hawick,
      Round about Hawick for ever.

On the Thursday following, George, instead of going to *the shop*, dressed himself in his best Sunday clothes, and, with rather a curious face, went ben to his step-mother, and inquired "what feck o' siller she had about her?"

* A pincushion.

"Siller! Gudeness forgie you, Geordie, for an even-down waster and a profligate! What are ye gaun to do wi' siller the day?"

"I have something ado ower at Hawick, and I was thinking it wad be as weel to pay her account when I was there."

"Oho, lad! are ye there wi' your dreams and your visions o' the night, Geordie? Ye're aye keen o' sangs, man; I can pit a vera gude ane i' your head. There's an unco gude auld thing they ca' Wap at the widow, my laddie. D'ye ken it, Geordie? Siller! quo he! Hae ye ony feck o' siller, mother! Whew! I hae as muckle as will pay the widow's account sax times ower! Ye may tell her that frae me. Siller! lack-a-day!—But, Geordie, my man—Auld wives' dreams are no to be regardit, ye ken. Eh?"

After putting half a dozen pairs of trysted shoes, and the identical silver-mounted boots, into the cadger's creels—then the only regular carriers—off set George Dobson to Hawick market, a distance of nearly eleven new-fashioned miles, but then accounted only eight and three quarters; and after parading the Sandbed, Slitterick Bridge, and the Tower Knowe, for the space of an hour, and shaking hands with some four or five acquaintances, he ventured east-the-gate to pay Mrs Wilson her account. He was kindly welcomed, as every good and regular customer was, by Mrs Wilson. They settled amicably, and in the course of business George ventured several sly, jocular hints, to see how they would be taken, vexed that his grand and singular dream should go for nothing. No, nothing would pass there but sterling cent per cent. The lady was deaf and blind to every effort of gallantry, valuing her own abilities too highly ever to set a man a second time at the head of her flourishing business. Nevertheless, she could not be blind to George's qualifications—he knew that was impossible,—for in the first place he was a goodly person, with handsome limbs and broad square shoulders; of a very dark complexion true, but with fine, shrewd, manly features

was a burgess and councillor of the town of Selkirk, and as independent in circumstances as she was.

Very well; Mrs Wilson knew all this—valued George Dobson accordingly, and would not have denied him any of those good points more than Gideon Scott would to a favourite Cheviot tup, in any society whatever; but she had such a sharp, cold, business manner, that George could discover no symptoms where the price of the boots was to come from. In order to conciliate matters as far as convenient, if not even to stretch a point, he gave her a farther order, larger than the one just settled; but all that he elicited was thanks for his custom, and one very small glass of brandy; so he drank her health, and a good husband to her. Mrs Wilson only curtseyed, and thanked him coldly, and away George set west-the-street with a quick and stately step, saying to himself that the expedition of the silver-mounted boots was all up.

As he was posting up the street, an acquaintance of his, a flesher, likewise of the name of Wilson, eyed him, and called him aside. "Hey, George, come this way a bit. How are ye? How d'ye do, sir? What news about Selkirk? Grand demand for boots there just now, I hear—eh? Needing any thing in my way the day? —Nae beef like that about your town. Come away in and taste the gudewife's bottle. I want to hae a crack wi' ye, and get measure of a pair o' boots. The grandest story yon, sir, I ever heard—eh?—Needing a leg o' beef?—Better? Never mind, come away in."

George was following Mr Wilson into the house, having as yet scarcely got a word said,—and he liked the man exceedingly,—when one pulled his coat, and a pretty servant girl smirked in his face and said, "Maister Dabsen, thou maun cum awa yest-the-gate and speak till Mrs Wulsin; there's sumtheyng forgot atween ye. Thou maun cum directly."

"Haste ye, gae away, rin!" says Wilson, pushing him out at the door, "that's a better bait than a poor flesher's dram. There's some comings and gangings yonder.

A bien birth and a thrifty dame. Grip to, grip to, lad! I'se take her at a hunder pund the quarter. Let us see you as ye come back again."

George went back, and there was Mrs Wilson standing in the door to receive him.

"I quite forgot, Mr Dobson—I beg pardon. But I hope, as usual, you will take a family-dinner with me to-day?"

"Indeed, Mrs Wilson, I was just thinking to mysell that you were fey, and that we two would never bargain again, for I never paid you an account before that I did not get the offer of my dinner."

"A very stupid neglect! But, indeed, I have so many things to mind, and am so hard set with the world, Mr Dobson; you cannot conceive, when there's only a woman at the head of affairs——"

"Ay, but sic a woman," said George, and shook his head.

"Well, well, come at two. I dine early. No ceremony, you know. Just a homely dinner, and no drinking." So saying, she turned and sailed into the house very gracefully; and then turning aside, she looked out at the window after him, apostrophizing him thus—"Ay, ye may strut away west-the-street, as if I were looking after you. Shame fa' the souter-like face o' ye; I wish you had been fifty miles off the day! If it hadna been fear for affronting a good steady customer, you shoudna hae been here. For there's my brother coming to dinner, and maybe some o' his cronies; and he'll be sae ta'en wi' this merry souter chield, that I ken weel they'll drink mair than twice the profits o' this bit order. My brother maun hae a' his ain will too! Folk maun aye bow to the bush they get bield frae, else I should take a staup out o' their punch-cogs the night."

George attended at ten minutes past two, to be as fashionable as the risk of losing his kale would permit—gave a sharp wooer-like rap at the door, and was shown by the dimpling Border maid into The Room,—which, in those days, meant the only sitting apartment of a house

Mrs Wilson being absent to superintend the preparations for dinner, and no one to introduce the parties to each other, think of George's utter amazement, when he saw the identical fat gentleman, who came to him thrice in his dream, and ordered him to come to Widow Wilson's and get payment of his boots! He was the very gentleman in every respect, every inch of him, and George could have known him among a thousand. It was not the Duke of Northumberland, but he that was so very like him, with fair curled hair, and red cheeks, which did not hang over his cravat. George felt as if he had been dropped into another state of existence, and hardly knew what to think or say. He had at first very nigh run up and taken the gentleman's hand, and addressed him as an old acquaintance, but luckily he recollected the equivocal circumstances in which they met, which was not actually in *the shop*, but in George's little bed-closet in the night, or early in the morning.

In short, the two sat awkward enough, till, at last, Mrs Wilson entered, in most brilliant attire, and really a handsome fine woman; and with her a country lady, with something in her face extremely engaging. Mrs Wilson immediately introduced the parties to each other thus: —"Brother, this is Mr Dobson, boot and shoemaker in Selkirk;—as honest a young man, and as good a payer, as I know.—Mr Dobson, this is Mr Turnbull, my brother, the best friend I ever had; and this is his daughter Margaret."

The parties were acquainted in one minute, for Mr Turnbull was a frank kind-hearted gentleman; ay, they were more than acquainted, for the very second or third look that George got of Margaret Turnbull, he loved her. And during the whole afternoon, every word that she spoke, every smile that she smiled, and every happy look that she turned on another, added to his flame; so that long ere the sun leaned his elbow on Skelfhill Pen, *he was deeper in love* than, perhaps, any other souter in *this world ever was.* It is needless to describe Miss *Turnbull; she was* just what a woman should be, and not

exceeding twenty-five years of age. What a mense she would be to the town of Selkirk, and to a boot and shoemaker's parlour, as well as to the top of the councillors' seat every Sunday!

When the dinner was over, the brandy bottle went round, accompanied with the wee wee glass, in shape of the burr of a Scots Thistle. When it came to Mr Turnbull, he held it up between him and the light,—"Keatie, whaten a niff-naff of a glass is this? let us see a feasible ane."

"If it be over little, you can fill it the oftener, brother, I think a big dram is so vulgar!"

"That's no the thing, Keatie. The truth is, that ye're a perfect she Nabal, and ilka thing that takes the value of a plack out o' your pooket, is vulgar, or improper, or something that way. But I'll tell you, Keatie, my woman, what you shall do: Set down a black bottle on this hand o' me, and twa clear anes on this, and the cheeny bowl atween them, and I'll let you see what I'll do. I ken o' nane within the ports o' Hawick can afford a bowl better than you. Nane o' your half bottles and quarter bottles at a time; now Keatie, ye ken, ye hae a confoundit trick o' that; but I hae some hopes that I'll learn you good manners by and by."

"Dear brother, I'm sure you are not going to drink your bottles here? Think what the town would say, if I were to keep cabals o' drinkers in my sober house."

"Do as I bid you now, Keatie, and lippen the rest to me.—Ah she is a niggard, Mr Dobson, and has muckle need of a little schooling to open her heart."

The materials were produced, and Mr Turnbull, as had been predicted, did not spare them. Other two Wilsons joined them immediately after dinner, the one a shoemaker, and the other our friend the flesher, and a merrier afternoon has seldom been in Hawick. Mr Turnbull was *perfectly* delighted with George;—he made him sing "*The* Souters o' Selkirk," "Turn the Blue Bonnets," *and all* his best things; but when he came to "Round *about* Hawick," he made him sing it six times over, an

was never weary of laughing at it, and identifying the characters with those then living. The story of the boots was an inexhaustible joke, and the likeness between Mr Turnbull and the Duke of Northumberland an acceptable item. At length Mr Turnbull got so elevated, that he said, "Ay, man! and they are shod wi' silver, and silver tassels round the top? I wad gie a bottle o' wine for a sight o' them."

"It shall cost you nae mair," said George, and in three minutes he set them on the table. Mr Turnbull tried them on, and walked through and through the room with them, singing—

"With silver he was shod before—
With burning gold behind."

They fitted exactly; and before sitting down, he offered George the original price, and got them.

It became late rather too soon for our group, but the young lady grew impatient to get home, and Mr Turnbull was obliged to prepare for going; nothing, however, would please him, save that George should go with him all night; and George being, long before this time, over head and ears in love, accepted of the invitation, and the loan of the flesher's bay mare, and went with them. Miss Margaret had soon by some kind of natural inspiration, discovered our jovial Souter's partiality for her; and in order to open the way for a banter, (the best mode of beginning a courtship,) she fell on and rallied him most severely about the boots and the *Soutering*, and particularly about letting himself be robbed of the two guineas. This gave George an opportunity of retaliating so happily, that he wondered at himself, for he acknowledged that he said things that he never believed he could have had the face to say to a lady before.

The year after that, the two were married in the house of Mrs Wilson, and Mr Turnbull paid down a hundred pounds to George on the day he brought her from that house a bride. Now, thought George to himself, I have been twice most liberally paid for my boots in that house. My wife, perhaps, will stand for the third pay-

ment, which I hope will be the best of all; but I still think there is to be another one beside.—He was not wrong, for after the death of his worthy father-in-law he found himself entitled to the third of his whole effects; the transfer of which, nine years after his marriage, was made over to him in the house of his friend, Mrs Wilson.

CHAP. VII.

THE LAIRD OF CASSWAY.

There is an old story which I have often heard related, about a great Laird of Cassway, in an outer corner of Dumfries-shire, of the name of Beattie, and his two sons. The incidents of the story are of a very extraordinary nature. This Beattie had occasion to be almost constantly in England, because, as my informant said, he took a great hand in government affairs, from which I conclude that the tradition had its rise about the time of the Civil Wars; for about the close of that time the Scotts took the advantage of the times to put the Beatties down, who, for some previous ages, had maintained the superiority of that district.

Be that as it may, the Laird of Cassway's second son, Francis, fell desperately in love with a remarkably beautiful girl, the eldest daughter of Henry Scott of Drumfielding, a gentleman, but still only a retainer, and far beneath Beattie of Cassway, both in point of wealth and influence. Francis was a scholar newly returned from the University—was tall, handsome, of a pale complexion, and gentlemanly appearance, while Thomas, the eldest son, was fair, ruddy, and stout made, a perfect picture of health and good humour,—a sportsman, a warrior, and a jovial blade; one who would not suffer a fox to get rest in the whole moor district. He rode the best horse, kept the best hounds played the best fiddle, danced the

best country bumpkin, and took the stoutest draught of mountain dew, of any man between Erick Brae and Teviot Stone, and was altogether that sort of a young man, that whenever he cast his eyes on a pretty girl, either at chapel or weapon-shaw, she would hide her face, and gigle as if tickled by some unseen hand.

Now, though Thomas, or the Young Laird, as he was called, had only spoke once to Ellen Scott in his life, at which time he chucked her below the chin, and bid the devil take him if ever he saw as bonny a face in his whole born days; yet, for all that, Ellen loved him. It could not be said that she was *in love* with him, for a maiden's heart must be won before it is given absolutely away; but hers gave him the preference to any other young man. She loved to see him, to hear of him, and to laugh at him; and it was even observed by the domestics, that Tam Beattie o' the Cassway's name came oftener into her conversation than there was any good reason for.

Such was the state of affairs when Francis came home, and fell desperately in love with Ellen Scott; and his father being in England, and he under no restraint, he went frequently to visit her. She received him with a kindness and affability that pleased him to the heart; but he little wist that this was only a spontaneous and natural glow of kindness towards him because of his connexions, and rather because he was the Young Laird of Cassway's only brother, than the poor but accomplished Francis Beattie, the scholar from Oxford.

He was, however, so much delighted with her, that he asked her father's permission to pay his addresses to her. Her father, who was a prudent and sensible man, answered him in this wise—"That nothing would give him greater delight than to see his beloved Ellen joined with so accomplished and amiable a young gentleman in the bonds of holy wedlock, provided his father's assent was previously obtained. But as he himself was subordinate to another house, *not on the best terms* with the house of Cassway, he would *ot take it on him* to sanction any such connexion with-*it the Old Laird's* full consent. That, moreover, as he

Francis Beattie, was just setting out in life, as a lawyer, there was but too much reason to doubt that a matrimonial connexion with Ellen at that time would be highly imprudent; therefore it was not to be thought further of till the Old Laird was consulted. In the mean time, he should always be welcome to his house, and to his daughter's company, as he had the same dependence on his honour and integrity as if he had been a son of his own."

The young man thanked him affectionately, and could not help acquiescing in the truth of his remarks, promised not to mention matrimony farther, till he had consulted his father, and added—"But indeed you must excuse me, if I avail myself of your permission to visit here often, as I am sensible that it will be impossible for me to live for any space of time out of my dear Ellen's sight." He was again assured of welcome, and the two parted mutually pleased.

Henry Scott of Drumfielding was a widower, with six daughters, over whom presided Mrs Jane Jerdan, their maternal aunt, an old maid, with fashions and ideas even more antiquated than herself. No sooner had the young wooer taken his leave than she bounced into the room, the only sitting apartment in the house, and said, in a loud important whisper, "What's that young swankey of a lawyer wanting, that he's aye hankering sae muckle about our town? I'll tell you what, brother Harry, it strikes me that he wants to make a wheelwright o' your daughter Nell. Now, gin he axes your consent to ony siccan thing, dinna ye grant it. That's a'. Take an auld fool's advice gin ye wad prosper. Folk are a' wise ahint the hand, and sae will ye be."

"Dear Mrs Jane, what objections can you have to Mr Francis Beattie, the most accomplished young gentleman of the whole country?"

"'Complished gentleman! 'Complished kirn-milk! I'll tell you what, brother Harry,—afore I were a landless lady, I wad rather be a tailor's layboard. What has he to maintain a lady spouse with? The wind o' h

lungs, forsooth!—thinks to sell that for goud in goupings. Hech me! Crazy wad they be wha wad buy it; and they wha trust to crazy people for their living will live but crazily. Take an auld fool's advice gin ye wad prosper, else ye'll be wise ahint the hand. Have nae mair to do with him—Nell's bread for his betters; tell him that. Or, by my certy, gin I meet wi' him face to face *I'll* tell him."

"It would be unfriendly in me to keep aught a secret from you, sister, considering the interest you have taken in my family. I *have* given him my consent to visit my daughter, but at the same time have restricted him from mentioning matrimony until he have consulted his father."

"And what is the visiting to gang for, then? Away wi' him! Our Nell's food for his betters. What wad you think an she could get the Young Laird, his brother, wi' a blink o' her ee?"

"Never speak to me of that, Mrs Jane. I wad rather see the poorest of his shepherd lads coming to court my child than see him;" and with these words Henry left the room.

Mrs Jane stood long, making faces, shaking her apron with both hands, nodding her head, and sometimes giving a stamp with her foot. "I have set my face against that connexion," said she; "our Nell's no made for lady to a London lawyer. It wad set her rather better to be Lady of Cassway. The Young Laird, for me! I'll hae the branks of love thrown over the heads o' the twasome, tie the tangs thegither, and then let them gallop like twa kippled grews. My brother Harry's a simple man; he disna ken the credit that he has by his daughters—thanks to some other body than him! Niece Nell has a shape, an ee, and a lady-manner that wad kilhab the best lord o' the kingdom, were he to come under their influence and my manoovres. She's a Jerdan a' through; and that I'll let them ken! *Folk are a' wise ahint the hand; credit only comes by catch and keep.* Goodnight to a' younger brothers, puffings o' love vows, and sabs o' wind! Gie

me the good green hills, the gruff wedders, and bob-tail'd yowes; and let the Law and the Gospel-men sell the wind o' their lungs as dear as they can."

In a few days, Henry of Drumfielding was called out to attend his Chief on some expedition; on which Mrs Jane, not caring to trust her message to any other person, went over to Cassway, and invited the Young Laird to Drumfielding to see her niece, quite convinced that her charms and endowments would at once enslave the elder brother as they had done the younger. Tam Beattie was delighted at finding such a good back friend as Mrs Jane, for he had not failed to observe, for a twelvemonth back, that Ellen Scott was very pretty, and, either through chance or design, he asked Mrs Jane if the young lady was privy to this invitation.

"*She* privy to it!" exclaimed Mrs Jane, shaking her apron. "Ha, weel I wat, no! She wad soon hae flown in my face wi' her gibery and her jaukery, had I tauld her my errand; but the gowk kens what the tittling wants, although it is not aye crying, *Give, give*, like the horse loch-leech."

"Does the horse-leech really cry that, Mrs Jane? I should think, from a view of its mouth, that it could scarcely cry any thing," said Tom.

"Are ye sic a reprobate as to deny the words o' the Scripture, sir? Hech, wae's me! what some folk hae to answer for! We're a' wise ahint the hand. But hark ye,—come ye ower in time, else I am feared she may be settled for ever out o' your reach. Now, I canna bide to think on that, for I have always thought you twa made for ane anither. Let me take a look o' you frae tap to tae—O yes—made for ane anither. Come ower in time before billy Harry come hame again; and let your visit be in timeous hours, else I'll gie you the back of the door to keep.—Wild reprobate!" she exclaimed to herself, on taking her leave; "to deny that the horse loch-leech can speak! Ha—he—The Young Laird is the man for me!"

Thomas Beattie was true to his appointment, as man

supposed, and Mrs Jane having her niece dressed in 'le, he was perfectly charmed with her; and really it ınot be denied that Ellen was as much delighted with n. She was young, gay, and frolicsome, and Ellen ver spent a more joyous and happy afternoon, or knew fore what it was to be in a presence that delighted her much. While they sat conversing, and apparently tter satisfied with the company of each other than was ely to be regarded with indifference by any other in-ridual aspiring to the favour of the young lady, the or was opened, and there entered no other than Fran-ı Beattie! When Ellen saw her devoted lover appear us suddenly, she blushed deeply, and her glee was mped in a moment. She looked rather like a con-mned criminal, or at least a guilty creature, than what e really was,—a being over whose mind the cloud of ilt had never cast its shadow.

Francis loved her above all things on earth or in hea-n, and the moment he saw her so much abashed at ing surprised in the company of his brother, his spirit ıs moved to jealousy—to maddening and uncontrollable alousy. His ears rang, his hair stood on end, and the con-ur of his face became like a bent bow. He walked up to s brother with his hand on his hilt, and, in a state of excite-ent which rendered his words inarticulate, addressed him ıus, while his teeth ground together like a horse-rattle:

"Pray, sir, may I ask you of your intentions, and of hat you are seeking here?"

"I know not, Frank, what right you have to ask any ıch questions; but you will allow that I have a right ı ask at you what *you* are seeking here at present, see-g you come so very inopportunely?"

"Sir," said Francis, whose passion could stay no far-er parley, "dare you put it to the issue of the sword is moment?"

"Come now, dear Francis, do not act the fool and the ıdman both at a time. Rather than bring such a dis-e to the issue of the sword between two brothers who r had a quarrel in their lives, I propose that we bring

it to a much more temperate and decisive issue here where we stand, by giving the maiden her choice. Stand you there at that corner of the room, I at this, and Ellen Scott in the middle; let us both ask her, and to whomsoever she comes, the prize be his. Why should we try to decide, by the loss of one of our lives, what we cannot decide, and what may be decided in a friendly and rational way in one minute?"

"It is easy for you, sir, to talk temperately and with indifference of such a trial, but not so with me. This young lady is dear to my heart."

"Well, but so is she to mine. Let us, therefore, appeal to the lady at once, whose claim is the best; and as your pretensions are the highest, do you ask her first."

"My dearest Ellen," said Francis, humbly and affectionately, "you know that my whole soul is devoted to your love, and that I aspire to it only in the most honourable way; put an end to this dispute therefore by honouring me with the preference which the unequivocal offer of my hand merits."

Ellen stood dumb and motionless, looking steadfastly down at the hem of her jerkin, which she was nibbling with her hands. She dared not lift an eye to either of the brothers, though apparently conscious that she ought to have recognised the claims of Francis.

"Ellen, I need not tell you that I love you," said Thomas, in a light and careless manner, as if certain that his appeal would be successful; "nor need I attempt to tell how dearly and how long I will love you, for in faith I cannot. Will you make the discovery for yourself by deciding in my favour?"

Ellen looked up. There was a smile on her lovely face; an arch, mischievous, and happy smile, but it turned not on Thomas. Her face turned to the contrary side, but yet the beam of that smile fell not on Francis, who stood in a state of as terrible suspense between hope and fear, as a Roman Catholic sinner at the gate of heaven, who has implored of St Peter to open the gate

waits a final answer. The die of his fate was soon for Ellen, looking one way, yet moving another, htway threw herself into Thomas Beattie's arms, iming, "Ah, Tom! I fear I am doing that which I rue, but I must trust to your generosity; for, bad u are, I like you the best!"

ıomas took her in his arms, and kissed her; but e he could say a word in return, the despair and of his brother, breaking forth over every barrier of n, interrupted him. "This is the trick of a coward, reen himself from the chastisement he deserves. you escape me not thus! Follow me if you dare!" as he said this, Francis rushed from the house, ng his naked sword at his brother.

len trembled with agitation at the young man's ; and while Thomas still continued to assure her of nalterable affection, Mrs Jane Jerdan entered, plucker apron so as to make it twang like a bowstring.

What's a' this, Squire Tummas? Are we to be ed out o' house and hadding by this rapturous* g lawyer o' yours? By the souls o' the Jerdans, ick up sic a stoure about his lugs as shall blind the ical een o' him! It's queer that men should study ıw only to learn to break it. Sure am I, nae gen- ın, that hasna been bred a lawyer, wad come into ghbour's house bullyragging that gate wi' sword in malice prepense in his eye, and venom on his ıe. Just as a lassie hadna her ain freedom o' choice, ıse a fool has been pleased to ask her! Haud the you hae, Niece Nell; ye hae made a wise choice for . Tam's the man for my money! Folk are a' wise the hand, but real wisdom lies in taking time by the ɔck. But, Squire Tam, the thing that I want to ken s—Are you going to put up wi' a' that bullying and tening, or do you propose to chastise the fool ac- ng to his folly?"

n truth, Mrs Jane, I am very sorry for my brother's *our, and could* not with honour yield any more

* Rapturous, *i. e.* outrageous.

than I did to pacify him. But he must be humbled. It would not do to suffer him to carry matters with so high a hand."

"Now, wad ye be but advised and leave him to me, I would play him sic a plisky as he shouldna forget till his dying day. By the souls o' the Jerdans, I would! Now promise to me that ye winna fight him."

"O promise, promise!" cried Ellen vehemently, "for the sake of heaven's love, promise my aunt that."

Thomas smiled and shook his head, as much as if he had said, "You do not know what you are asking." Mrs Jane went on.

"Do it then—do it with a vengeance, and remember this, that wherever ye set the place o' combat, be it in hill or dale, deep linn or moss hag, I shall have a thirdsman there to encourage you on. I shall give you a meeting you little wot of."

Thomas Beattie took all this for words of course, as Mrs Jane was well known for a raving, ranting old maid, whose vehemence few regarded, though a great many respected her for the care she had taken of her sister's family, and a greater number still regarded her with terror, as a being possessed of superhuman powers; so after many expressions of the fondest love for Ellen, he took his leave, his mind being made up how it behoved him to deal with his brother.

I forgot to mention before, that old Beattie lived at Nether Cassway with his family; and his eldest son Thomas at Over Cassway, having, on his father's entering into a second marriage, been put in possession of that castle and these lands. Francis, of course, lived in his father's house when in Scotland; and it was thus that his brother knew nothing of his frequent visits to Ellen Scott.

That night, as soon as Thomas went home, he dispatched a note to his brother to the following purport: That he was sorry for the rudeness and unreasonableness of his behaviour. But if, on coming to himself, he was willing to make an apology before his mistress, then

ıs) would gladly extend to him the right hand of
d brotherhood; but if he refused this, he would
to meet him on the Crook of Glendearg next
g by the sunrising. Francis returned for answer,
would meet him at the time and place appointed.
was then no farther door of reconciliation left
ıut Thomas still had hopes of managing him even
combat field.

cis slept little that night, being wholly set on re-
'or the loss of his beloved mistress; and a little
aybreak he arose, and putting himself in light
, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. He had
to go than his elder brother, and on coming in
f the Crook of Glendearg, he perceived the latter
efore him. He was wrapt in his cavalier's cloak,
lking up and down the Crook with impassioned
on which Francis soliloquized as follows, as he
on:—"Ah ha! so Tom is here before me! This
I did not expect, for I did not think the flagitious
d so much spirit or courage in him as to meet me.
;lad he has! for how I long to chastise him, and
ome of the pampered blood from that vain and
t heart, which has bereaved me of all I held dear
h!"

ıis way did he cherish his wrath till close at his
's side, and then, addressing him in the same inso-
rms, he desired him to cease his cowardly cogita-
nd draw. His opponent instantly wheeled about,
ɔff his horseman's cloak, and presented his sword;
hold the young man's father stood before him,
and ready for action! The sword fell from Fran-
ınd, and he stood appalled as if he had been a
unable either to utter a word or move a muscle.

ıke up thy sword, caitiff, and let it work thy ruth-
rk of vengeance here. Is it not better that thou
ıt pierce this old heart, worn out with care and
and chilled by the ingratitude of my race, than
hy gallant and generous brother, the representa-
ur house, and the Chief of our name? Take up

thy sword, I say, and if I do not chastise thee as thou deservest, may Heaven reft the sword of justice from the hand of the avenger!"

"The God of Heaven forbid that I should ever lift my sword against my honoured father!" said Francis.

"Thou darest not, thou traitor and coward!" returned the father.—"I throw back the disgraceful terms in thy teeth which thou usedst to thy brother. Thou camest here boiling with rancour, to shed his blood; and when I appear in person for him, thou darest not accept the challenge."

"You never did me wrong, my dear father; but my brother has wronged me in the tenderest part."

"Thy brother never wronged thee intentionally, thou deceitful and sanguinary fratricide. It was thou alone who forced this quarrel upon him; and I have great reason to suspect thee of a design to cut him off, that the inheritance and the maid might both be thine own. But here I swear by the arm that made me, and the Redeemer that saved me, if thou wilt not go straight and kneel to thy brother for forgiveness, confessing thy injurious treatment, and swearing submission to thy natural Chief, I will banish thee from my house and presence for ever, and load thee with a parent's curse, which shall never be removed from thy soul till thou art crushed to the lowest hell."

The young scholar, being utterly astounded at his father's words, and at the awful and stern manner in which he addressed him, whom he had never before reprimanded, was wholly overcome. He kneeled to his parent, and implored his forgiveness, promising, with tears, to fulfil every injunction which it would please him to enjoin; and on this understanding, the two parted on amicable and gracious terms.

Francis went straight to the tower of Over Cassway, and inquired for his brother, resolved to fulfil his father's stern injunctions to the very letter. He was informed his brother was in his chamber in bed, and indispose He asked the porter farther, if he had not been forth

l was answered, that he had gone forth early in
ning in armour, but had quickly returned, appar-
great agitation, and betaken himself to his bed.
then requested to be taken to his brother, to
ne servant instantly assented, and led him up to
nber, never suspecting that there could be any
ty between the two only brothers; but on John
opening the door, and announcing the Tutor,
, being in a nervous state, was a little alarmed.
in in the room there, Burgess," said he.—"What,
Frank, are you seeking here at this hour, armed
e? I hope you are not come to assassinate me in
?"

l forbid, brother," said the other; "here John,
sword down with you, I want some private con-
n with Thomas." John did so, and the following
ation ensued; for as soon as the door closed,
dropt on his knees, and said, "O, my dear bro-
ave erred grievously, and am come to confess my
nd implore your pardon."

have both erred, Francis, in suffering any earthly
to incite us against each other's lives. We
th erred, but you have my forgiveness cheerfully;
my hand on it, and grant me thine in return.
ncis, I have got an admonition this morning, that
ill be erased from my memory, and which has
me to see my life in a new light. What or whom
ou I met an hour ago on my way to the Crook of
arg to encounter you?"

r father, perhaps."

n have seen him, then?"

leed I have, and he has given me such a repri-
r severity, as son never before received from a

other Frank, I must tell you, and when I do, you
believe me—It *was not* our father whom we both
morning."

as no other whom I saw. What do you mean?
suppose that I do not know my own father?"

"I tell you it was not, and could not be. I had an express from him yesterday. He is two hundred miles from this, and cannot be in Scotland sooner than three weeks hence."

"You astonish me, Thomas. This is beyond human mprehension!"

"It is true—that I avouch, and the certainty of it has sickened me at heart. You must be aware that he came not home last night, and that his horse and retinue have not arrived."

"He was not at home, it is true, nor have his horse and retinue arrived in Scotland. Still there is no denying that our father is here, and that it was he who spoke to and admonished me."

"I tell you it is impossible. A spirit hath spoke to us in our father's likeness, for he is not, and cannot be, in Scotland at this time. My faculties are altogether confounded by the event, not being able to calculate on the qualities or condition of our monitor. An evil spirit it certainly could not be, for all its admonitions pointed to good. I sorely dread, Francis, that our father is no more —that there has been another engagement, that he has lost his life, and that his soul has been lingering around his family before taking its final leave of this sphere. I believe that our father is dead; and for my part I am so sick at heart, that my nerves are all unstrung. Pray, do you take horse and post off for Salop, from whence his commission to me yesterday was dated, and see what hath happened to our revered father."

"I cannot, for my life. give credit to this, brother, or that it was any other being but my father himself who rebuked me. Pray allow me to tarry another day at least, before I set out. Perhaps our father may appear in the neighbourhood, and may be concealing himself for some secret purpose.—Did you tell him of our quarrel?"

"No. He never asked me concerning it, but charged me sharply with my intent on the first word, and adjured me, by my regard for his blessing, and my hope in heaven, to desist from my purpose."

"Then he knew it all intuitively; for when I first went in view of the spot appointed for our meeting, I perceived him walking sharply to and fro, wrapped in his military cloak. He never so much as deigned to look at me, till I came close to his side, and thinking it was yourself, I fell to upbraiding him, and desired him to draw. He then threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and, telling me he came in your place, dared me to the encounter. But he knew all the grounds of our quarrel minutely, and laid the blame on me. I own I am a little puzzled to reconcile circumstances, but am convinced my father is near at hand. I heard his words, and saw his eyes flashing anger and indignation. Unfortunately I did not touch him, which would have put an end to all doubts; for he did not present the hand of reconciliation to me, as I expected he would have done, on my yielding implicitly to all his injunctions."

The two brothers then parted, with protestations of mutual forbearance in all time coming, and with an understanding, as that was the morning of Saturday, that if their father, or some word of him, did not reach home before the next evening, the Tutor of Cassway was to take horse for the county of Salop, early on Monday morning.

Thomas, being thus once more left to himself, could do nothing but toss and tumble in his bed, and reflect on the extraordinary occurrence of that morning; and, after many troubled cogitations, it at length occurred to his recollection what Mrs Jane Jerdan had said to him:—"Do it then. Do it with a vengeance!—But remember this, that wherever ye set the place of combat, be it in hill or dale, deep linn, or moss hagg, I shall have a thirdsman there to encourage you on. I shall give you a meeting you little wot of."

If he was confounded before, he was ten times more so at the remembrance of these words, of most ominous import.

At the time he totally disregarded them, taking them *for mere rhodomontade*; but now the idea was to him

terrible, that his father's spirit, like the prophet's of old, should have been conjured up by witchcraft; and then again he bethought himself that no witch would have employed her power to prevent evil. In the end, he knew not what to think, and so, taking the hammer from its rest, he gave three raps on the pipe drum, for there were no bells in the towers of those days, and up came old John Burgess, Thomas Beattie's henchman, huntsman, and groom of the chambers, one who had been attached to the family for fifty years, and he says, in his slow West-Border tongue, "How's tou now, callan'?—Is tou ony betterlins? There has been tway stags seen in the Bloodhope-Linns tis mworning already."

"Ay, and there has been something else seen, John, that lies nearer to my heart, to-day." John looked at his master with an inquisitive eye and quivering lip, but said nothing. The latter went on, "I am very unwell to-day, John, and cannot tell what is the matter with me. I think I am bewitched."

"It's very like tou is, callan. I pits nae doubt on't at a'."

"Is there any body in this moor district whom you ever heard blamed for the horrible crime of witchcraft?"

"Ay, that there is; mair than ane or tway. There's our neighbour, Lucky Jerdan, for instance, and her niece Nell,—the warst o' the pair, I doubt." John said this with a sly stupid leer, for he had admitted the old lady to an audience with his master the day before, and had eyed him afterwards bending his course towards Drumfielding.

"John, I am not disposed to jest at this time; for I am disturbed in mind, and very ill. Tell me, in reality, did you ever hear Mrs Jane Jerdan accused of being a witch?"

"Why, look thee, master, I dares nae say she's a *wotch*; for Lucky has mony good points in her character. *But* it's weel kenned she has mair power nor her aim, for *she can* stwop a' the plews in Eskdale wi' a wave o' her

hand, and can raise the dead out o' their graves, just as a matter of cwoorse."

"That, John, is an extraordinary power indeed. But did you never hear of her sending any living men *to* their graves? For as that is rather the danger that hangs over me, I wish you would take a ride over and desire Mrs Jane to come and see me. Tell her I am ill, and request of her to come and see me."

"I shall do that, callan'. But are tou sure it is the auld wotch I'm to bring? For it strikes me the young ane maybe has done the deed; and if sae, she is the fittest to effect the cure. But I sall bring the auld ane—Dinna flee intil a rage, for I sall bring the auld ane; though, gude forgie me, it is unco like bringing the houdy."

Away went John Burgess to Drumfielding; but Mrs Jane would not move for all his entreaties. She sent back word to his master, to "rise out o' his bed, for he wad be waur if ony thing ailed him; and if he had aught to say to auld Jane Jerdan, she would be ready to hear it at hame, though he behoved to remember that it wasna ilka subject under the sun that she could thole to be questioned anent."

With this answer John was forced to return, and there being no accounts of old Beattie having been seen in Scotland; the young men remained all the Sabbath-day in the utmost consternation at the apparition of their father they had seen, and the appalling rebuke they had received from it. The most incredulous mind could scarce doubt that they had had communion with a supernatural being; and not being able to draw any other conclusion themselves, they became persuaded that their father was dead; and accordingly, both prepared for setting out early on Monday morning towards the county of Salop, from whence they had last heard of him.

But just as they were ready to set out, when their spurs were buckled on and their horses bridled, Andrew Johnston, their father's confidential servant, arrived from the place to which they were bound. He had rode night

and day, never once stinting the light gallop, as he said, and had changed his horse seven times. He appeared as if his ideas were in a state of derangement and confusion; and when he saw his young masters standing together, and ready-mounted for a journey, he stared at them as if he scarcely believed his own senses. They of course asked immediately about the cause of his express; but his answers were equivocal, and he appeared not to be able to assign any motive. They asked him concerning their father, and if any thing extraordinary had happened to him. He would not say either that there had, or that there had not; but inquired, in his turn, if nothing extraordinary had happened with them at home. They looked to one another, and returned him no answer; but at length the youngest said, "Why, Andrew, you profess to have ridden express for the distance of two hundred miles; now, you surely must have some guess for what purpose you have done this? Say, then, at once, what your message is: Is our father alive?"

"Ye—es; I think he is."

"You *think* he is? Are you uncertain, then?"

"I am certain he is not *dead*,—at least was not when I left him. But—hum—certainly there has a change taken place. Hark ye, masters—can a man be said to be in life when he is out of himself?"

"Why, man, keep us not in this thrilling suspense.—Is our father well?"

"No—not *quite* well. I am sorry to say, honest gentleman, that he is not. But the truth is, my masters, now that I see you well and hearty, and about to take a journey in company, I begin to suspect that I have been posted all this way on a fool's errand; and not another syllable will I speak on the subject, till I have had some refreshment, and if you still insist on hearing a ridiculous story, you shall hear it then."

When the matter of the refreshment had been got over to Andrew's full satisfaction, he began as follows:

"Why, faith, you see, my masters, it is not easy to say my errand to you, for in fact I have none. There-

ll that I can do is to tell you a story,—a most ridi-
one it is, as ever sent a poor fellow out on the
for the matter of two hundred miles or so. On
›rning before last, right early, little Isaac, the page,
to me, and he says,—'Johnston, thou must go and
ıeaster. He's bad.'
Bad!' says I. 'Whaten way is he bad?'
Why,' says he, 'he's so far ill as he's not well, and
: to see you without one moment's delay. He's
: taking, and that you'll find; but whatfor do I
here? Lword, I never got such a fright. Why,
on, does thou know that measter hath lwost him-

How lost himself? rabbit,' says I, 'speak plain out,
ll have thee lug-hauled, thou dwarf!' for my blood
t the imp, for fooling at any mishap of my master's.
ıy choler only made him worse, for there is not a
r deil's-buckie in all the Five Dales.
Why, man, it is true that I said,' quoth he, laugh-
'the old gurly squoir hath lwost himself; and it
: grand sport to see thee going calling him at all the
-crosses in the kingdom, in this here way—Ho yes!
two times ho yes! and a *three* times ho yes! Did
›dy no see the better half of my measter, Laird of
va Cassways, Bloodhope, and Pantland, which was
ng overnight, and is supposed to have gone a-wool-
'ing? If any body hath seen that better part of my
:r, whilk contains as mooch wit as a man could drive
ıurlbarrow, let them restore it to me, Andrew John-
piper, trumpeter, whacker, and wheedler, to the
great and noble squoir; and high shall be his reward
yes!'
The devil restore thee to thy right mind!' said I,
ing him down, and leaving him sprawling in the
l, and then hasted to my master, whom I found
sh, restless, and raving, and yet with an earnestness
demeanour that stunned and terrified me. He
my hand in both his, which were burning like fire,
e me such a look of despair as I shall never for-

get. 'Johnston, I am ill,' said he, 'grievously ill, and know not what is to become of me. Every nerve in my body is in a burning heat, and my soul is as it were torn to fritters with amazement. Johnston, as sure as you are in the body, something most deplorable hath happened to em.'

"'Yes, as sure as I am in the body, there has, master,' says I. 'But I'll have you bled and doctored in style; and you shall soon be as sound as a roach,' says I; 'for a gentleman must not lose heart altogether for a little fire-raising in his out works, if it does not reach the citadel,' says I to him. But he cut me short by shaking his head and flinging my hand from him.

"'A truce with your talking,' says he. 'That which hath befallen me is as much above your comprehension as the sun is above the earth, and never will be comprehended by mortal man; but I must inform you of it, as I have no other means of gaining the intelligence I yearn for, and which I am incapable of gaining personally. Johnston, there never was a mortal man suffered what I have suffered since midnight. I believe I have had doings with hell; for I have been disembodied, and embodied again, and the intensity of my tortures has been unparalleled.—I was at home this morning at daybreak.'

"'At home at Cassway!' says I. 'I am sorry to hear you say so, master, because you know, or should know, that the thing is impossible, you being in the ancient town of Shrewsbury on the King's business.'

"'I was at home in very deed, Andrew,' returned he; 'but whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell—the Lord only knoweth. But there I was in this guise, and with this heart and all its feelings within me, where I saw scenes, heard words, and spoke others, which I will here relate to you. I had finished my dispatches last night by midnight, and was sitting musing on the hard fate and improvidence of my sovereign master, when, ere ever I was aware, a neighbour of ours, Mrs Jane Jerdan, of Drumfielding, a mysterious character, with whom I have had some strange doings

ıy time, came suddenly into the chamber, and stood
re me. I accosted her with doubt and terror, asking
t had brought her so far from home.'

'You are not so far from home as you imagine,
she; 'and it is fortunate for some that it is so.
r two sons nave quarrelled about the possession of
e Ellen, and though the eldest is blameless of the
rel, yet has he been forced into it, and they are en-
d to fight at daybreak at the Crook of Glen-dearg.
re they will assuredly fall by each other's hands, if
interpose not; for there is no other authority now
arth that can prevent this woful calamity.'

'Alas! how can I interfere,' said I, 'at this distance?
already within a few hours of the meeting, and be-
I get from among the windings of the Severn, their
ds will be bathed in each other's blood! I must
; to the interference of Heaven.'

'Is your name and influence, then, to perish for
?' said she. Is it so soon to follow your master's,
great Maxwell of the Dales, into utter oblivion?
y not rather rouse into requisition the energies of
spirits that watch over human destinies? At least
aside with me, that I may disclose the scene to your
. You know I can do it; and you may then act
rding to your natural impulse.'

'Such were the import of the words she spoke to
if not the very words themselves. I understood
ı not at the time; nor do I yet. But when she had
: speaking, she took me by the hand, and hurried
owards the door of the apartment, which she open-
and the first step we took over the threshold, we
ɔed into a void space and fell downward. I was going
ll out, but felt my descent so rapid, that my voice
stifled, and I could not so much as draw my breath.
pected every moment to fall against something, and
ashed to pieces; and I shut my eyes, clenched my
, and held by the dame's hand with a frenzied grasp,
pectation of the catastrophe. But down we went
n and down, with a celerity which tongue cannot

describe, without light, breath, or any sort of impediment. I now felt assured that we had both at once stepped from off the earth, and were hurled into the immeasurable void. The airs of darkness sung in my ears with a booming din as I rolled down the steeps of everlasting night, an outcast from nature and all its harmonies, and a journeyer into the depths of hell.

"'I still held my companion's hand, and felt the pressure of hers; and so long did this our alarming descent continue, that I at length caught myself breathing once more, but as quick as if I had been in the height of a fever. I then tried every effort to speak, but they were all unavailing; for I could not emit one sound, although my lips and tongue fashioned the words. Think, then, of my astonishment, when my companion sung out the following stanza with the greatest glee:—

'Here we roll,
Body and soul,
Down to the deeps of the Paynim's goal—
With speed and with spell,
With yo and with yell,
This is the way to the palace of hell—
Sing Yo! Ho!
Level and low
Down to the Valley of Vision we go!'

"'Ha, ha, ha! Tam Beattie,' added she, 'where is a' your courage now? Cannot ye lift up your voice and sing a stave wi' your auld crony? And cannot ye lift up your een, and see what region you are in now?'

"'I did force open my eyelids, and beheld light, and apparently worlds, or huge lurid substances, gliding by me with speed beyond that of the lightning of heaven. I certainly perceived light, though of a dim uncertain nature; but so precipitate was my descent, I could not distinguish from whence it proceeded, or of what it consisted, whether of the vapours of chaotic wastes, or the streamers of hell. So I again shut my eyes closer than ever, and waited the event in terror unutterable.

"'We at length came upon something which interrupted our farther progress. I had no feeling as we

inst it, but merely as if we came in contact with some
: substance that impeded our descent; and imme-
tely afterwards I perceived that our motion had
sed.

'' What a terrible tumble we hae gotten, Laird!' said
companion. 'But ye are now in the place where
ı should be; and deil speed the coward!'

'' So saying, she quitted my hand, and I felt as if she
:e wrested from me by a third object; but still I durst
open my eyes, being convinced that I was lying in
depths of hell, or some hideous place not to be
amt of; so I lay still in despair, not even daring to
ress a prayer to my Maker. At length I lifted my
s slowly and fearfully; but they had no power of dis-
;uishing objects. All that I perceived was a vision
something in nature, with which I had in life been
well acquainted. It was a glimpse of green glens,
ʒ withdrawing ridges, and one high hill, with a cairn
its summit. I rubbed my eyes to divest them of the
hantment, but when I opened them again, the illusion
: still brighter and more magnificent. Then springing
ny feet, I perceived that I was lying in a little fairy
;, not one hundred yards from the door of my own
!

'' I was, as you may well conceive, dazzled with ad-
ation; still I felt that something was not right with
and that I was struggling with an enchantment; but
ollecting the hideous story told me by the beldame,
the deadly discord between my two sons, I hasted to
ch their motions, for the morning was yet but dawn-
In a few seconds after recovering my senses, I
ceived my eldest son Thomas leave his tower armed,
pass on towards the place of appointment. I way-
him, and remarked to him that he was very early
r, and I feared on no good intent. He made no ans-
, but stood like one in a stupor, and gazed at me. 'I
w your purpose, son Thomas,' said I; 'so it is in
for you to equivocate. You have challenged your
'er, and are going to meet him in deadly combat

but as you value your father's blessing, and would deprecate his curse—as you value your hope in heaven, and would escape the punishment of hell—abandon the hideous and cursed intent, and be reconciled to your only brother.'

"'On this, my dutiful son Thomas kneeled to me, and presented his sword, disclaiming, at the same time, all intentions of taking away his brother's life, and all animosity for the vengeance sought against himself, and thanked me in a flood of tears for my interference. I then commanded him back to his couch, and taking his cloak and sword, hasted away to the Crook of Glendearg, to wait the arrival of his brother.'"

Here Andrew Johnston's narrative detailed the selfsame circumstances recorded in a former part of this tale, as having passed between the father and his younger son, so that it is needless to recapitulate them; but beginning where that broke off, he added, in the words of the Old Laird, "'As soon as my son Francis had left me, in order to be reconciled to his brother, I returned to the fairy knowe and ring where I first found myself seated at daybreak. I know not why I went there, for though I considered with myself, I could discover no motive that I had for doing so, but was led thither by a sort of impulse which I could not resist, and from the same feeling spread my son's mantle on the spot, laid his sword down beside it, and stretched me down to sleep. I remember nothing farther with any degree of accuracy, for I instantly fell into a chaos of suffering, confusion, and racking dismay, from which I was only of late released by awaking from a trance, on the very seat, and in the same guise in which I was the evening before. I am certain I was at home in body or in spirit—saw my sons—spake these words to them, and heard theirs in return. How I returned I know even less, if that is possible, than how I went; for it seemed to me that the mysterious force that presses us to this sphere, and supports us on it, was in my case withdrawn or subverted, and that I merely fell from one part of the earth's sur-

: and alighted on another. Now I am so ill that I not move from this couch; therefore, Andrew, do ı mount and ride straight home. Spare no horse-h, by night or by day, to bring me word of my family, I dread that some evil hath befallen them. If you l them in life, give them many charges from me of therly love and affection; if not—what can I say, , in the words of the patriarch, If I am bereaved of my ldren, I am bereaved.'"

The two brothers, in utter amazement, went together the green ring on the top of the knoll above the castle Cassway, and there found the mantle lying spread, l the sword beside it. They then, without letting ınston into the awful secret, mounted straight, and e off with him to their father. They found him still ɔed, and very ill; and though rejoiced at seeing them, y soon lost hope of his recovery, his spirits being kenand deranged in a wonderful manner. Their consations together were of the most solemn nature, the tation deigned to them having been above their capa-r. On the third or fourth day, their father was reved by death from this terrestrial scene, and the ıds of the young men were so much impressed by the ole of the circumstances, that it made a great alteration heir after life. Thomas, as solemnly charged by his ıer, married Ellen Scott, and Francis was well known rward as the celebrated Dr Beattie of Amherst. Ellen mother to twelve sons, and on the night that her enth son was born, her aunt Jerdan was lost, and er more heard of, either living or dead.

This will be viewed as a most romantic and unnatural ry, as without doubt it is; but I have the strongest sons for believing that it is founded on a literal fact, which all the three were sensibly and positively conced. It was published in England in Dr Beattie's time, and by his acquiescence, and owing to the rectable source from whence it came, it was never dised in that day that it had its origin in truth. It was n republished, with some miserable alterations, in a

London collection of 1770, by J. Smith, at No. 15, Paternoster Row; and though I have seen none of these accounts, but relate the story wholly from tradition, yet the assurance attained from a friend of their existence, is a curious corroborative circumstance, and proves that, if the story was not true, the parties at least believed it to be so.

CHAP. VIII.

THE BROWNIE OF THE BLACK HAGGS.

When the Sprots were Lairds of Wheelhope, which is now a long time ago, there was one of the ladies who was very badly spoken of in the country. People did not just openly assert that Lady Wheelhope (for every landward laird's wife was then styled Lady) was a witch, but every one had an aversion even at hearing her named; and when by chance she happened to be mentioned, old men would shake their heads and say, "Ah! let us alane o' her! The less ye meddle wi' her the better." Old wives would give over spinning, and, as a pretence for hearing what might be said about her, poke in the fire with the tongs, cocking up their ears all the while; and then, after some meaning coughs, hems, and haws, would haply say, "Hech-wow, sirs! An a' be true that's said!" or something equally wise and decisive.

In short, Lady Wheelhope was accounted a very bad woman. She was an inexorable tyrant in her family, quarrelled with her servants, often cursing them, striking them, and turning them away; especially if they were religious, for she could not endure people of that character, but charged them with every thing bad. Whenever she found out that any of the servant men of the Laird's establishment were religious, she gave them up to the military, and got them shot; and several girls that were

regular in their devotions, she was supposed to have got rid of by poison. She was certainly a wicked woman, else many good people were mistaken in her character; and the poor persecuted Covenanters were obliged to unite in their prayers against her.

As for the Laird, he was a big, dun-faced, pluffy body, that cared neither for good nor evil, and did not well know the one from the other. He laughed at his lady's tantrums and barley-hoods; and the greater the rage that she got into, the Laird thought it the better sport. One day, when two maid-servants came running to him, in great agitation, and told him that his lady had felled one of their companions, the Laird laughed heartily, and said he did not doubt it.

"Why, sir, how can you laugh?" said they. "The poor girl is killed."

"Very likely, very likely," said the Laird. "Well, it will teach her to take care who she angers again."

"And, sir, your lady will be hanged."

"Very likely; well, it will teach her how to strike so rashly again—Ha, ha, ha! Will it not, Jessy?"

But when this same Jessy died suddenly one morning, the Laird was greatly confounded, and seemed dimly to comprehend that there had been unfair play going. There was little doubt that she was taken off by poison; but whether the Lady did it through jealousy or not, was never divulged; but it greatly bamboozled and astonished the poor Laird, for his nerves failed him, and his whole frame became paralytic. He seems to have been exactly in the same state of mind with a colley that I once had. He was extremely fond of the gun as long as I did not kill any thing with it, (there being no game laws in Ettrick Forest in those days,) and he got a grand chase after the hares when I missed them. But there was one day that I chanced for a marvel to shoot one dead, a few paces before his nose. I'll never forget the astonishment that the poor beast manifested. He stared one while at the gun, and another while at the dead hare, and seemed to be drawing the conclusion, that if the case

stood thus, there was no creature sure of its life. Finally, he took his tail between his legs and ran away home, and never would face a gun all his life again.

So was it precisely with Laird Sprot of Wheelhope. As long as his lady's wrath produced only noise and uproar among the servants, he thought it fine sport; but when he saw what he believed the dreadful effects of it, he became like a barrel organ out of tune, and could only discourse one note, which he did to every one he met. "I wish she mayna hae gotten something she had been the waur of." This note he repeated early and late, night and day, sleeping and waking, alone and in company, from the moment that Jessy died till she was buried; and on going to the churchyard as chief mourner, he whispered it to her relatives by the way. When they came to the grave, he took his stand at the head, nor would he give place to the girl's father; but there he stood, like a huge post, as though he neither saw nor heard; and when he had lowered her head into the grave and dropped the cord, he slowly lifted his hat with one hand, wiped his dim eyes with the back of the other, and said, in a deep tremulous tone, "Poor lassie! I wish she didna get something she had been the waur of."

This death made a great noise among the common people; but there was little protection for the life of the subject in those days; and provided a man or woman was a real Anti-Covenanter, they might kill a good many without being quarrelled for it. So there was no one to take cognizance of the circumstances relating to the death of poor Jessy.

After this the Lady walked softly for the space of two or three years. She saw that she had rendered herself odious, and had entirely lost her husband's countenance, which she liked worst of all. But the evil propensity could not be overcome; and a poor boy, whom the Laird out of sheer compassion had taken into his service, being found dead one morning, the country people could no longer be restrained; so they went in a body to the Sheriff, and insisted on an investigation. It was proved

that she detested the boy, had often threatened him, and had given him brose and butter the afternoon before he died; but notwithstanding of all this, the cause was ultimately dismissed, and the pursuers fined.

No one can tell to what height of wickedness she might now have proceeded, had not a check of a very singular kind been laid upon her. Among the servants that came home at the next term, was one who called himself Merodach; and a strange person he was. He had the form of a boy, but the features of one a hundred years old, save that his eyes had a brilliancy and restlessness, which were very extraordinary, bearing a strong resemblance to the eyes of a well-known species of monkey. He was froward and perverse, and disregarded the pleasure or displeasure of any person; but he performed his work well, and with apparent ease. From the moment he entered the house, the Lady conceived a mortal antipathy against him, and besought the Laird to turn him away. But the Laird would not consent; he never turned away any servant, and moreover he had hired this fellow for a trivial wage, and he neither wanted activity nor perseverance. The natural consequence of this refusal was, that the Lady instantly set herself to embitter Merodach's life as much as possible, in order to get early quit of a domestic every way so disagreeable. Her hatred of him was not like a common antipathy entertained by one human being against another,—she hated him as one might hate a toad or an adder; and his occupation of jotteryman (as the Laird termed his servant of all work) keeping him always about her hand, it must have proved highly annoying.

She scolded him, she raged at him; but he only mocked her wrath, and giggled and laughed at her, with the most provoking derision. She tried to fell him again and again, but never, with all her address, could she hit him; and never did she make a blow at him, that she did not repent it. She was heavy and unwieldy, and he as quick in his motions as a monkey; besides, he generally contrived that she should be in such an ungovernable rage, that when she flew at him, she hardly knew wh

she was doing. At one time she guided her blow towards him, and he at the same instant avoided it with such dexterity, that she knocked down the chief hind, or foresman; and then Merodach giggled so heartily, that, lifting the kitchen poker, she threw it at him with a full design of knocking out his brains; but the missile only broke every article of crockery on the kitchen dresser.

She then hasted to the Laird, crying bitterly, and telling him she would not suffer that wretch Merodach, as she called him, to stay another night in the family.

"Why, then, put him away, and trouble me no more about him," said the Laird.

"Put him away!" exclaimed she; "I have already ordered him away a hundred times, and charged him never to let me see his horrible face again; but he only grins, and answers with some intolerable piece of impertinence."

The pertinacity of the fellow amused the Laird; his dim eyes turned upwards into his head with delight; he then looked two ways at once, turned round his back, and laughed till the tears ran down his dun cheeks; but he could only articulate, "You're fitted now."

The Lady's agony of rage still increasing from this derision, she upbraided the Laird bitterly, and said he was not worthy the name of man, if he did not turn away that pestilence, after the way he had abused her.

"Why, Shusy, my dear, what has he done to you?"

"What done to me! has he not caused me to knock down John Thomson? and I do not know if ever he will come to life again!"

"Have you felled your favourite John Thomson?" said the Laird, laughing more heartily than before; "you might have done a worse deed than that."

"And has he not broke every plate and dish on the whole dresser?" continued the Lady; "and for all this devastation, he only mocks at my displeasure,—absolutely mocks me,—and if you do not have him turned away, and hanged or shot for his deeds, you are not worthy the name of man."

"O alack! What a devastation among the cheena metal!" said the Laird; and calling on Merodach, he said, "Tell me, thou evil Merodach of Babylon, how thou daredst knock down thy Lady's favourite servant, John Thomson?"

"Not I, your honour. It was my Lady herself, who got into such a furious rage at me, that she mistook her man, and felled Mr Thomson; and the good man's skull is fractured."

"That was very odd," said the Laird, chuckling; "I do not comprehend it. But then, what set you on smashing all my Lady's delft and cheena ware?—That was a most infamous and provoking action."

"It was she herself, your honour. Sorry would I be to break one dish belonging to the house. I take all the house servants to witness, that my Lady smashed all the dishes with a poker; and now lays the blame on me!"

The Laird turned his dim eyes on his lady, who was trying with vexation and rage, and seemed meditating another personal attack on the culprit, which he did not at all appear to shun, but rather to court. She, however, vented her wrath in threatenings of the most deep and desperate revenge, the creature all the while assuring her that she would be foiled, and that in all her encounters and contests with him, she would uniformly come to the worst; he was resolved to do his duty, and there before his master he defied her.

The Laird thought more than he considered it prudent to reveal; he had little doubt that his wife would find some means of wreaking her vengeance on the object of her displeasure; and he shuddered when he recollected the one who had taken "something that she had been the maur of."

In a word, the Lady of Wheelhope's inveterate malignity against this one object, was like the rod of Moses, that swallowed up the rest of the serpents. All her *wicked and evil* propensities seemed to be superseded if *not utterly* absorbed by it. The rest of the family now *lived in comparative* peace and quietness; for early and

late her malevolence was venting itself against the jotteryman, and against him alone. It was a delirium of hatred and vengeance, on which the whole bent and bias of her inclination was set. She could not stay from the creature's presence, or, in the intervals when absent from him, she spent her breath in curses and execrations; and then, not able to rest, she ran again to seek him, her eyes gleaming with the anticipated delights of vengeance, while, ever and anon, all the ridicule and the harm redounded on herself.

Was it not strange that she could not get quit of this sole annoyance of her life? One would have thought she easily might. But by this time there was nothing farther from her wishes; she wanted vengeance, full, adequate, and delicious vengeance, on her audacious opponent. But he was a strange and terrible creature, and the means of retaliation constantly came, as it were, to his hand.

Bread and sweat milk was the only fare that Merodach cared for, and having bargained for that, he would not want it, though he often got it with a curse and with ill will. The Lady having, upon one occasion, intentionally kept back his wonted allowance for some days, on the Sabbath morning following, she set him down a bowel of rich sweet milk, well drugged with a deadly poison; and then she lingered in a little ante-room to watch the success of her grand plot, and prevent any other creature from tasting of the potion. Merodach came in, and the housemaid said to him, "There is your breakfast, creature."

"Oho! my Lady has been liberal this morning," said he; "but I am beforehand with her.—Here, little Missie, you seem very hungry to-day—take you my breakfast." And with that he set the beverage down to the Lady's little favourite spaniel. It so happened that the Lady's only son came at that instant into the ante-room seeking her, and teasing his mamma about something, which withdrew her attention from the hall-table for a space. When she looked again, and saw Missie lappi

up the sweet milk, she burst from her hiding-place like a fury, screaming as if her head had been on fire, kicked the remainder of its contents against the wall, and lifting Missie in her bosom, retreated hastily, crying all the way.

"Ha, ha, ha—I have you now!" cried Merodach, as she vanished from the hall.

Poor Missie died immediately, and very privately; indeed, she would have died and been buried, and never one have seen her, save her mistress, had not Merodach, by a luck that never failed him, looked over the wall of the flower garden, just as his lady was laying her favourite in a grave of her own digging. She, not perceiving her tormentor, plied on at her task, apostrophizing the insensate little carcass,—"Ah! poor dear little creature, thou hast had a hard fortune, and hast drank of the bitter potion that was not intended for thee; but he shall drink it three times double for thy sake!"

"Is that little Missie?" said the eldrich voice of the jotteryman, close at the Lady's ear. She uttered a loud scream, and sunk down on the bank. "Alack for poor Missie!" continued the creature in a tone of mockery, "my heart is sorry for Missie. What has befallen her—whose breakfast cup did she drink?"

"Hence with thee, fiend!" cried the Lady; "what right hast thou to intrude on thy mistress's privacy? Thy turn is coming yet; or may the nature of woman change within me!"

"It is changed already," said the creature, grinning with delight; "I have thee now, I have thee now! And were it not to show my superiority over thee, which I do every hour, I should soon see thee strapped like a mad cat, or a worrying bratch. What wilt thou try next?"

"I will cut thy throat, and if I die for it, will rejoice in the deed; a deed of charity to all that dwell on the face of the earth."

"I have warned thee before, dame, and I now warn thee again, that all thy mischief meditated against me will double on thine own head."

"I want none of your warning, fiendish cur. Hence with your elvish face, and take care of yourself."

It would be too disgusting and horrible to relate or read all the incidents that fell out between this unaccountable couple. Their enmity against each other had no end, and no mitigation; and scarcely a single day passed over on which the Lady's acts of malevolent ingenuity did not terminate fatally for some favourite thing of her own. Scarcely was there a thing, animate or inanimate, on which she set a value, left to her, that was not destroyed; and yet scarcely one hour or minute could she remain absent from her tormentor, and all the while, it seems, solely for the purpose of tormenting him. While all the rest of the establishment enjoyed peace and quietness from the fury of their termagant dame, matters still grew worse and worse between the fascinated pair. The Lady haunted the menial, in the same manner as the raven haunts the eagle,—for a perpetual quarrel, though the former knows that in every encounter she is to come off the loser. Noises were heard on the stairs by night, and it was whispered among the servants, that the Lady had been seeking Merodach's chamber, on some horrible intent. Several of them would have sworn that they had seen her passing and repassing on the stair after midnight, when all was quiet; but then it was likewise well known, that Merodach slept with well-fastened doors, and a companion in another bed in the same room, whose bed, too, was nearest the door. Nobody cared much what became of the jotteryman, for he was an unsocial and disagreeable person; but some one told him what they had seen, and hinted a suspicion of the Lady's intent. But the creature only bit his upper lip, winked with his eyes, and said, "She had better let that alone; she will be the first to rue that."

Not long after this, to the horror of the family and the whole country side, the Laird's only son was found murdered in his bed one morning, under circumstances that manifested the most fiendish cruelty and inveterate on the part of his destroyer. As soon as the atroc

ct was divulged, the Lady fell into convulsions, and ost her reason; and happy had it been for her had she ever recovered the use of it, for there was blood upon er hand, which she took no care to conceal, and there vas little doubt that it was the blood of her own nocent and beloved boy, the sole heir and hope of the amily.

This blow deprived the Laird of all power of action; ut the Lady had a brother, a man of the law, who came nd instantly proceeded to an investigation of this unacountable murder. Before the Sheriff arrived, the ousekeeper took the Lady's brother aside, and told him e had better not go on with the scrutiny, for she was ure the crime would be brought home to her unfortnnate istress; and after examining into several corroborative ircumstances, and viewing the state of the raving maniac, vith the blood on her hand and arm, he made the investigation a very short one, declaring the domestics all exulpated.

The Laird attended his boy's funeral, and laid his head the grave, but appeared exactly like a man walking in trance, an automaton, without feelings or sensations, ftentimes gazing at the funeral procession, as on somehing he could not comprehend. And when the deathell of the parish church fell a-tolling, as the corpse aproached the kirk-stile, he cast a dim eye up towards the elfry, and said hastily, "What, what's that? Och ay, ve're just in time, just in time." And often was he hamering over the name of "Evil Merodach, King of Baylon," to himself. He seemed to have some far-fetched onception that his unaccountable jotteryman was in ome way connected with the death of his only son, and ther lesser calamities, although the evidence in favur of Merodach's innocence was as usual quite deisive.

This grievous mistake of Lady Wheelhope can only *e accounted for,* by supposing her in a state of derange*ent, or rather* under some evil influence, over which *e had no control;* and to a person in such a state, the

mistake was not so very unnatural. The mansion-house of Wheelhope was old and irregular. The stair had four acute turns, and four landing-places, all the same. In the uppermost chamber slept the two domestics,—Merodach in the bed farthest in, and in the chamber immediately below that, which was exactly similar, slept the Young Laird and his tutor, the former in the bed farthest in; and thus, in the turmoil of her wild and raging passions, her own hand made herself childless.

Merodach was expelled the family forthwith, but refused to accept of his wages, which the man of law pressed upon him, for fear of farther mischief; but he went away in apparent sullenness and discontent, no one knowing whither.

When his dismissal was announced to the Lady, who was watched day and night in her chamber, the news had such an effect on her, that her whole frame seemed electrified; the horrors of remorse vanished, and another passion, which I neither can comprehend nor define, took the sole possession of her distempered spirit. "He *must* not go!—He *shall* not go!" she exclaimed. "No, no, no—he shall not—he shall not—he shall not!" and then she instantly set herself about making ready to follow him, uttering all the while the most diabolical expressions, indicative of anticipated vengeance.—"Oh, could I but snap his nerves one by one, and birl among his vitals! Could I but slice his heart off piecemeal in small messes, and see his blood lopper, and bubble, and spin away in purple slays; and then to see him grin, and grin, and grin, and grin! Oh—oh—oh—How beautiful and grand a sight it would be to see him grin, and grin, and grin!" And in such a style would she run on for hours together.

She thought of nothing, she spake of nothing, but the discarded jotteryman, whom most people now began to regard as a creature that was "not canny." They had seen him eat, and drink, and work, like other people; still he had that about him that was not like other men. He was a boy in form, and an antediluvian in feature

Some thought he was a mongrel, between a Jew and an ape; some a wizard, some a kelpie, or a fairy, but most of all, that he was really and truly a Brownie. What he was I do not know, and therefore will not pretend to say; but be that as it may, in spite of locks and keys, watching and waking, the Lady of Wheelhope soon made her escape, and eloped after him. The attendants, indeed, would have made oath that she was carried away by some invisible hand, for it was impossible, they said, that she could have escaped on foot like other people; and this edition of the story took in the country; but sensible people viewed the matter in another light.

As for instance, when Wattie Blythe, the Laird's old shepherd, came in from the hill one morning, his wife Bessie thus accosted him.—"His presence be about us, Wattie Blythe! have ye heard what has happened at the ha'? Things are aye turning waur and waur there, and it looks like as if Providence had gi'en up our Laird's house to destruction. This grand estate maun now gang frae the Sprots; for it has finished them."

"Na, na, Bessie, it isna the estate that has finished the Sprots, but the Sprots that hae finished the estate, and themsells into the boot. They hae been a wicked and degenerate race, and aye the langer the waur, till they hae reached the utmost bounds o' earthly wickedness; and it's time the deil were looking after his ain."

"Ah, Wattie Blythe, ye never said a truer say. And that's just the very point where your story ends, and mine begins; for hasna the deil, or the fairies, or the brownies, ta'en away our Leddy bodily! and the haill country is running and riding in search o' her; and there is twenty hunder merks offered to the first that can find her, and bring her safe back. They hae ta'en her away, skin and bane, body and soul, and a', Wattie!"

"Hech-wow! but that is awesome! And where is it thought they have ta'en her to, Bessie?"

"O, they hae some guess at that frae her ain hints afore. It is thought they hae carried her after that Satan of a creature, wha wrought sae muckle wae about the

house. It is for him they are a' looking, for they ken weel, that where they get the tane they will get the tither."

"Whew! is that the gate o't, Bessie? Why, then, the awfu' story is nouther mair nor less than this, that the Leddy has made a 'lopement, as they ca't, and run away after a blackguard jotteryman. Hech-wow! wae's me for human frailty! But that's just the gate! When aince the deil gets in the point o' his finger, he will soon have in his haill hand. Ay, he wants but a hair to make a tether of, ony day! I hae seen her a braw sonsy lass; but even then I feared she was devoted to destruction, for she aye mockit at religion, Bessie, and that's no a good mark of a young body. And she made a' its servants her enemies; and think you these good men's prayers were a' to blaw away i' the wind, and be nae mair regarded? Na, na, Bessie, my woman, take ye this mark baith o' our ain bairns and other folk's.—If ever ye see a young body that disregards the Sabbath, and makes a mock at the ordinances o' religion, ye will never see that body come to muckle good.—A braw hand our Leddy has made o' her gibes and jeers at religion, and her mockeries o' the poor persecuted hill-folk!—sunk down by degrees into the very dregs o' sin and misery! run away after a scullion!"

"Fy, fy, Wattie, how can ye say sae? It was weel kenn'd that she hatit him wi' a perfect and mortal hatred, and tried to make away wi' him mae ways nor ane."

"Aha, Bessie; but nipping and scarting is Scots folk's wooing; and though it is but right that we suspend our judgments, there will naebody persuade me if she be found alang wi' the creature, but that she has run away after him in the natural way, on her twa shanks, without help either frae fairy or brownie."

"I'll never believe sic a thing of ony woman born, let be a leddy weel up in years."

"Od help ye, Bessie! ye dinna ken the stretch o' corrupt nature. The best o' us, when left to ourselves, are nae better than strayed sheep, that will never find th

way back to their ain pastures; and of a' things made o' mortal flesh, a wicked woman is the warst."

"Alack-a-day! we get the blame o' muckle that we little deserve. But, Wattie, keep ye a geyan sharp look-out about the cleuchs and the caves o' our hope; for the Leddy kens them a' geyan weel; and gin the twenty hunder merks wad come our way, it might gang a waur gate. It wad tocher a' our bonny lasses."

'Ay, weel I wat, Bessie, that's nae lee. And now, when ye bring me amind o't, I'm sair mista'en if I didna hear a creature up in the Brockholes this morning, skirling as if something were cutting its throat. It gars a' the hairs stand on my head when I think it may hae been our Leddy, and the droich of a creature murdering her. I took it for a battle of wulcats, and wished they might pu' out ane anither's thrapples; but when I think on it again, they war unco like some o' our Leddy's unearthly screams."

"His presence be about us, Wattie! Haste ye—pit on your bonnet—tak' your staff in your hand, and gang and see what it is."

"Shame fa' me, if I daur gang, Bessie."

"Hout, Wattie, trust in the Lord."

"Aweel, sae I do. But ane's no to throw himsell ower a linn, and trust that the Lord will kep him in a blanket. And it's nae muckle safer for an auld stiff man like me to gang away out to a wild remote place, where there is ae body murdering another.—What is that I hear, Bessie? Haud the lang tongue o' you, and rin to the door, and see what noise that is."

Bessie ran to the door, but soon returned, with her mouth wide open, and her eyes set in her head.

"It is them, Wattie! it is them! His presence be about us! What will we do?"

"Them? whaten them?"

"Why, that blackguard creature, coming here, leading our Leddy by the hair o' the head, and yerking her wi' a stick. I am terrified out o' my wits. What will w' 'o?"

"We'll *see* what they *say*," said Wattie, manifestly in as great terror as his wife; and by a natural impulse, or as a last resource, he opened the Bible, not knowing what he did, and then hurried on his spectacles; but before he got two leaves turned over, the two entered,—a frightful-looking couple indeed. Merodach, with his old withered face, and ferret eyes, leading the Lady of Wheelhope by the long hair, which was mixed with grey, and whose face was all bloated with wounds and bruises, and having stripes of blood on her garments.

"How's this!—How's this, sirs?" said Wattie Blythe.

"Close that book, and I will tell you, goodman," said Merodach.

"I can hear what you hae to say wi' the beuk open, sir," said Wattie, turning over the leaves, pretending to look for some particular passage, but apparently not knowing what he was doing. "It is a shamefu' business this; but some will hae to answer for't. My Leddy, I am unco grieved to see you in sic a plight. Ye hae surely been dooms sair left to yoursell."

The Lady shook her head, uttered a feeble hollow laugh, and fixed her eyes on Merodach. But such a look! It almost frightened the simple aged couple out of their senses. It was not a look of love nor of hatred exclusively; neither was it of desire or disgust, but it was a combination of them all. It was such a look as one fiend would cast on another, in whose everlasting destruction he rejoiced. Wattie was glad to take his eyes from such countenances, and look into the Bible, that firm foundation of all his hopes and all his joy.

"I request that you will shut that book, sir," said the horrible creature; "or if you do not, I will shut it for you with a vengeance;" and with that he seized it, and flung it against the wall. Bessie uttered a scream, and Wattie was quite paralyzed; and although he seemed disposed to run after his best friend, as he called it, the hellish looks of the Brownie interposed, and glued him to his seat.

"Hear what I have to say first," said the creature, "and then pore your fill on that precious book of yours

One concern at a time is enough. I came to do you a service. Here, take this cursed, wretched woman, whom you style your Lady, and deliver her up to the lawful authorities, to be restored to her husband and her place in society. She has followed one that hates her, and never said one kind word to her in his life; and though I have beat her like a dog, still she clings to me, and will not depart, so enchanted is she with the laudable purpose of cutting my throat. Tell your master and her brother, that I am not to be burdened with their maniac. I have scourged—I have spurned and kicked her, afflicting her night and day, and yet from my side she will not depart. Take her. Claim the reward in full, and your fortune is made; and so farewell!"

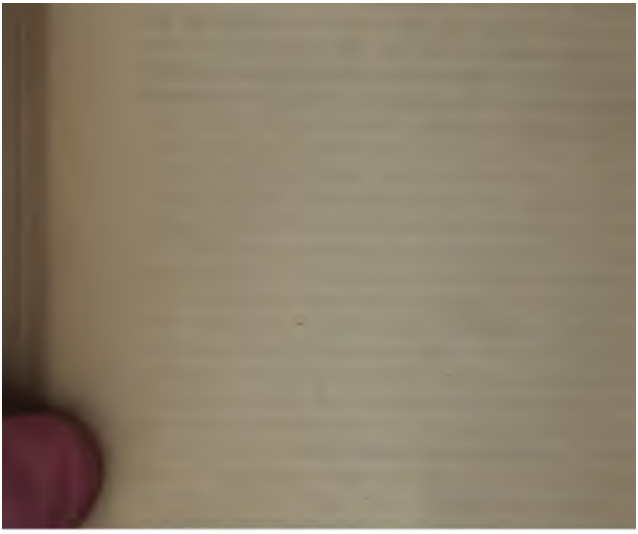
The creature went away, and the moment his back was turned, the Lady fell a-screaming and struggling, like one in an agony, and, in spite of all the couple's exertions, she forced herself out of their hands, and ran after the retreating Merodach. When he saw better would not be, he turned upon her, and, by one blow with his stick, struck her down; and, not content with that, continued to maltreat her in such a manner, as to all appearance would have killed twenty ordinary persons. The poor devoted dame could do nothing, but now and then utter a squeak like a half-worried cat, and writhe and grovel on the sward, till Wattie and his wife came up, and withheld her tormentor from further violence. He then bound her hands behind her back with a strong cord, and delivered her once more to the charge of the old couple, who contrived to hold her by that means, and take her home.

Wattie was ashamed to take her into the hall, but led her into one of the out-houses, whither he brought her brother to receive her. The man of the law was manifestly vexed at her reappearance, and scrupled not to testify his dissatisfaction; for when Wattie told him how the wretch had abused his sister, and that, had it not been for Bessie's interference and his own, the Lady would have been killed outright, he said, "Why, Walter, it

a great pity that he did *not* kill her outright. What good can her life now do to her, or of what value is her life to any creature living? After one has lived to disgrace all connected with them, the sooner they are taken off the better."

The man, however, paid old Walter down his two thousand merks, a great fortune for one like him in those days; and not to dwell longer on this unnatural story, I shall only add, very shortly, that the Lady of Wheelhope soon made her escape once more, and flew, as if drawn by an irresistible charm, to her tormentor. Her friends looked no more after her; and the last time she was seen alive, it was following the uncouth creature up the water of Daur, weary, wounded, and lame, while he was all the way beating her, as a piece of excellent amusement. A few days after that, her body was found among some wild haggs, in a place called Crook-burn, by a party of the persecuted Covenanters that were in hiding there, some of the very men whom she had exerted herself to destroy, and who had been driven, like David of old, to pray for a curse and earthly punishment upon her. They buried her like a dog at the Yetts of Keppel, and rolled three huge stones upon her grave, which are lying there to this day. When they found her corpse, it was mangled and wounded in a most shocking manner, the fiendish creature having manifestly tormented her to death. He was never more seen or heard of in this kingdom, though all that country-side was kept in terror for him many years afterwards; and to this day, they will tell you of THE BROWNIE OF THE BLACK HAGGS, which title he seems to have acquired after his disappearance.

This story was told to me by an old man named Adam Halliday, whose great-grandfather, Thomas Halliday, was one of those that found the body and buried it. It is many years since I heard it; but, however ridiculous it may appear, I remember it made a dreadful impression on my young mind. I never heard any story like it, save one of an old fox-hound that pursued a fox through

the Grampians for a fortnight, and when at last discovered by the Duke of Athole's people, neither of them could run, but the hound was still continuing to walk after the fox, and when the latter lay down, the other lay down beside him, and looked at him steadily all the while, though unable to do him the least harm. The passion of inveterate malice seems to have influenced these two exactly alike. But, upon the whole, I can scarcely believe the tale can be true.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.